THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded [illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

THE YELLOW TYPHOON—By Harold MacGrath

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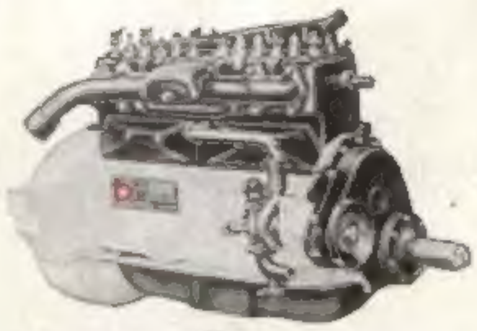

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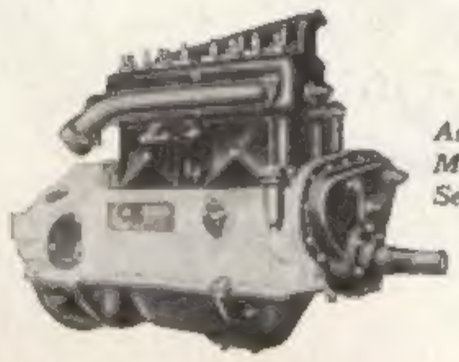

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save money, materials and time because an inexpensive little "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. As compared with the use of "One-Time" fuses they cut annual fuse maintenance costs approximately 80%.

It pays to make sure that Economy Fuses are used on all your electrical circuits—at your business and in your home.

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Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Indicator

ECONOMY FUSES ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA AT MONTREAL

Buckwheat Muffins

THESE mornings when there is a nip in the air, hot buckwheat muffins displace bread in many homes. They are especially good when Crisco is used for shortening. The unusual delicacy of Crisco makes it possible to bring out the distinctive buckwheat flavor.

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For Frying - For Shortening
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Crisco gives genuine satisfaction, yet it costs no more than bulk cooking fats that often carry a disagreeable taste into foods. Crisco comes in sanitary, airtight packages, one pound net weight and upward, safeguarded from all impurities.

Buckwheat Muffins

A Recipe Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

1 cupful buckwheat flour
¼ cupful corn meal
1 teaspoonful salt
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 egg, beaten light
1⅓ cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco

Use accurate level measurements

Pass all the dry ingredients through the sieve together. Add the liquid ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bake in a hot, well-Criscoed iron muffin pan about 25 minutes.

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"War Time Recipes", Janet McKenzie Hill's new work, is a valuable addition to your practical cook books. It contains several hundred tested recipes for appetizing and economical foods that will enable housewives to make their allowances go farther. The founder of the Boston School of Cooking tells how to use all conservation flours properly. Get a copy. Send one to a friend with your Happy New Year greeting. Published at 25 cents we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-1, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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AS TO HERMAN WAGNER

I Loitered Until Reminded Sharply That I'd Better Pour Leather Into That There Skate if I Wanted to Make Home That Night

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT HAD been a toilsome day for Ma Pettengill and me. Since sunup we had ridden more than a score of mountain miles on horses that could seldom exceed a crawl in pace. At dawn we had left the flatlands along the little timbered river, climbed to the lava beds of the first mesa, traversed a sad stretch of these where even the sage grew scant, and come, by way of a winding defile that was soon a mounting cañon, into big hills unending.

Here for many hours we had labored over furtive, tortuous trails, aimless and lost, it might have seemed, but that ever and again we came upon small bands of cattle moving one way. These showed that we had a mission and knew, after all, what we were about. These cattle were knowingly bent toward the valley and home. They went with much of a businesslike air, stopping only at intervals to snatch at the sparse short grass that grows about the roots of the sagebrush. They had come a long journey from their grazing places, starting when the range went bad and water holes dried, and now seemed glad indeed to give up the wild free life of a short summer and become tended creatures again, where strangely thoughtful humans would lavish cut grass upon them for certain obscure but doubtless benevolent purposes of their own.

It was our mission this day to have a look-see, mebbe as far as Horsefly Mountain, and get a general idee of how many head was already coming down to eat up the so-and-so shortest hay crop that had ever been stacked on the Arrowhead since the dry winter of '98, when beef fell to two cents a pound, with darned few takers at that.

It was really a day of scenic delight, if one hadn't to reflect sorely upon the exigencies of the beef-cattle profession, and at least one of us was free of this thrall.

What we reached at last were small mountains rather than big hills; vast exclamatory remnants of shattered granite and limestone, thickly timbered, reckless of line, sharp of peak. One minute cañon we viewed from above was quite preposterous in its ambitions, having color and depth and riot of line in due proportions and quite worthy of the grand scale. It wasn't a Grand Cañon, but at least it was a baby grand, and I loitered on its brink until reminded sharply that I'd better pour leather into that there skate if I wanted to make home that night.

I devoutly did wish to make home that night, for the spot we were on was barren of those little conveniences I am accustomed to. Moreover, the air was keen and a hunger, all day in the building, called for strong meats. So I not too reluctantly passed on from this scenic miniature of parlor dimensions—and from the study of a curious bowlder thereby which had intrigued me not a little.

Now we were home and relaxed by the Arrowhead fireside, after a moving repast of baked young sage hens. The already superior dynamics of the meal, moreover, had been appreciably heightened by a bottle of Uncle Henry's homemade grape wine, which he warmly recommends for colds or parties, or anything like that. It had proved to be a wine of almost too recent a *cru*. Ma Pettengill said that if Uncle Henry was aiming to put it on the market in quantity production he had ought to name it the Stingaree brand, because it was sure some stuff, making for malevolence even to the lengths of matricide, if that's what killing your mother is called. She said even at a Polish wedding down across the tracks of a big city it would have the ambulances and patrol wagons clanging up a good half hour quicker than usual.

Be that as it may, or is, when I had expected sleep to steal swiftly to the mending of the day's ravages I merely found myself wakeful and wondering. This stuff of Uncle Henry's is an able ferment. I wondered about a lot of things. And at the same time I wondered interminably about that remarkable bowlder at the side of the Tom Thumb Grand Cañon. I was even wakeful enough and discursive enough—my hostess had taken but one glass from the bottle—to wonder delightedly about all rocks and stones, and geology, and that sort of thing. It was almost scientific, the way I wondered, as I sat there idly toying with my half-filled glass.

Take this particular bowlder, for example. It had once been mere star dust, hadn't it? Some time ago, I mean, or thereabouts. But it had been star dust; and then, next thing it knew, it got to be a kind of cosmic stew, such as leisurely foreigners patch our highways with, and looking no more like a granite bowlder than anything.

Then something happened, like someone letting the furnace fire go out the night of the big freeze; and this stuff I'm talking about grew cold and discouraged, and quit flat, apparently not caring a hoot what shape it would be found in years and years later, the result being that it was found merely in the general shape of rocks—or bowlders, to use the more scientific term—which is practically no shape at all, as you might say, being quite any shape that happens, or the shape of rocks and bowlders as they may be seen on almost every hand by those of us who have learned to see in the true sense of the word.

I have had to be brief in this shorter science course on the earth's history before the time of man, because more important matters claim my attention and other speakers are waiting. The point is that this bowlder up there by the dwarf cañon had survived from unremembered chaos; had been melted, stewed, baked and chilled until it had no mind of its own left; then bumped round by careless glaciers until it didn't care where it came to rest; and at last, after a few hundred million years of stony unconcern for its ultimate fate, here it had been drawn by the cunning hand of man spang into the complex mechanism of our industrial human scramble.

That is to say, this bowlder I speak of, the size of a city hall, lying there in noble neglect since long before wise old water animals were warning their children that this here fool talk about how you could go up out of the water and walk round on dry land would get folks into trouble, because how could a body breathe up there when there wasn't any water to breathe in? And the fools that tried it would soon find out; and serve 'em right! Well, I mean to say, this bowlder that had lain inert and indifferent while the ages wrought man from a thing of one cell—and not much of a cell at that—bore across that face of it nearest the winding trail a lettered appeal, as from one man to another. The letters were large and neatly done in white paint and the brushwork was recent:

WAGNER'S SYLVAN GLEN, ONLY THIRTY-TWO MILES. HERMAN WAGNER, SOLE PROP.

Let this teach us, one and all, this morning, that everything in Nature has its use if we but search diligently. I mean, even big rocks like this, which are too big to build homes or even courthouses of. May we not, at least, paint things on them in plain letters with periods and commas, and so on, and thus give added impetus to whatever is happening to us?

But the evening wears on and the whipping mental urge of grape juice meddled with by Uncle Henry wears off. And so, before it all ends, what about Herman Wagner, Sole Prop. of Wagner's Sylvan Glen?

I know it has been a hard day, but let us try to get the thing in order. Why not begin cautiously with a series of whys? Why any particular sylvan glen in a country where everything is continuously and overwhelmingly sylvan and you can't heave a rock without hitting a glen? Really, you can't walk fifty yards out there without stepping on a glen—or in a glen; it doesn't matter. What I am earnestly trying to get at is, if this Herman Wagner wanted to be sole prop. of a sylvan glen, why should he have gone thirty-two miles farther for one? Why didn't he have it right there? Why insanely push thirty-two miles on in a country where miles mean something serious? Up-and-down miles, tilted horribly or standing on edge!

It didn't seem astute. And Herman achieved simply no persuasion whatever with me by sticking in that "only." He could have put "only" all over the rock and it would still have been thirty-two miles, wouldn't it? Only, indeed! You might think the man was saying "Only ten minutes' walk from the post office"—or something with a real meaning like that. I claimed then and I claim now that he should have omitted the only and come out blunt with the truth. There are times in this world when the straight bitter truth is better without any word-lace. This Wagner person was a sophist. So I said to him, now, as a man will at times:

"All right, Herman, old top! But you'll have to think up something better than 'only' to put before those thirty-two miles. If you had said 'Only two miles' it might have had its message for me. But thirty more than that! Be reasonable! Why not pick out a good glen that parties can slip off to for a quiet evening without breaking up a whole week? Frankly, I don't understand you and your glen. But you can bet I'll find out about it!"

So, right away, I said to Ma Pettengill, who by this time had a lot of bills and papers and ledgers and stuff out on her desk, and was talking hotly to all of them—I said to her that there was nearly half a bottle of Uncle Henry's wine left, his rare old grape wine laid down well over a month ago; so she had better toss off a foamy beaker of it—yes, it still foamed—and answer me a few questions.

It was then she said the things about that there wine being able to inflate the casualty lists, even of Polish weddings, which are already the highest known to the society page of our police-court records. She said, further, that she had took just enough of the stuff at dinner to make her think she wasn't entirely bankrupt, and she wanted to give these here accounts a thorough going-over while the sensation lasted.

Not wishing to hurt Uncle Henry's feelings, even if he didn't catch me at it, I partook again of the fervent stuff, and fell into new wonder at the seeming imbecility of Herman Wagner. I found myself not a little moved by the pathos of him. It was little enough I could get from Ma Pettengill at first. She spoke almost shortly to me when I asked her things she had to stop adding silly figures to answer.

What I found out was mostly my own work, putting two and two in their fit relationship. Even the mention of Herman Wagner's full name brought nothing about himself. I found it most annoying. I would say: "Come on, now; what about this Herman Wagner that paints wheedling messages across the face of Nature?" And to this fair, plain query I would merely have more of the woman's endless help troubles. All that come looking for work these days was stormy petrels, not caring if they worked or not—just asking for it out of habit.

Didn't she have a singing teacher, a painless dentist, a crayon-portrait artist and a condemned murderer on her pay roll this very minute, all because the able-bodied punchers had gone over to see that nasty little Belgium didn't ever again attack Germany in that ruthless way? She had read that it cost between thirty and thirty-five thousand dollars to wound a soldier in battle. Was that so? Well, she'd tell me that she stood ready to wound any of these that was left behind for between thirty and thirty-five cents, on easy payments. Wound 'em severely, too! Not mere scratches.

Presently again I would utter Herman Wagner, only to be told that these dry cows she was letting go for sixty dollars—you come to cut 'em up for beef and you'd have to grease the saw first. Or I heard what a scandal it was that lambs actually brought five-fifty, and the Government at Washington, D. C., setting back idly under the outrage!

Then I heard, with perfect irrelevance as to Herman Wagner, that she wouldn't have a puncher on the place that owned his own horse. Because why? Because he'd use him gentle all day and steal grain for him at night. Also, that she had some kind of rheumatiz in her left shoulder; but she'd rather be a Christian Scientist and fool herself than pay a doctor to do the same. It may all have been true, but it was not important; not germane to the issue, as we so often say in writing editorials.

It looked so much like a blank for Herman Wagner that I quit asking for a time and let the woman toil at her foolish ruinous tasks.

After half an hour of it she began to rumble a stanza of By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill; then I chanced it again, remarking on the sign I had observed that day. So she left her desk for a seat before the fire and said yes, and they was other signs of Herman's hid off in the mountains where no one but cows, that can't read a line, would ever see 'em. She also divulged that Herman himself wasn't anything you'd want a bronze statue of to put up in Courthouse Square.

Well then, come on, now! What about him? No, sir; not by a darned sight! With that there desk full of work, she simply could not stop to talk now. She did.

Is that the only sign of Herman's you saw? He's got others along them trails. You'll see an arrow in white paint, pointing to his sylvan glen, and warnings not to go to other glens till you've tried his. One says: You've tried the rest; now try the best! Another says: Try Wagner's Sylvan Glen for Boating, Bathing and Fishing. Meals at all hours! And he's got one that shows he studied American advertising as soon as he landed in this country. It says: Wagner's Sylvan Glen—Not How Good, But How Cheap!

I don't know. I ain't made up my mind about Herman, even yet. If it wasn't for why he had to leave Nevada and if I knew there could be more than one kind of German, then I'd almost say Herman was the other kind. But, of course, there can't be but one kind; and he showed the Prussian strain fast enough in why he come up from Reno. Still and all, he's got his engaging points as a pure imbecile or something.

He don't tell me why he left Reno for a long time after he gets here; not till I'd won his confidence by showing I was a German sympathizer. It was when Sandy Sawtelle had a plan for a kind of grand war measure. His grand war measure was to get some secret agents into Germany and kill off all the women under fifty. He said if you done this the stock would die out, because look what the game laws against killing does! He told this to everybody. He told it to Herman; but Herman knew enough to remain noncommittal about it. He told it to me, and I saw right off it probably couldn't be managed right; and, even if it could be, I said to Sandy, it seemed to me somehow like it would be sort of inhuman.

Herman heard me say this and got the idea I was a pacifist and a secret friend of his country; so he confided to me the secret of why he left Reno to keep from having his heart cut out by Manuel Romares. But no matter!

Anyway, last year in the spring this Herman dropped by, looking for work. He hadn't been in America long, having stopped with his uncle in Cincinnati a while, and then coming West on a life of adventure and to take up a career. He said now he'd come up from Nevada, where he'd been working on a sheep ranch, and he acted like he wanted to get into something respectable and lead a decent life again.

Well, it had got so I hired everything that come along; so why not Herman? The boys heard he was a German alien and acted, at first, like a bunch of hogs with a bear about; but I'd of hired old Hinderburg himself if he'd offered and put him to doing something worth while.

This Herman was the first man ever worked here in side whiskers. He told me, after I showed myself a German sympathizer, that in the beginning of the war he'd wore one of them mustaches like the Kaiser puts up in tin fasteners every night after he's said his prayers; but this had made him an object of unpleasant remark, including missiles. So he had growed this flowering border round it to take off the curse.

They was beautiful shiny side whiskers and entirely innocent-looking. In the right clothes Herman could of gone into any Sabbath school in the land and said he was glad to see so many bright little faces there this morning, and now what was today's golden text, and so on.

(Continued on Page 52)

Herman Threw Kisses to Her for Ten Minutes From on Top of the Woodshed, Where He Was Safe

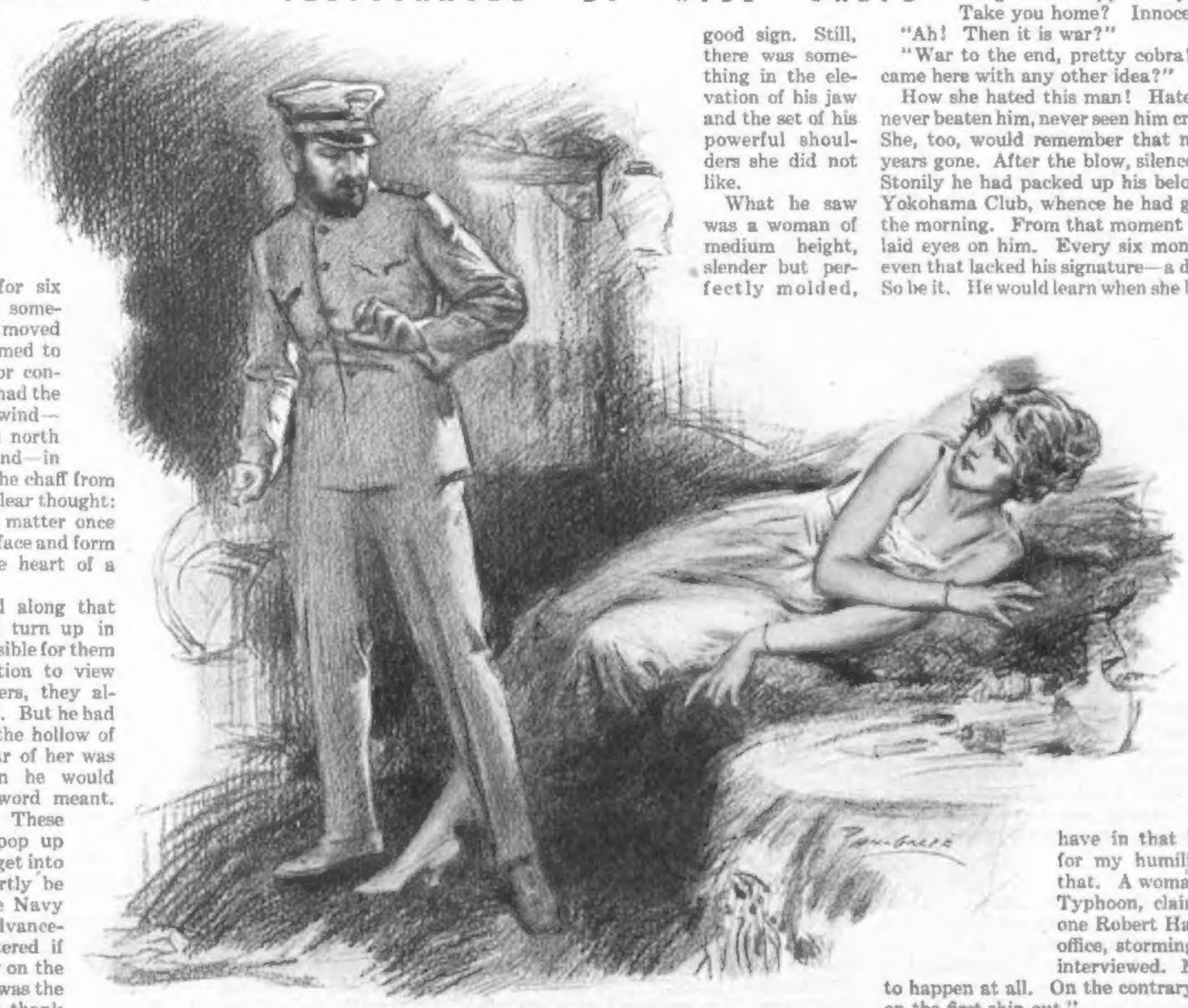
THE YELLOW TYPHOON

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

A NAVAL officer, trig in his white twill, strode along the Escolta, Manila's leading thoroughfare. There was something in his stride that suggested anger; and the settled grimness of his lips, visible between his mustache and short beard, and the hard brightness of his blue eyes emphasized this suggestion. He was angry, but it was a cold anger, a kind of clear-minded fury which often makes calculation terrible. He had been carrying this anger in his heart for six bitter years. It was something like glacial ice; it moved always but never seemed to lose either hardness or configuration. To-day it had the effect of the north wind—that almost forgotten north wind of his native land—in that it winnowed all the chaff from his mind and left one clear thought: He would settle the matter once and for all time. The face and form of an angel, and the heart of a Messalina!

He had known all along that some day she would turn up in Manila. It was impossible for them to resist the temptation to view their handiwork; tigers, they always return to the kill. But he had her now, had her in the hollow of his hand. All the fear of her was gone. This afternoon he would teach her what the word meant. Civilians were lucky. These sordid things could pop up into their lives, even get into the papers, and shortly be forgotten. But in the Navy it was the knell of advancement. It never mattered if the wrong was wholly on the other side; the result was the same. But he had her, thank God! The world would never know what had turned Bob Hallowell into a misanthrope. The tentacles of the octopus had been lopped off as by a miracle. He was a free man.



He Flung Her Roughly Back Upon the Divan, Stalked From the Room and Closed the Door

Never would he forget the shame and misery, the horror of that night in the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. The brazenness of that confession—on the first night of his honeymoon! He was free, yes, but he would never be able to blot out that infernal night. Well, he had her. She should leave Manila on the first ship that left port; it did not matter whether it went north or east. If she proved obdurate he would have her arrested. To lure a man to love her, to marry her, and on the wedding night confess that she was already married; and then—if a man was proud—blackmail! He would fight her tooth and nail. The world had changed since that night. The old order had gone to smash since August, 1914. Traditions had been badly mauled by necessities. Such a scandal, in which he had been merely the dupe, would scarcely leave a ripple in passing. Who would care, these tremendous times?

He stopped abruptly. His thoughts had almost carried him past the hotel, one of those second-rate establishments which you find in all Oriental cities that are seaports, hotels full of tragic and sordid histories. He entered, ran up the first flight of stairs, scrutinized the numbers on two doors, and paused before the third. He raised his hand and struck the panel. A touch of vertigo seized him. Supposing his love for the Jezebel was still a living thing and needed only the sight of the woman to revive it?

"Come in!"

He opened the door and closed it behind him, standing with his back to it. He did not take off his hat. A cold little shudder ran over him. She was more beautiful than ever.

She rose from a dilapidated corduroy divan, pressed the coal of a cigarette into the ash tray, and faced him, her air one of hesitance and timidity. What she saw was a squat muscular body, a beautiful head with a rugged kindly face. She noted the hair, shot with silver. That was always a good sign. Still, there was something in the elevation of his jaw and the set of his powerful shoulders she did not like.

What he saw was a woman of medium height, slender but perfectly molded, young, beautiful, exquisite. Her hair was the color of spun molasses, lustrous because the color was genuine. Her eyes were velvety purple. Her skin was milk-white, with a hint of peachblow under the eyes and temples. The marvel of her lay in the fact that she never had to make up. The devil had given her all those effectives for which most women strive in vain. Innocence! She might have stepped out of one of Bouguereau's masterpieces. At one corner of her mouth was the most charming mole imaginable. You might look at her nose, her eyes, the curve of her chin, but invariably your glance returned to the mole. The devil's finishing touch—it permitted you to see the mouth indirectly, and you lost the salient, a certain cruel hardness.

He waited with an ironical twist to one corner of his mouth. But in his heart there was great rejoicing. Aside from the initial chill, nothing—not a thrill, not a tingle at the roots of his hair. He could look upon her beauty without a single extra heartbeat. He was free, spiritually as well as legally.

"Well?" he said.

"I came to Manila, to you, because I am tired and repentant, and want a home. I am growing old. I lied that night. I wasn't married to anyone else."

He laughed and rested his shoulders against the door. There was a repressed volcanic flash in her eyes. That laugh did not presage well.

"Is it so hard to forgive?" Vocal honey.

"What is it you really want?" he asked, perfectly willing to see the comedy to its end.

"A home—with you. I know, Robert, that I was a wretch in those days. But the world over here—men, the temptation, the primordial instinct of woman to fight man with any weapon she can lay a hand to! Won't you take me back and forgive?"

"Take care, Berta! Don't waste those tears! In your eyes they are pearls without price. Don't waste them on me."

"Then you won't forgive?"

"Forgive? What manner of fool have you written me down? Forgive? I gave you an honest man's love—and you picked my pockets! I would not give two coppers to place on your dead eyes. Take you home? Innocent child!"

"Ah! Then it is war?"

"War to the end, pretty cobra! You don't suppose I came here with any other idea?"

How she hated this man! Hated him because she had never beaten him, never seen him cringe or heard him plead. She, too, would remember that night in Yokohama, six years gone. After the blow, silence—not a word or a look. Stonily he had packed up his belongings and gone to the Yokohama Club, whence he had gone aboard a cruiser in the morning. From that moment until this she had never laid eyes on him. Every six months a check came; but even that lacked his signature—a draft from Cook's. War! So be it. He would learn when she began to turn the screws.

"You will take me home and acknowledge me," she whipped back at him.

"Acknowledge you—what?"

"As your wife!"—stormily.

Again he laughed. "You are not my wife, and never have been."

"And how will you prove it?"

"That will be easy. Curious old world, isn't it? I thought when I received your note that nothing would satisfy me but to wring your neck. And all I want is a kiss—because I'm sure it would poison you! I know. You have in that head of yours schemes for my humiliation, scandal, and all that. A woman, known as The Yellow Typhoon, claiming to be the wife of one Robert Hallowell; rampaging the office, storming the villa gate, getting interviewed. No, Berta; it isn't going to happen at all. On the contrary, you will leave Manila on the first ship out."

"And if I refuse?"

"Bibilid prison. Though we are very busy militarily our civil courts have plenty of time to try a prime case of bigamy. War? You will jolly well find out!"

"Bigamy!"

"Sure. Lieutenant Graham is dead, and I had charge of his effects. I found some interesting letters. These led me to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, where your name and his were neatly inscribed on the register—six months before you laid your trap for me. You found after you had married him that he wasn't the Graham who had inherited a fortune. Marriage! It seems to be a mania with you. How many of us poor devils have you rooked with your infernal beauty? What's God's idea, anyhow? Or is it the devil himself who fits you out, covers your black heart with alluring flesh? No matter. The first ship out or Bibilid. I have warned you."

Then he did something that he afterward regretted. But malice burned so hotly in his veins that he could not resist the impulse. He walked over to her and before she could comprehend his purpose swept her into his arms, held her tightly for a moment and kissed her. Then he flung her roughly back upon the divan, stalked from the room and closed the door with an emphasis which proclaimed that it was to stand between them eternally.

Once he reached the street he spat and rubbed his lips energetically. He had been a fool to do that. He had slipped down to her level. But, hang it, it was the only way he could make her feel anything, the viper!

A fool indeed; for later that act was going to cost him dearly.

He left behind a tableau. Not until his footsteps died away did the woman stir. Then she sprang to her feet, a fury. She swept her hand savagely across her mouth. She, too, spat. "Oh!" she cried through her teeth, in a kind of animal roar. She seized the divan pillow, tore at it, and sent it hurtling across the room. "Oh!"

"There, there; enough of that, Berta!"

A man stepped from behind the screen. He was notable for three things—his bulk, his straw-colored hair, and the

pleasant expression of his smooth ruddy face. The *ensemble* was particularly agreeable. But in detail somehow the man lost out. There wasn't enough skull at the back of his head, his eyes were too shallow, there was a bad droop to his nether lip. For all these defects everything about the man suggested power, power never wastefully applied.

The woman whirled upon him. "But you!"—her voice thick with passion—"you saw what he did?"

"Yes."

"And you let him go?"

"I have told you. If there is one man in Manila I do not care to meet it's the captain."

"I despise you all!" She flew about, gesticulating.

"You will die of apoplexy some day if you ever have the misfortune to grow fat. Enough of this nonsense. That goose is dead; but there are others, and larger golden eggs."

"But I hate him! I want him broken, disgraced! Didn't you hear him order me out of Manila?"

"Don't let that worry you. You'll stay here until I'm ready to leave. I'll hide you over in the Tondo."

"What!—among the natives?"

The man crossed the room and caught hold of her. "Be sensible. The captain will do exactly as he threatens. It's Bibilid if I don't hide you at once. You couldn't walk five blocks up the Escolta without running into someone who knows you. You've left a trail across these diggings, my tiger kitten. They don't call you The Yellow Typhoon for nothing. You've got to keep under cover since we can't get you into that villa of his. These are wartimes, and I've big work to do. You'll go to Tondo because it is my will. I've let you play your game; now you'll help me play mine. When this job is done we'll return to the States and live like nabobs. I tell you, Berta, there's a fortune for the picking. Risks, yes; but not any more dangerous than we've been accustomed to. These American swine ——"

"Hush!"

"All right." The man switched into Danish. "These American swine don't shoot spies; they arrest them and let them out on bail. Ye gods! By the way, I've got a little surprise for you. Remember those sables I smuggled in last spring? Well, Wu Fang is making them into a coat that will be worth seven thousand in the States."

"Manchurian!"—disdainfully.

"Real Russian." He smoothed her hair; but it was some time before she began to purr. "No nonsense. We'll clear out of here at once. I'll take you to the Tondo and you can rig up in that Chinese costume of yours. You can ride after sundown; and I'll be out frequently. I'll fix you up like the sultan's favorite. You can wear a cap outside of doors. Inside it won't matter if the natives see your hair."

"For how long?"

"Perhaps two weeks."

"Something of naval importance?" she mused.

"So big that the Fatherland will pay a million. One of the biggest things in the world, here in Manila; and it's packed away in the brain of that experimental husband of yours. That's why I wanted you out there. There is a blue print at that villa. If I can't land the big goose I can land that. If we can't apply the principle we can learn what it is."

"And if he loses it, it will break him?"

"Something like that."

"Then I'll go peacefully into the Tondo. The thought of his being broken will keep me alive. Make him pay for those kisses!"

The man held her off at arm's length. "You're a queer hawk. I don't suppose there's a man on earth you really care for. You're afraid of me; that's my hold."

"Afraid of you? No. You are generally sensible and necessary. And I happen to be your wife. You're a port in the storm."

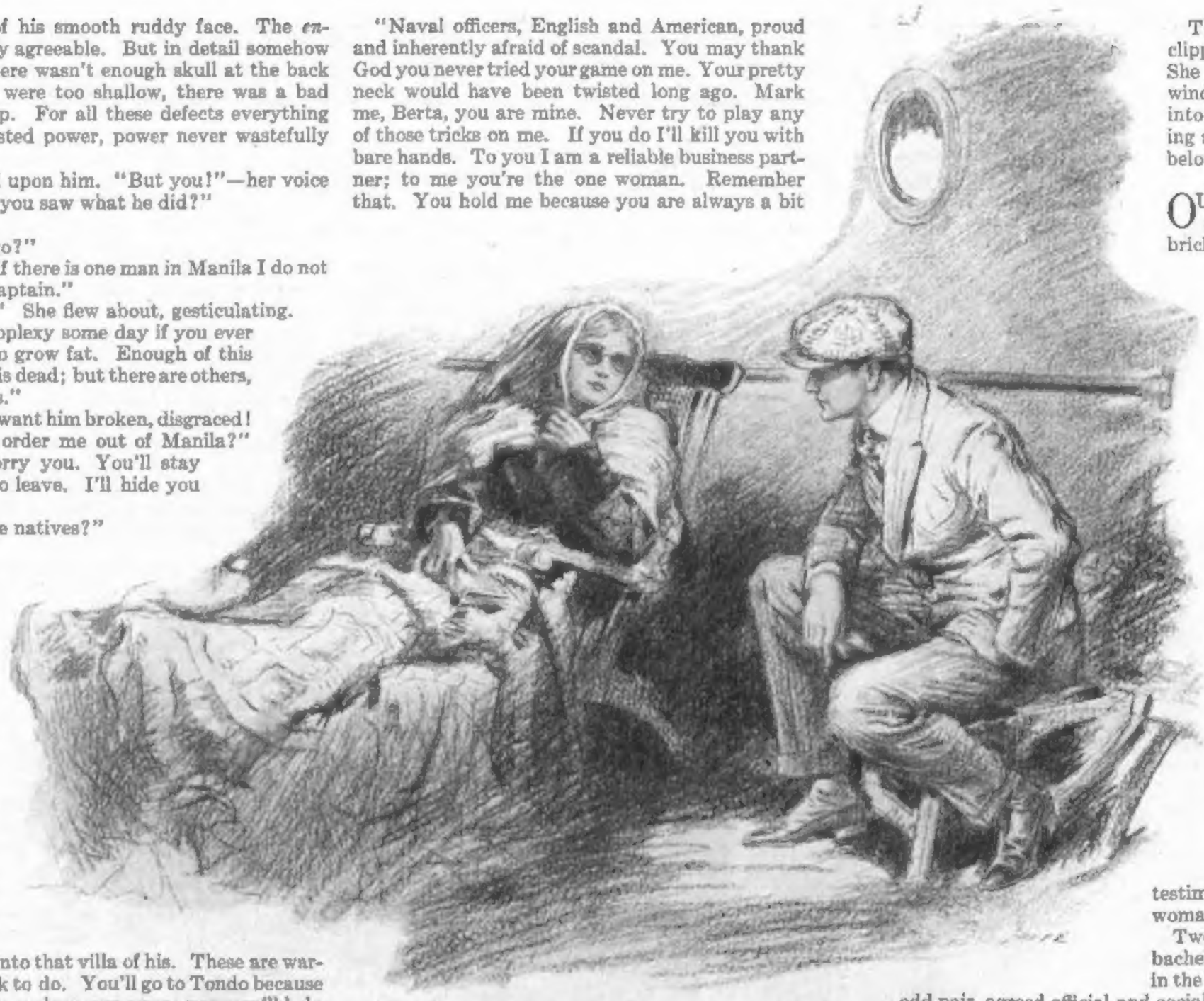
"There seems to be only one idea in your head—to break men, twist their hearts and empty their pockets."

"I hate them. I have always hated them. As a child I fought boys when they tried to kiss me. I was born that way. Analyze it? I've never tried to. Perhaps I am Nemesis for all the wrongs mankind has done womankind. I hate them. They never kiss me—even you—that I don't want to strike and cut."

"And you've been successful for one reason only."

"And what is that?"

"Naval officers, English and American, proud and inherently afraid of scandal. You may thank God you never tried your game on me. Your pretty neck would have been twisted long ago. Mark me, Berta, you are mine. Never try to play any of those tricks on me. If you do I'll kill you with bare hands. To you I am a reliable business partner; to me you're the one woman. Remember that. You hold me because you are always a bit



"My Cabin is Opposite Yours. If a Submarine Should Pop Up You'll Promise to Come for Me?"

of mystery. What's behind that day in San Francisco when you decided to cast your lot with mine? More than seven years gone, and I've never found out. Some man; and because he did not give you a square deal—all these wrecks."

"Do you want the truth? You are the first man who ever laid his hand on me. I ran away from a humdrum world. I wanted adventure, swift, red-blooded. I'm a viking's daughter."

"I can believe that. It's the game, the sport. Typhoons! That's you. You come and go across men's lives exactly like a typhoon. Wherever you pass—wreckage. But our captain seems to have escaped."

"I have your promise in regard to him."

The man laughed. "That's one of your charms; you stick it out. What are you—German, Dane, Finn? To this day I don't know. But always keep in your pretty head that you are mine. Marry them, kiss them, and say good-by; but always recollect that I'm under the latticed window. After all it's just as well you didn't go out to San Miguel. The captain has a partner. He'd have been too much for you."

"In what way?"

"Your way. Handsomest man in the Islands, and rich. He's to be transferred shortly to the Atlantic. And if I've got the right of it you and I are going to be very much interested in his journey."

"Rich and handsome," she said ruminatingly.

The man smiled ironically. "An officer who has never had an affair; ice where women are concerned. I dig up their histories; part of my game. You would have about as much chance with him as I would in a sampan in the middle of one of your happy-go-lucky typhoons. A handsome vigorous young man, who carries a Rajputana parrakeet with him when he travels—a talking parrakeet. Everybody in Manila has heard about that bird."

"A handsome young man with money and a talking parrakeet!" The woman began to laugh. "I never heard anything like that before. I am interested. What's he look like?"

The man took out a wallet, from which he drew a newspaper clipping. "That's a good likeness."

"He is handsome. . . . Good heavens!"

"Well?"

"But this isn't he; it's a crook's—Black Ellison, wanted for diamond robbery and assault in San Francisco."

"The two look enough alike to be useful, maybe. Not a physical likeness; it's merely photographic. I never overlook anything. If he takes the journey I have in mind it may be of use. Photographically they look enough alike to be twins."

The woman returned the clipping, her eyes somber. She walked slowly over to a window and stared down into the street—without seeing anything of the busy life below.

II

OUT San Miguel way there are many two-storied brick villas with Spanish red tiles. Sometimes there will be three or four almost neighborly, then one aloof and alone. In Manila most white folk live upstairs, the servants down. It permits white folk to talk over their affairs without listeners—and the servants to run away to cockfights as often as they dare.

One of these isolated villas was walled in, except on the river side, by a wall of rubble coated with whitewash. Rising above the chevaux-de-frise of broken bottles was a fringe of feathery bamboo. There was an alley of these trees from the gate to the door. There was also a garden; but the precise formality with which it had been laid out was a mute testimony to the absence of womankind.

Two Americans lived here—bachelors. They were officers in the United States Navy. An odd pair, agreed official and social Manila; and after futile efforts to make friends with them, dismissed them. Odd, because bachelor officers who have incomes outside their pay are generally gay sailormen. Off duty these two formed an association of hermits. They never went anywhere except officially, and avoided women as other men avoided the plague. One of them was woman-shy; the other hated them, it was said.

For two years now this pair had been assigned to shore duty. Captain Hallowell would in all probability never go to sea again actively. An experiment had severely injured one of his eyes, though the defect was not noticeable. Lieutenant Commander Mathison was a paymaster. They were as unlike physically as it is possible for two men to be.

Hallowell was the dreamer, the thinker. He was short, thick, rugged and a trifle gray. His head and short beard were shot with silver, though his mustache was still black. There was something about him that reminded you of the gorilla. You were likely to carry this idea in your head until you knew him; then you understood that he was in the same category as the St. Bernard—the gentlest dog in the world until thoroughly roused. They called him a woman hater with some justice, though no one in official Manila ever learned the facts, not even Mathison, who surmised that Hallowell had run afoul some worthless woman and had got past the reefs by a hair.

Mathison was the man of action. He was tall, slender and handsome, with a smooth olive skin. This deep color gave conspicuity to his gray eyes, the whites of which were dazzling. Every line and turn of his face gave you the impression that by nature he was amiable in the extreme. Given cause he could be as savage and relentless as the gorilla his friend resembled.

Woman-shy they called him, because they could find no other suitable name for the puzzle. He was always courteous when, by those accidents of chance called official receptions, he found himself among women. But there was always a cold reserve the brightest eyes could not batter down. Rest assured there were many feminine campaigns. He was the combination of two things women prize highly, greedily or sentimentally—money and good looks.

What had the aspect of shyness was merely an idea, held to with surpassing resolution. I shall tell you about this idea later on. There are, here and there across this world, men like Mathison who are neither mollycoddles nor sanctimonious nincompoops. They are not gregarious—they are the type from which explorers come, men who know how to live alone, to whom the most necessary and alluring thing in life is to overcome obstacles.

This resolution had toughened Mathison morally and physically. Packed away in that lithe body of his was

tremendous vitality. He was perfectly willing to be called woman-shy. Such a reputation was a considerable barricade. He was content to rest behind it. There had been battles, bitter conflicts. There are certain fires which hypnotize; one must reach out and touch them. I might say that this idea of his was always in a state of siege.

After this exposition it sounds odd to remark that Mathison was as full of romance as a Chinese water chestnut is of starch, that his daydreams were peopled with lovely women. He never saw a beautiful woman that he did not immediately clothe her in his colorful imagination. He rescued her from Chinese pirates, he was shipwrecked and cast away on a desert island with her, he tore her from the hands of brigands or the latticed window of some rajah's haremlik; and he always married her in the end. Everything in him inclined toward the companionship of women, and he had built a Chinese wall round this inclination.

Among men, however, he was companionable, witty, humorous, and full of sound common sense. But no one ever called him Jack; not even Hallowell, the best friend he had. He was always John or Mathison to his equals and superiors, and "Sir" to his subordinates. Hallowell, however, had compromised on Mat. For all this, Mathison bubbled with personal magnetism.

You never get deeply into a naval officer's character by rubbing elbows with him in wardrooms or officers' clubs. If you want to know the real man go down into the boiler rooms, the gun rooms, anywhere but the quarter-deck. The roughnecks will tell you. They sometimes weigh you with a glance. Two things they require of you—absolute justice and firmness. That was Mathison to his men; and he always backed these attributes with a smiling eye. There was something in the snap of his voice that inclined men to obey him at once, without question; not that they were afraid of him but that they knew he was right. In the Navy—in all navies—there are underground wireless stations. A man's reputation travels from ship to ship; and when an officer is transferred the men try him out just to see whether his crown is of tinsel or of gold.

A fighting sailor, with a born gambler's interest in chance, winning or losing with a smile, as you shall see, thirty years of age, and no anchor to windward.

He never forgot anything. They said of him that he could hide his collar button during a dream and go directly to it in the morning. Hallowell, however, was very absent-minded. Often he would go about the living room in search of his pipe, in the end to find it dangling from his teeth. Or he would wash his face with his spectacles on, and wonder what in thunderation ailed his sound eye.

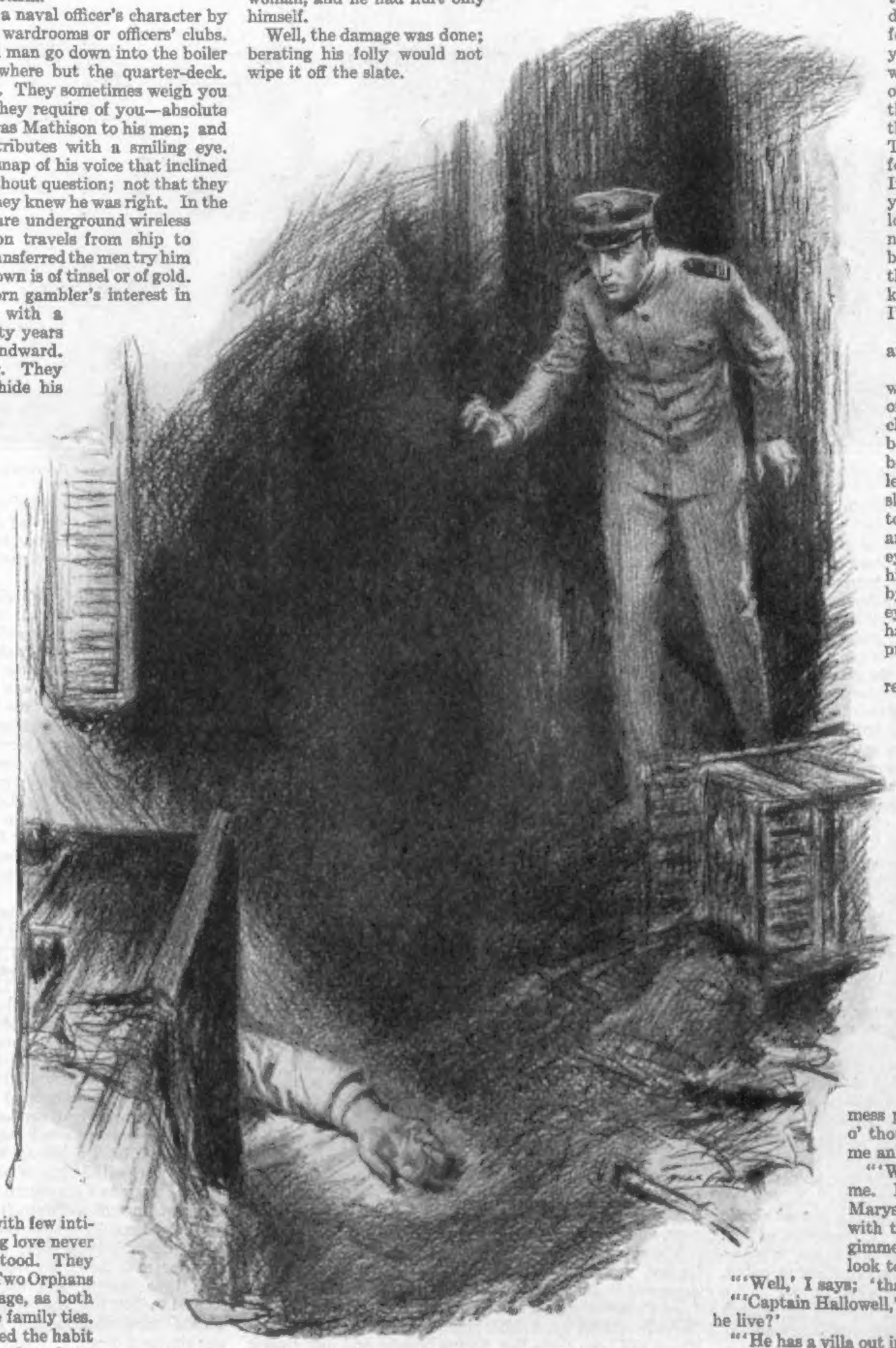
Hallowell, too, was full of romance—miracles in steel, visions which cast into shape huge fighting machines, tremendous guns, flying torpedoes. He was, aside from his official duties, a successful inventor. Few of the grim floating forts of the Navy were without certain devices of his. He had just completed plans that eventually were going to cause the German Admiralty a good deal of anxiety. There were still two or three points he had not cleared up to his own satisfaction. The plans were absolutely complete as they stood; but he believed he saw a chance to reduce the complexity of certain phases; and he was hammering away at this problem after hours, often far into the night.

Mathison, Hallowell and Company—the company being the Rajputana parrakeet. An odd pair of men, rather misunderstood, with few intimates, sharing a deep, abiding love never spoken of but tacitly understood. They were jocularly known as The Two Orphans and the villa as The Orphanage, as both men were without immediate family ties.

Lately Hallowell had formed the habit of going to the Botanical Gardens for a half hour's ramble between four and five. He had discovered that this mild exercise cleared his mind of all routine and left it free for creative musings. He tramped about the paths at a moderate gait, his hands behind his back, the tip of his short gray-peppered beard projecting like a bowsprit over his collar. I doubt if during these pleasant peregrinations he ever saw anything but the white markings on blue prints. Half an hour to the minute, then he would shake off the spell, set his shoulders and hurry away for the trolley for San Miguel.

Having delivered his ultimatum to the woman known as The Yellow Typhoon, and having learned on the following day that she had left the hotel in the Escolta, all thought of her went out of his mind completely. It was an unhappy page turned down for good. But to-day, one week later, as he came out of his daydreams she popped into his head. A wave of shame ran over him. He would never forgive himself for that violence. Not that he felt any pity toward the woman. The act had lowered himself eternally in his own eyes; the luster was gone from his self-esteem. He had kissed another man's wife, not his own. And what was worse, she might interpret the act as a sign that he still cared for her and try to reënter his life at some later day. Fool! A mad impulse to hurt the woman, and he had hurt only himself.

Well, the damage was done; berating his folly would not wipe it off the slate.



Mathison Fought Nausea, Terror, Fought the Paralysis Gathering in His Legs, and Pushed Through the Curtain

Suddenly his sound eye lost its introspective look and became alert. Coming down the path toward him was a woman. She was dressed in pongee, a sola topee on her head. Round this sun helmet ran the folds of a gray veil which could be lowered or raised at will. At this moment the woman's face was clear. It was young and vividly beautiful. Her hair was a ruddy gold like the tips of ripe wheat after rain. The sun, directly behind her, cast a golden nimbus on each side of her head. Her eyes were purple blue like wood violets, and her skin was the tint of pale amber. She walked with the free stride of one who loves the air and sunshine. She saw Hallowell only after he had deliberately stepped in front of her, blocking the way.

Her mouth opened slightly and a vague bewilderment took the zest from her face.

"Still in town, then?"

"Sir!"

He interrupted with a laugh. "You're magnificent; I'll always grant you that. You should have gone on the stage. But I'm no longer to be fooled. The pearl is gone from the oyster, the juice from the orange; so why tarry, pretty blackmailer? I warned you to clear out, and I thought you'd have sense enough to do so. To-morrow morning I'll hunt for you; and if I find you I'll have you locked up. God knows how you women do it! Here you are, straight out of perdition, with more beauty than ever. And innocence! That's the pitfall, your look of innocence. That's what draws us poor trusting fools. Well, the night to clear out in. If I find you to-morrow I'll stamp on you as I would on a cobra. The Yellow Typhoon! Some poor devil named you well. But you'll never break another white man, not in these parts. I apologize for those kisses. I forgot you weren't my wife. I'm giving you until morning."

Insolently he swung on his heels and marched down the path.

The woman remained exactly where he had left her, in the center of the path. Have you ever seen a clean, upstanding flower suddenly beaten down by a squall of rain? Her bodily attitude resembled that; at least for a space. One hand went slowly to her eyes, then fell limply to her side. But soon she stiffened, and there were volcanic flashes in her eyes. As Hallowell vanished behind the clove trees she turned. Near by she saw a marine, and he was eying her curiously. Evidently he had witnessed the scene. She approached him.

What followed the marine himself recounted at mess that night:

"I was amblin' along at a safe distance. My orders were t' keep ol' Pop Hallowell under eye s'long as he was in the Gardens. Hennessy picks him up outside an' follows him until he gits safe on the trolley. Well, he was goin' along, when down the path comes a lady. She walked as if she didn't know where she was goin' either. An' out steps Pop in front o' her, like he was a gay bird with the ladies. The dame gives him the haughty. But he comes back. Her mouth opens a little, but she don't make no move. I couldn't hear nothin', but Pop was layin' down some law or other, which he winds up with a bang on his palm, an' marches off, with the lady starin' after him like I'd stare if I saw a flyin' fish come int' the mess port an' ask for whitebait. I kind o' thought I'd move on, when she pipes me an' comes over.

"'Who was that officer?' she asks me. Bo, believe me, she had all the little Marys an' Paulas in the movies laid away with the long-cruise eggs. Gee! You'll gimme the ha-ha, but I only needed a look to tell that she was straight!

"'Well,' I says; 'that was Captain Hallowell, miss.'

"'Captain Hallowell,' she repeats after me. 'Where does he live?'

"'He has a villa out in San Miguel, on the Pasig,' I says. 'He an' Paymaster Mathison live there together.'

(Continued on Page 96)

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT HAD been a successful party, most successful. Mrs. Carroway's parties always were successes, but this one nearing its conclusion stood out notably from a long and unbroken Carrowayian record. It had been a children's party—that is to say, everybody came in costume with intent to represent children of any age between one year and a dozen years. But twelve years was the limit; positively nobody either in dress or deportment could be more than twelve years old. Mrs. Carroway had made this point explicit in sending out the invitations, and so it had been, down to the last hair ribbon and the last shoe buckle. And between dances they had played at the games of childhood, such as drop the handkerchief and King William was King James' son and prisoner's base and the rest of them.

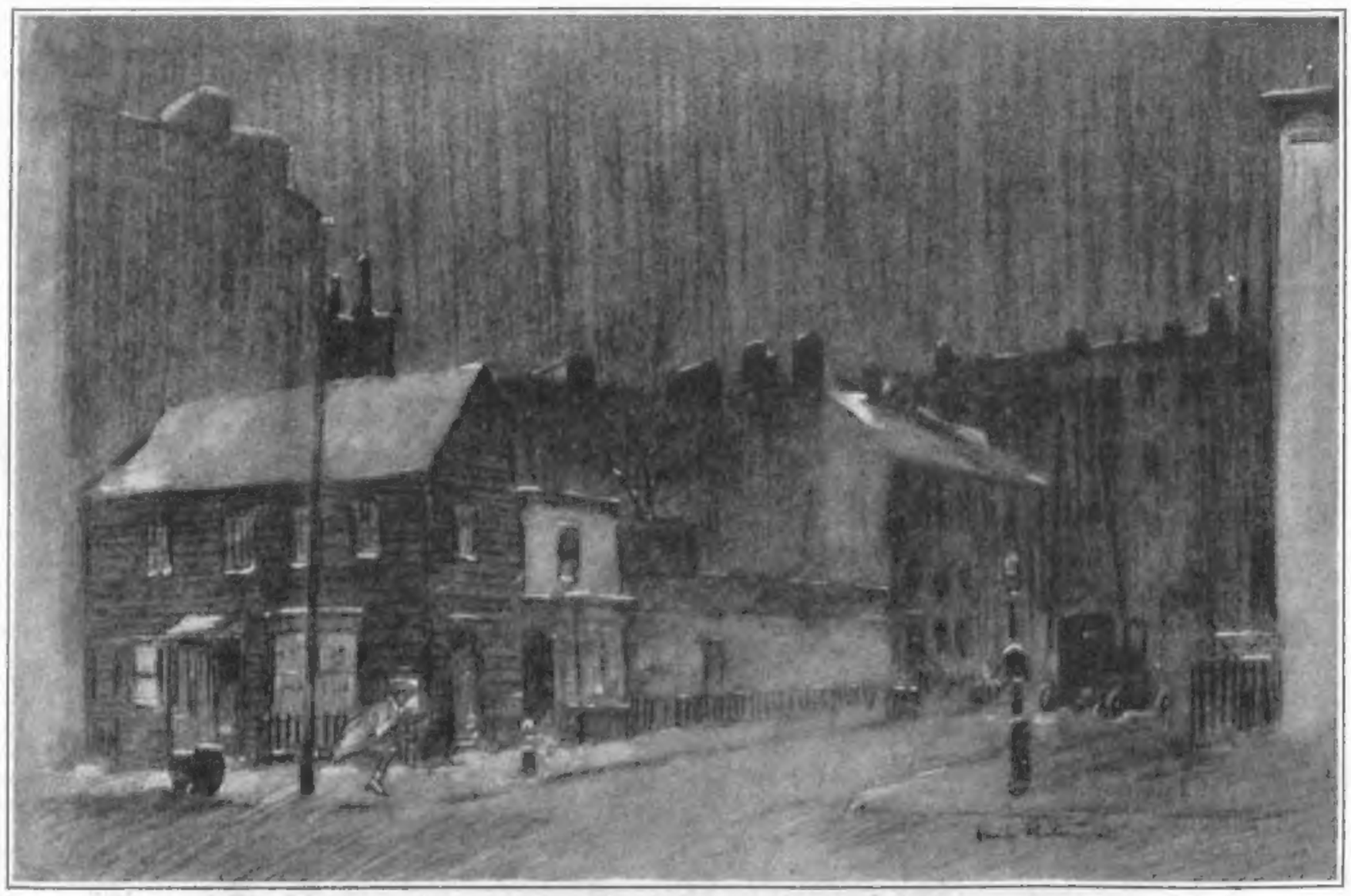
The novelty of the notion had been a main contributory factor to its success; that, plus the fact that nine healthy adults out of ten dearly love to put on freakish garbings and go somewhere. To be exactly truthful the basic idea itself could hardly be called new, since long before some gifted mind thought out the scheme of giving children's parties for grown-ups, but with her customary brilliancy Mrs. Carroway had seized upon the issues of the day to serve her social purposes, weaving timeliness and patriotism into the fabric of her plan by making it a war party as well. Each individual attending was under pledge to keep a full and accurate tally of the moneys expended upon his or her costume and upon arrival at the place of festivities to deposit a like amount in a repository put in a conspicuous spot to receive these contributions, the entire sum to be handed over later to the guardians of a military charity in which Mrs. Carroway was active.

It was somehow felt that this fostered a worthy spirit of wartime economy, since the donation of a person who wore an expensive costume would be relatively so much larger than the donation of one who went in for the simpler things. Moreover, books of Thrift Stamps were attached to the favors, the same being children's toys of guaranteed American manufacture.

In the matter of refreshments Mrs. Carroway had been at pains to comply most scrupulously with the existing rationing regulations. As the hostess herself said more than once as she moved to and fro in a flounced white frock having the exaggeratedly low waistline of the sort of frock which frequently is worn by a tot of tender age, with a wide blue sash draped about her almost down at her knees, and with fluffy skirts quite up to her knees, with her hair caught up in a coquettish blue bow on the side of her head and a diminutive fan tied fast to one of her wrists with a blue ribbon—so many of the ladies who had attained to Mrs. Carroway's fairly well-ripened years did go in for these extremely girlish little-girly effects—as the hostess thus attired and moving hither and yon remarked, "If Mr. Herbert Hoover himself were here as one of my guests to-night I am just too perfectly sure he could find absolutely nothing whatsoever to object to!"

It would have required much stretching of that elastic property, the human imagination, to conceive of Mr. Herbert Hoover being there, whether in costume or otherwise, but that was what Mrs. Carroway said and repeated. Everyone came right out and agreed with her.

Now it was getting along toward three-thirty o'clock of the morning after, and the party was breaking up. Indeed for half an hour past, this person or that had been saying it was time, really, to be thinking about going—thus voicing a conviction that had formed at a much earlier hour in the minds of the tenants of the floor below Mrs. Carroway's studio apartment, which like all properly devised studio apartments was at the top of the building.



Mr. Leary's Gait Became a Desperate Gallop, and as He Galloped He Shouted: "Wait, Please. Here I am—Here's Your Passenger!"

It was all very well to be a true Bohemian, ready to give and take, and if one lived down round Washington Square one naturally made allowances for one's neighbors and all that, but half past three o'clock in the morning was half past three o'clock in the morning, and there was no getting round that, say what you would. And besides, there were some people who needed a little sleep once in a while even if there were some other people who seemed to be able to go without any sleep; and finally, though patience was a virtue, enough of a good thing was enough and too much was surplusage. Such was the opinion of the tenants one flight down.

So the party was practically over. Mr. Algernon Leary, of the firm of Leary & Slack, counselors and attorneys at law, with offices at Number Thirty-two Broad Street, was among the very last to depart. Never had Mr. Leary spent a more pleasant evening. He had been in rare form, a variety of causes contributing to this happy state. To begin with, he had danced nearly every dance with Miss Milly Hollister, for whom he entertained the feelings which a gentleman of ripened judgment, and one who was rising rapidly in his profession, might properly entertain for an entirely charming young woman of reputed means and undoubted social position.

A preposterous ass named Perkins—at least, Mr. Leary mentally indexed Perkins as a preposterous ass—had brought Miss Hollister to the party, but thereafter in the scheme of things Perkins did not count. He was a cipher. You could back him up against a wall and take a rubber-tipped pencil and rub him right out, as it were; and with regards to Miss Hollister that, figuratively, was what Mr. Leary had done to Mr. Perkins. Now on the other hand Voris might have amounted to something as a potential rival, but Voris being newly appointed as a police magistrate was prevented by press of official duties from coming to the party; so Mr. Leary had a clear field, as the saying goes, and made the most of it, as the other saying goes.

Moreover, Mr. Leary had been the recipient of unlimited praise upon the ingenuity and the uniqueness expressed in his costume. He had not represented a Little Lord Fauntleroy or a Buster Brown or a Boy Scout or a Juvenile Cadet or a Midshipmite or an Oliver Twist. There had been three Boy Scouts present and four Buster Browns and of sailor-suited persons there had been no end, really. But Mr. Leary had chosen to appear as Himself at the Age of Three; and, as the complimentary comment proved, his get-up had reflected credit not alone upon its wearer but upon its designer, Miss Rowena Skiff, who drew fashion pictures for one of the women's magazines. Out of the goodness of her heart and the depths of her professional knowledge Miss Skiff had come to Mr. Leary's aid, supervising the preparation of his wardrobe at a theatrical costumer's shop uptown and, on the evening before, coming to his bachelor apartments, accompanied by her mother, personally to add those small special refinements which meant so much, as he now realized, in attaining the desired result.

"Oh, Mr. Leary, I must tell you again how very fetching you do look! Your costume is adorable, really it is; so—so cute and everything. And I don't know what I should have done without you to help in the games and everything. There's no use denying it, Mr. Leary—you were the life of the party, absolutely!"

At least twice during the night Mrs. Carroway had told Mr. Leary this, and now as he bade her farewell she was saying it once more in practically the same words, when Mrs. Carroway's colored maid, Blanche, touched him on the arm.

"'Scuse me, suh," apologized Blanche, "but the hall man downstairs he send up word jes' now by the elevator man 'at you'd best be comin' right on down now, suh, effen you expects to git a taxicab. He say to tell you they ain't but one taxicab left an' the driver of 'at one's been waitin' fur hours an' he act like he might go way any minute now. 'At's whut the hall man send word, suh."

Blanche had brought his overcoat along and held it up for him, imparting to the service that small suggestion of a ceremonial rite which the members of her race invariably do display when handling a garment of richness of texture and indubitable cost. Mr. Leary let her help him into the coat and slipped largess into her hand, and as he stepped aboard the waiting elevator for the downward flight Mrs. Carroway's voice came fluting to him, once again repeating the flattering phrase: "You surely were the life of the party!"

It was fine to have been the life of the party. It was not quite so fine to discover that the taxicab to which he must intrust himself for the long ride up to West Eighty-fifth Street was a most shabby-appearing vehicle, the driver of which, moreover, as Mr. Leary could divine even as he crossed the sidewalk, had wiled away the tedium of waiting by indulgence in draughts of something more potent than the chill air of latish November. Mr. Leary peered doubtfully into the illuminated countenance but dulled eyes of the driver and caught a whiff of a breath alcoholically fragrant, and he understood that the warning relayed to him by Blanche had carried a subtle double meaning. Still, there was no other taxicab to be had. The street might have been a byway in old Pompeii for all the life that moved within it. Washington Square, facing him, was as empty as a graveyard generally is at this hour, and the semblance of a conventional graveyard in wintertime was helped out by a light snow—the first of the season—sifting down in large damp flakes.

Twice and thrice he repeated the address, speaking each time sharply and distinctly, before the meaning seemed to filter into the befogged intellect of the inebriate. On the third rendition the latter roused from where he was slumped down.

"I garcia, Steve," he said thickly. "I garcia firs' time, only y' hollowed s'loud I couldn' und'stancher."

So saying he lurched into a semiupright posture and fumbled for the wheel. Silently condemning the curse of intemperance among the working classes of a great city Mr. Leary boarded the cab and drew the skirts of his overcoat down in an effort to cover his knees. With a harsh grating of clutches and an abrupt jerk the taxi started north.

Wobbling though he was upon his perch the driver mechanically steered a reasonably straight course. The passenger leaning back in the depths of the cab confessed to himself he was a trifle weary and more than a trifle sleepy. At thirty-seven one does not dance and play children's games alternately for six hours on a stretch without paying for the exertion in a sensation of let-downness. His head slipped forward on his chest.

With a drowsy uncertainty as to whether he had been dozing for hours or only for a very few minutes Mr. Leary opened his eyes and sat up. The car was halted slantwise against a curbing; the chauffeur was jammed down again into a heap. Mr. Leary stepped nimbly forth upon the pavement, feeling in his overcoat pocket for the fare; and then he realized he was not in West Eighty-fifth Street at all; he was not in any street that he remembered ever having seen before in the course of his life. Offhand, though, he guessed he was somewhere in that mystic maze of brick and mortar known as Old Greenwich Village; and, for a further guess, in that particular part of it where business during these last few years had been steadily encroaching upon the ancient residences of long departed Knickerbocker families.

The street in which he stood, for a wonder in this part of town, ran a fairly straight course. At its western foot he could make out through the drifting flakes where a squat structure suggestive of a North River freight dock interrupted the sky line. In his immediate vicinity the street was lined with tall bleak fronts of jobbing houses, all dark and all shuttered. Looking the other way, which would be eastward, he could make out where these wholesale establishments tailed off, to be succeeded by the lower shapes of venerable dwellings adorned with the dormered windows and the hip roofs which distinguished a bygone architectural period. Some distance off in this latter direction the vista between the buildings was cut across by the straddle-bug structure of one of the Elevated roads. All this Mr. Leary comprehended in a quick glance about him, and then he turned on the culprit cabman with rage in his heart.

"See here, you!" he snapped crossly, jerking the other by the shoulder. "What do you mean by bringing me away off here! This isn't where I wanted to go. Oh, wake up, you!"

Under his vigorous shaking the driver slid over sideways until he threatened to decant himself out upon Mr. Leary. His cap falling off exposed the blank face of one who for the time being has gone dead to the world and to all its carking cares, and the only response he offered for his mishandling was a deep and sincere snore. The man was hopelessly intoxicated; there was no question about it. More to relieve his own deep chagrin than for any logical reason Mr. Leary shook him again; the net results were a protesting semiconscious grunt and a further careening slant of the sleeper's form.

Well, there was nothing else to do but walk. He must make his way afoot until he came to Sixth Avenue or on to Fifth, upon the chance of finding in one of these two thoroughfares a ranging night-hawk cab. As a last resort he could take the Subway or the L north. This contingency, though, Mr. Leary considered with feelings akin to actual repugnance. He dreaded the prospect of ribald and derisive comments from chance fellow travelers upon a public transportation line. For you should know that though Mr. Leary's outer garbing was in the main conventional there were strikingly incongruous features of it too.

From his neck to his knees he correctly presented the aspect of a gentleman returning late from social diversions, caparisoned in a handsome fur-faced, fur-lined top coat But his knees were entirely bare; so, too, were his legs down to about midway of the calves, where there ensued, as it were, a pair of white silk socks, encircled by pink garters with large and ornate pink ribbon bows upon them. His feet were bestowed in low slippers with narrow buttoned straps crossing the insteps. It was Miss Skiff, with her instinct for the verities, who had insisted upon bows for the garters and straps for the slippers, these being what she had called finishing touches. Likewise it was due to that young lady's painstaking desire for appropriateness and completeness of detail that Mr. Leary at this moment wore upon his head a very wide-brimmed, very floppy straw hat with two quaint pink-ribbon streamers floating jauntily down between his shoulders at the back

For reasons which in view of this sartorial description should be obvious Mr. Leary hugged closely up to the abutting house fronts when he left behind him the marooned taxi with its comatose driver asleep upon it, like one lone castaway upon a small island in a sea of emptiness, and set his face eastward. Such was the warmth of his annoyance he barely felt the chill striking upon his exposed nether limbs or took note of the big snowflakes melting damply upon his thinly protected ankles. Then, too, almost immediately something befell which upset him still more.

He came to where a wooden marquee, projecting over the entrance to a shipping room, made a black strip along the feebly lighted pavement. As he entered the patch of darkness the shape of a man materialized out of the void and barred his way, and in that same fraction of a second something shiny and hard was thrust against Mr. Leary's daunted bosom, and in a low forceful rumble a voice commanded him as follows: "Put up your mitts—and keep 'em up!"

Matching the action of his hands everything in Mr. Leary seemed to start skyward simultaneously. His hair on his scalp straightened, his breath came up from his lungs in a gasp, his heart lodged in his throat, and his blood quit his feet, leaving them practically devoid of circulation, and ascended and drummed in his temples. He had a horrid, emptied feeling in his diaphragm, too, as though the organs customarily observable there had caught the contagion of the example and gone north.

"That's nice," spake the fearsome stranger. "Now stay jest the way you are and don't make no peep or I'll have to plug you wit' this here gat."

His right hand maintained the sinister pressure of the weapon against the victim's deflated chest, while his left dexterously explored the side pockets of Mr. Leary's overcoat. Then the same left hand jerked the frogged fastenings of the garment asunder and went pawing swiftly over Mr. Leary's quivering person, seeking the pockets which would have been there had Mr. Leary been wearing garments bearing the regulation and ordained number of pockets. But the exploring fingers merely slid along a smooth and unbroken frontal surface.

"Wot t'ell? Wot t'ell?" muttered the footpad in bewilderment. "Say, where're you got your leather and your kittle hid? Speak up quick!"

"I'm—I'm—not carrying a watch or a purse to-night," quavered Mr. Leary. "These—these clothes I happen to be wearing are not made with places in them for a watch or anything. And you've already taken what money I had—it was all in my overcoat pocket"

"Yep; a pinch of chicken feed and wot felt like about four one-bone bills." The highwayman's accent was both ominous and contemptuous. "Say, wotcher mean drillin' round dis town in some kinder funny riggin' wit'out no plunder on you? I gotta right to belt you one acrost the bean."

"I'd rather you didn't do that," protested Mr. Leary in all seriousness. "If—if you'd only give me your address I could send you some money in the morning to pay you for your trouble ——"

"Cut out de kiddin'," broke in the disgusted marauder. His tone changed slightly for the better: "Say, near as I kin tell by feelin' it, dat ain't such a bum benny you're sportin', I'll jest take dat along wit' me. Letcher arms down easy and hold 'em straight out from yore sides while I gits it offen you. And no funny business!"

"Oh, please, please don't take my overcoat," implored Mr. Leary, plunged by these words into a deeper panic. "Anything but that! I—you—you really mustn't leave me without my overcoat."

"Wot else is dere to take?"

Even as he uttered the scornful question the thief had wrested the garment from Mr. Leary's helpless form and was backing away into the darkness.

Out of impenetrable gloom came his farewell warning: "Stay right where you are for fi' minutes wit'out movin' or makin' a yelp. If you wiggle before de time is up I gotta pal right yere watchin' you,

"That's Nice," Spake the Fearsome Stranger. "Now Stay Jest the Way You are and Don't Make No Peep or I'll Have to Plug You Wit' This Here Gat"

and he'll sure plug you. He ain't no easy-goin' guy like wot I am. You're gittin' off lucky it's me stuck you up, stidder him."

With these words he was gone—gone with Mr. Leary's overcoat, with Mr. Leary's last cent, with his latchkey, with his cardcase, with all by which Mr. Leary might hope to identify himself before a wary and incredulous world for what he was. He was gone, leaving there in the protecting ledge of shadow the straw-hatted, socked-and-slippered, leg-gartered figure of a plump being, clad otherwise in a single vestment which began at the line of a becomingly low neckband and terminated in blousy outbulging bifurcations just above the naked knees. Light stealing into this obscured and sheltered spot would have revealed that this garment was, as to texture, a heavy, silklike, sheeny material; and as to color a vivid and compelling pink—the exact color of a slice of well-ripened watermelon; also that its sleeves ended elbow-high in an effect of broad turned-back cuffs; finally, that adown its owner's back it was snugly and adequately secured by means of a close-set succession of very large, very shiny white pearl buttons—the whole constituting an enlarged but exceedingly accurate copy of what, descriptively, is known to the manufactured-garment trade as a one-piece suit of child's rompers, self-trimmed, fastens behind; suitable for nursery, playground and seashore, especially recommended as summer wear for the little ones; to be had in all sizes.

Within a space of some six or seven minutes this precisely was what the nearest street lamp did reveal unto itself as its downward-slanting beams fell upon a furtive, fugitive shape, suggestive in that deficient subradiance of a vastly overgrown forked parsnip, miraculously endowed with powers of locomotion and bound for somewhere in a hurry; excepting of course no forked parsnip, however remarkable in other respects, would be wearing a floppy straw hat in a snowstorm; nor is it likely it would be adorned lengthwise in its rear with a highly decorative design of broad, smooth, polished disks which, even in that poor illumination, gleamed and twinkled and wiggled snakily in and out of alignment, in accord with the movements of their wearer's spinal column.

But the reader and I, better informed than any lamp-post could be as to the prior sequence of events, would know at a glance it was no parsnip we beheld, but Mr. Algernon Leary, now suddenly enveloped through no fault of his own in one of the most overpowering predicaments conceivable to involve a rising lawyer and a member of at least two good clubs; and had we but been there to watch him, knowing, as we would know, the developments leading up to this present situation, we might have guessed what was the truth: That Mr. Leary was hot bent upon retreating to the only imaginable refuge left to him; to wit, the interior of the stranded taxicab which he had abandoned but a short time previously.

Nearly all of us at some time or other in our lives have dreamed awful dreams of being discovered in a public place with nothing at all upon our bodies, and have awakened, burning hot with the shame of an enormous and terrific embarrassment. Being no student of the psychic phenomena of human slumber I do not know whether this is a subconscious harking-back to the days of our infancy or whether it is merely a manifestation to prove the inadvisability of partaking of Welsh rabbits and lobster salads immediately before retiring. More than once Mr. Leary had bedreamed thus, but at this moment he realized how much more dread and distressing may be a dire actuality than a vision conjured up out of the mysteries of sleep.

One surprised by strangers in a nude or partially nude state may have any one of a dozen acceptable excuses for being so circumstanced. An earthquake may have caught one unawares, say; or inopportunely a bathroom door may have blown open. Once the first shock occasioned by the untoward appearance of the victim has passed away he is sure of sympathy. For him pity is promptly engendered and volunteer aid is enlisted.

But Mr. Leary had a profound conviction that, revealed in this ghostly plight before the eyes of his fellows, his case would be regarded differently; that instead of commiseration there would be for him only the derision which is so humiliating to a sensitive nature. He felt so undignified, so glaringly conspicuous, so—well, so scandalously immature. If only it had been an orthodox costume party which Mrs. Carroway had given—why, then he might have gone as a Roman senator or as a pirate chief or an Indian brave or a cavalier. In doublet or jack boots or war bonnet, in a toga, even, he might have mastered the dilemma and carried off a dubious situation. But to be adrift in an alien quarter of a great and heartless city round four o'clock in the morning, so picturesquely and so unseasonably garbed, and in imminent peril of detection, was a prospect calculated to fill one with the frenzied delirium of a nightmare made real.

"Are You Payin' an Election Bet Three Weeks After the Election's Over? Or Is It That You're Just a Plain Bedaddled Idiot?"

His slippered feet spurned the thin snow as he moved rapidly back toward the west. Ahead of him he could detect the clumped outlines of the taxicab, and at the sight of it he quickened to a trot. Once safely within it he could take stock of things; could map out a campaign of future action; could think up ways and means of extricating himself from his present lamentable case with the least possible risk of undesirable publicity. At any rate he would be shielded for the moment from the life which might at any moment awaken in the still sleeping and apparently vacant neighborhood. Finally, of course, there was the hope that the drunken cabman might be roused, and once roused might be capable, under promise of large financial reward, of conveying Mr. Leary to his bachelor apartments in West Eighty-fifth Street before dawn came, with its early-bird milkmen and its before-day newspaper distributors and its others too numerous to mention.

Without warning of any sort the cab started off, seemingly of its own volition. Mr. Leary's gait became a desperate gallop, and as he galloped he gave voice in entreaty.

"Hey there!" he shouted. "Wait, please. Here I am—here's your passenger!"

His straw hat blew off, but this was no time to stop for a straw hat. For a few rods he gained upon the vehicle, then as its motion increased he lost ground and ran a losing race. Its actions disclosed that a conscious if an uncertain hand guided its destinies. Wabbling this way and that it wheeled skiddingly round a corner. When Mr. Leary, roweled on to yet greater speed by the spurs of a mounting misery, likewise turned the corner it was irrevocably remote, beyond all prospect of being overtaken by anything human pursuing it afoot. The swaying black bulk of it diminished and was swallowed up in the snow shower and the darkness. The rattle of mishandled gears died to a thin metallic clanking, then to a purring whisper, and then the whisper expired, dead silence ensuing.

In the void of this silence stood Mr. Leary, shivering now in the reaction that had succeeded the nerve jar of being robbed at a pistol's point, and lacking the fervor of the chase to sustain him. For him the inconceivable disaster was complete and utter; upon him despair descended as a patent swatter upon a lone housefly. Miles away from home, penniless and friendless—the two terms being practically synonymous in New York—what asylum was there for him now? Suppose daylight found him abroad thus? Suppose he succumbed to exposure and was discovered stiffly frozen in a doorway? Death by processes of congealment must carry an added sting if one had to die in a suit of pink rompers buttoning down the back. As though the thought of freezing had been a cue to Nature he noted a tickling in his nose and a chokiness in his throat, and somewhere in his system, a long way off, so to speak, he felt a sneeze forming and approaching the surface.

To add to his state of misery, if anything could add to its distressing total, he was taking cold. When Mr. Leary took cold he took it thoroughly and throughout his system. Very soon, as he knew by past experience, his voice would be hoarse and wheezy and his nose and his eyes would run. But the sneeze was delayed in transit, and Mr. Leary took advantage of the respite to cast a glance about him. Perhaps—the expedient had surged suddenly into his brain—perhaps there might be a hotel or a lodging house of sorts hereabouts? If so, such an establishment would have a night clerk on duty, and despite the baggageless and cashless state of the suppliant it was possible the night clerk might be won, by compassion or by argument or

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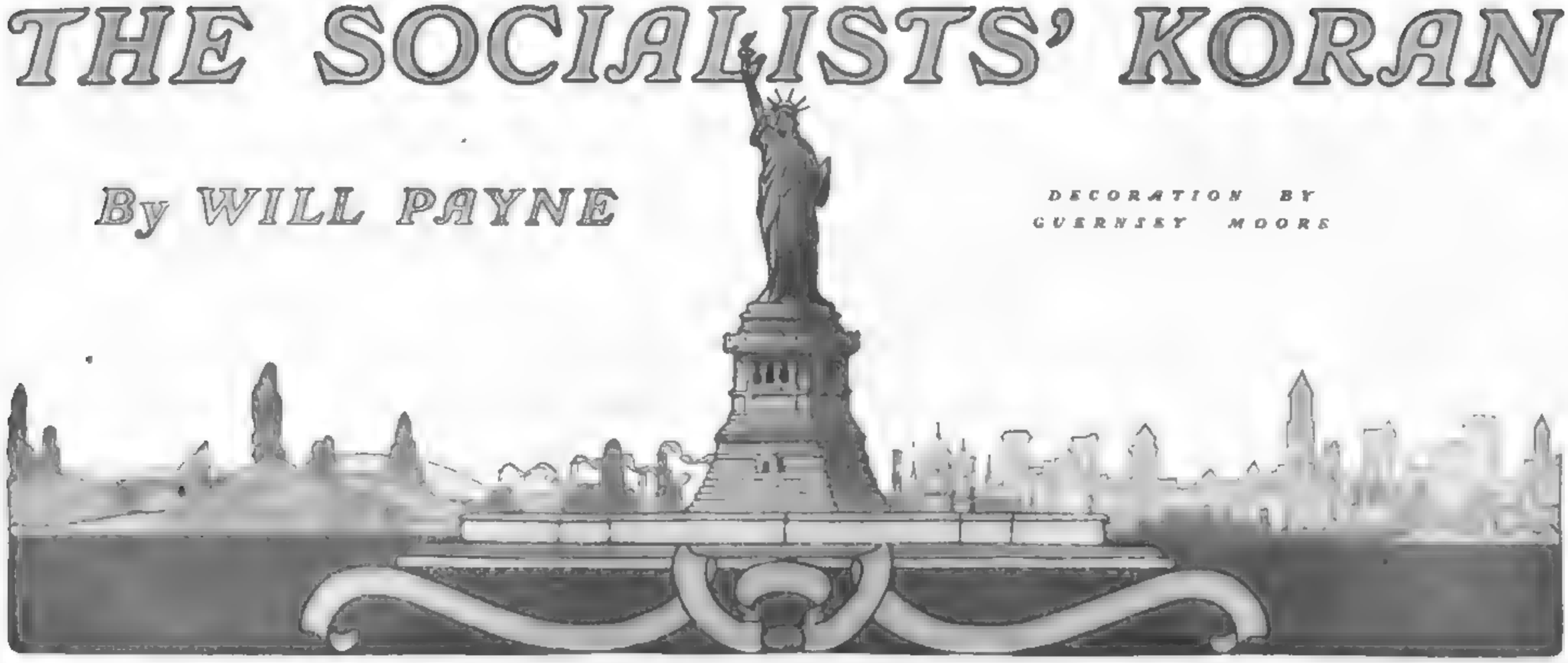
THE SOCIALISTS' KORAN

By WILL PAYNE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



DURING our Civil War a stout, swarthy, heavily whiskered German Jew was living in London, with wife and four children, in very straitened circumstances, and industriously working on a bulky book. For several years before the Civil War his only steady and dependable income consisted of five dollars a week, which he received from the New York Tribune for writing a weekly letter, often several columns in length. But after the Civil War broke out Editor Horace Greeley had neither space nor money for a weekly London letter and the correspondent was stricken off the pay roll.

The correspondent's name was Karl Marx, the founder of Socialism, and the book was Das Kapital—or Capital, in English—which is to Socialists about what the Koran is to Mohammedans. The first volume was published, with but slight notice from the public, fifty years ago. At present its followers are in possession of such government as there is in the greater part of Russia, and in Germany, Austria and various other regions of Europe. One must go back to the Koran for an instance of a book that has cut such a figure in practical politics.

By descent, early environment and education Marx would be what is now termed a parlor Socialist. He was not a proletarian and had no personal experience of manual labor. He was descended, in fact, from a long line of Jewish rabbis. The family name was Mordechai until his grandfather changed it to Marx. His father—a prudent and thrifty man of decidedly conservative views in politics, staunchly upholding the Prussian monarchy—renounced Judaism, embraced Christianity, and was a successful lawyer. It was a prosperous middle-class or bourgeois family.

Among the father's neighbors and bosom friends was Baron von Westphalen. The baron's children and Lawyer Marx's children played together. After being playmates in infancy, Karl Marx and Jenny von Westphalen became lovers in youth, wedded when Karl was twenty-five, and presented a very model of family devotion until she died, when upward of sixty, to be followed by her husband nearly two years later.

Bourgeois and Proletariat

YOUNG MARX went to a good school, then to Bonn University and to the University of Berlin, where he got much more deeply immersed in Hegelian philosophy than in the study of law, which his father wanted him to pursue. By the time he took his degree he had given such evidence of radical leanings that an academic career, under the rigorous hand of the Prussian Government, was out of the question. As his father had died, leaving him mostly on his own resources, he turned to journalism—radical journalism, of course. Presently he was appointed editor of a publication from which great things were expected. The Prussian censor, however, viewed it much less hopefully; in fact, he suppressed it, even though the dismayed stockholders discharged their unmanageable young editor in an effort to avoid complete shipwreck. In those unpromising circumstances Marx wedded the baron's daughter and moved to Paris.

There he naturally devoted himself to forming radical connections. The poet Heine was one of his friends. Others were Bakunin and Proudhon, expounders of anarchistic doctrine. In Paris also he met Friedrich Engels, whose father was prosperously settled in England as part owner of a flourishing cotton mill near Manchester. Young Engels, second only to Marx in the founding of Socialism, also came of a prosperous bourgeois family.

Marx soon became editor of a radical magazine, which was printed in Paris in the German tongue for such German circulation as it might be able to find. Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, was then head of the French Government. At the request of the Prussian Government he not only suppressed the magazine but expelled the entire staff from France. Marx and his family removed to Belgium—assisted by a contribution from radical friends who were somewhat better circumstanced. They remained three years in Belgium; and toward the end of that period Marx and Engels composed the Communist Manifesto, which they got printed in a small shop in London in February, 1848, and which all orthodox Socialists place beside the American Declaration of Independence—or probably considerably above it.

There had been Socialism or communism of a sort long before that, enjoying a certain vogue that might be compared to the vogue of cubist painting in our day. It is now commonly referred to as Utopian Socialism, being an amiable poetic dream of human brotherhood, owning and working in common, with all the rude grabbing for profits and other selfish advantages left out.

Along about this time Utopian Socialism inspired many small communistic undertakings, the most famous of which was in America, at Brook Farm, about ten miles out of Boston. George Ripley, a literary critic, started it with about twenty followers. Nathaniel Hawthorne lived there for a short time and wrote a novel about it. Among those who took a sympathetic interest in the venture and contributed to its magazine were Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana—afterward famous as editor of the New York Sun—Lowell, Whittier and George W. Curtis. Emerson was sympathetic to a degree—which, however, did not prevent him from laughing at it. The community was founded in 1841 and petered out six years later. The ideal state of society this Socialism preached was to come about of itself because it was good and right.

Marx and Engels, in their Communist Manifesto, proposed something very different from that. The Manifesto says that all history since tribal days discloses society divided by economic conditions into classes with hostile economic interests—broadly into a dominant exploiting class and a helpless exploited class, seen at its simplest in the chattel slavery of ancient times and of the Southern States of the American Republic; seen also in feudal times, with its small class of noble landowners at the top and its mass of serfs at the bottom.

At length, says the Manifesto, the bourgeoisie—that is, the property-owning middle class—wrested power from the nobility, while the proletariat or laboring class took the place of the serfs and slaves. But the division of society into classes with hostile economic interests is worse now than it was before. "Our epoch—the epoch of the bourgeoisie—possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society, as a whole, is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two classes directly facing each other—the bourgeoisie and the proletariat."

It would be much simpler for American purposes to say middle class or property owners instead of saying bourgeoisie, and to say wage-earners instead of saying proletariat. But Socialists set great store by the terms bourgeoisie and proletariat. You will probably notice that if you get a Socialist talking about middle class and wage-earners he begins to miss fire—only sparking up properly when he gets back to his own terminology. If we keep in mind that bourgeoisie means middle class or property owners, and proletariat means wage-earners, there is no harm in bowing to their verbal preference.

It should also be kept in mind that where Socialism has gained ascendancy, as in Russia, it adopts a very broad definition of bourgeoisie. Under that definition a great many of the farmers in the United States, not to mention all merchants, would be classed as bourgeoisie and excluded from any share in the government; for the Communist Manifesto proposes, as the only remedy for the state of things it pictures, that the proletariat or wage-earning class must become conscious of its condition, organize and overthrow the bourgeoisie or property owners. Having gained political ascendancy—peaceably or otherwise—"the proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest by degrees all capital from the bourgeoisie, and to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state—that is, of the proletariat organized as the ruling class."

Not mere government or public ownership of all means of production, you will observe, but ownership by a state that is ruled by the working class. That point is cardinal. Nothing else than a state ruled by the working class is Marxian Socialism. His proletariat means the wage-earners. "All instruments of production" means a cider mill as much as a railroad. "The distinguishing feature of communism," says the Manifesto, "is the abolition of bourgeois property."

Marx is Kept Moving

WE SHALL see later why bourgeois property must be abolished. The point now is that what Marx and Engels proposed in their Manifesto was something very different from the idyllic picture of brotherhood that had gone by the name of Socialism theretofore. They preached the division of society into two implacably hostile classes and urged a revolutionary class war by the proletariat—or wage-earners—on property owners for the purpose of dispossessing the latter. The revolution, they insisted, must be the work of the proletariat, to which, as it happened, neither of the archrevolutionists belonged.

About the time the Manifesto appeared, King Louis Philippe and his minister, Guizot, who had expelled Marx from France, were themselves expelled and a republic proclaimed. Marx therefore returned to Paris. This was a time of great radical stir throughout Europe, with the Chartist movement revived in England and revolutionary uprisings in Vienna and Berlin. Marx went over to Prussia and started a journal to help the revolution along. But it was short-lived. Reaction and bayonets soon put it down. Marx's paper was suppressed and he was expelled. His family then consisted of himself, wife and three small children. To cover the expense of a removal to Paris Mrs. Marx pawned some family silver and sold all the furniture. And the family had been settled in Paris but a few weeks when a sergeant of police appeared with a notice to leave within twenty-four hours.

It was then that Marx went to London. The sale of a small piece of property, inherited from his father, put him in funds for a time. But the fourth child was then born,

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The Anglo-American Business Entente—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ON THAT fateful November Monday when a few scrapes of the pen at Marshal Foch's headquarters dispelled Germany's dream of world conquest, another event, unheralded and unrecorded yet big with significance, occurred in the office of Sir Joseph Maclay, the British Shipping Controller, which stands amid the trees and flower beds at St. James' Park in London. Before the riot of joy over the Teutonic surrender had got under full swing along the Strand and in Piccadilly the wiry little Scotchman, who rose from mate to magnate and who rules the British Mercantile Marine, took a typewritten sheet from a pigeonhole in his desk, pressed a button, and the cables began to flash orders to the remotest ends of the Empire. They directed ships in Australian ports to load with mutton and metal instead of troops; they instructed vessels at East Indian docks to take aboard rice and rubber in place of coolies; they commanded transports tied up at Canadian wharves to substitute cargoes of wheat for fresh drafts of men.

That typewritten sheet was like the famous mobilization order which Von Moltke kept in his desk and which needed only the alarm of war to be vivified into the clarion call to a mighty host. It was the "turn-around" of British tonnage allocation from war to peace needs. For months it had reposed quietly in the pigeonhole in St. James' Park awaiting the great day when it would be the first call to the new order. Compiled with the coöperation of the Ministry of Reconstruction it constituted the imperial reply to the momentous question: "How shall we face restoration?" that then trembled on the lips of the nations that went to war. It meant that with tonnage, master weapon in peace as well as in war, England was ready.

In this swift transition you get a hint of British preparedness for the colossal task that will test the resources of civilization during the next twelve months. With the possible exception of Germany, who began her reconstruction plans on the day she invaded Belgium, no other country that has borne the ordeal of fire is so well equipped to meet the equally trying and more permanent problem of recovery as Great Britain. It is with her, and her alone, that we must reckon in the bloodless struggle for the universal trade supremacy.

British Reconstruction

WITH no other phase of European economic reconstruction are we so vitally concerned as with the British. Nor is it entirely due to the kinship of a common race heritage or the comradeship of the battle line where the Anglo-Saxons fought together. We also fought in France and with France; our dead sleep beneath her war-gashed soil. But our deep, sentimental and abiding association with France is not comparable with the bond with Britain, for the reason that the safety and the integrity of the whole economic future depend upon the way England and America act toward each other. They will control the bulk of raw materials; they will dominate cargo carrying. They will inevitably clash in spirited competition but it must be a straight, stand-up, fair-play duel between giants, and lacking the poisonous, pernicious penetration upon which Germany reared her one-time commercial authority. Thus the whole British program of recovery is of vital interest and importance to America as she stands on the threshold of a whole new world destiny.

I have had an exceptional opportunity to watch its development. Since 1915 I have commuted pretty regularly across the Atlantic. Year after year—sometimes twice within the twelvemonth—I ranged the warring and neutral lands. More especially in the belligerent countries I began, almost from the start, to look for some realization of the immense responsibilities that would come with peace. Nowhere else did this realization dawn so early as in England; nowhere else has it reached such high fruition. In the midst of a war that sapped her vitality she looked confidently ahead to readjustment and recuperation.

Sir Vincent Caillard, Head of the Federation of British Industries

British reconstruction has been an evolution. In the earlier days of the conflict the average Englishman regarded peace merely as a return to the comfortable pre-war conditions. He wanted as little friction as possible in the slide back to normal. To him it simply meant the renewal of old habits, traditions, prejudices and controversies. This amiable ambition was full brother to the conviction that the war was "a sporting proposition and would be over by Christmas."

But the might of German militarism as revealed on the field of battle, coupled with the depth of German economic penetration as disclosed by the almost pathetic dependence of British industry on certain essential German products—a dependence that handicapped munitions making—jolted this complacent state of mind. Britain woke up to the fact that to beat the German in war she must be economically free. She turned to the task with a mighty energy.

Like all big ideas reconstruction was harried and abused. The after-the-war vision became a sort of fetish that attracted both the demagogue and the dreamer. Back in the first year of the war when the Reconstruction Committee of the cabinet was the lone outpost of restoration the maelstrom of discussion started to swirl. Everybody had a theory. I listened to floods of impassioned oratory about German trade menace; I saw the black flag of economic boycott against the enemy powers reared over the Paris economic conference; I followed the lurid threats of trade reprisal that ran like a prairie fire through the columns of the sensational British press.

The Commercial Antidote

MUCH of this verbal conflagration, which was as unsound and impractical as it was violent, subsided. But it showed one thing, and it did another. The first was the fact that England was awake to her post-war obligations; the second was the organization of the Ministry of Reconstruction, established by Act of Parliament in 1917 with the Right Honorable Christopher Addison, M.D., as minister, which had made sufficient progress to enable me to publish in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a year ago the whole tentative scheme of demobilization of men and industry. That scheme demobilized the army by trades and not by units, the essential industries having first call; it set up employment bureaus in the various labor exchanges throughout the country; it established a clearing house of machinery and a card index of industrial needs both human and material. This scheme is now in full operation.

Back of it was something bigger, which bore directly on the present crowded hour, when the economic wounds of the world are being bound up. It was the intelligent understanding by England that organized industrial preparation is more effective than reckless threat of boycott; that it is impossible to legislate a people like the Germans out of business, for the reason that individuals and not nations carry on commerce; that it is not economic destruction that will sterilize the trade world against the Teuton but an economic security against his aggression reared in the shape of a huge output. England decided that the best commercial antidote against Germany was to make it difficult and costly for her to do business in the future: to wipe out her monopoly of the key industries and to make future penetration impossible. Her reconstruction program is the common-sense dramatization of all this and considerably more.

Just as she reduced war to a business; rehearsed offensives like the acts of a stupendous play; charted and diagramed the process of army supply and transport, so has she put down on paper the whole strategy of restoration. It was a going concern before the Te Deum for victory sounded in St. Paul's. What is the result? To-day, while the rest of the world that went to war is furrowing the fields in which to plant the seeds of renewal, England is almost ready to garner a crop. Preparedness always pays.

Though prophecy is as dangerous a dissipation in peace as in war, no man who has touched British reconstruction can have any other conviction than that the Empire, and more particularly England, will recover quickly and with an abundant prosperity,

Dr. Christopher Addison

Mr. Henry Bell

Mr. Andrew Weir

despite the burden of debt, taxation and the inevitable labor complications. In this case history will be repeating itself. War means revelation, and revelation in turn invariably spells expansion. Great Britain's real development came after the long-drawn struggle with Napoleon; the United States emerged reborn from the crucible of civil strife in the sixties; Prussia and France became world powers with the sheathing of the sword in 1871. Long before Hindenburg and Ludendorff passed into the twilight of the German military gods the rebirth of Europe had begun

PHOTO BY H. A. WHITTAKER

General J. C. Smuts

There are two phases of British reconstruction: One is the vast paper program involving the demobilization of army and war industry with all their allied upkeep and renewal, which was translated into actuality on Armistice Monday, as the incident in Sir Joseph Maclay's office showed; the other is the reorganization and development of production under the spur of war need, which turned to peace with full power on. It is expressed in a speeded-up output, a trained, disciplined and sophisticated people who know themselves and their jobs better than ever before, and in the determination to expand and conserve the imperial resources with every safeguard, including a tariff, that can be set up. With peace Britain proclaimed a declaration of industrial independence and unfurled the banner of self-sufficiency from the masthead of empire. What is she doing? What does she propose to do?

When the Great News Came

BEFORE we can analyze this huge scheme of restoration we must first see what those four years of strife taught England. No one need be told at this late date that war is the supreme revealer. Not all the disclosure was pleasant, but most of it has proved profitable. It is one of the compensations of the war. Under the lash of necessity—which in the great struggle was nothing more nor less than self-preservation—England found out that she had permitted the German to thrive like a mushroom in her midst, sap the lifeblood of vital industries, and make himself practically indispensable to the productive well-being of the nation. She likewise discovered—as the myriad rejections for army service showed—that her population was badly nourished, and housed still worse. A third disclosure was that her industry was disorganized and was an easy target for attack.

On the other hand she learned before a year of war had registered its bloody progress that she could in time become self-sufficient; that the ill-nourished cockney could be developed into a "first-class fighting man"; that her women were a great asset in toil; and that her industry not only could be coördinated but could fill up the gaps made by the loss of those German essentials to manufacture. In this knowledge England has found power. It has been the lever by which she has lifted herself to the heights of a new world economic authority. A land of detached factories has become a continuous workshop athrob with "the hum of mighty workings." The wise always profit by their mistakes. England has been wise.

England turned from war to peace with an ease that upset all theories. Let me illustrate with a personal experience. All through my incessant war wanderings I had wondered where I should be when the end came. I fancied myself at the Front, where a sudden lull would succeed the deadly din of death; again I had a mental picture of some Allied capital, where the long night of suspense would merge into the daybreak of wild rejoicing. Neither of these happened. On the morning of November eleventh I was in Boulogne—how easy it is to emerge from the obscurity of Somewhere in France and deal in real identities again—having come by the night train from Paris. Three days before I had stood on the shores of Lake Constance in Switzerland and looked down on Germany and Austria with the home of the Zeppelins straight ahead of me. Now, on what will always be one of the "mornings of the world," I was in the French city that four years of war had almost completely Anglicized. It had been one of the chief ports of arrival for British troops and the point of embarkation of the sick and wounded. Year after year I had seen it nervous with energy, shaken by the weight of guns—a continuous procession of khaki that represented the two extremes of war.

But on this November morning, as if in anticipation of the great event that impended, it had a new atmosphere. Transports swung lazily in the harbor, the destroyers that had kept up their eternal vigil nosed along, the quay that had resounded with the tramp of millions was almost deserted. Peace, like those familiar coming events, seemed to have cast its benediction before. At ten o'clock I boarded the British Military Leave Boat that crossed twice daily to Folkestone. It was packed with officers and enlisted men going home on furlough. Halfway across—literally in Mid-Channel, where the lady in the famous Pinero play of that name made the tragic decision—a long gray patrol boat came dashing up, aflutter with flags and with her sirens shrieking. She brought the news that the armistice was signed. Thus, on the waters that had borne the burden of so much war agony and between the two great nations joined by blood and sacrifice I heard the great news.

Mr. W. M. Hughes

Now for the real reason for the intrusion of this incident: Practically every man on that boat except a few diplomats and me had carried arms, and most of them wore wound and service stripes. All had come straight from the Front. Yet they scarcely turned a hair at peace. Nor was it the traditional British imperturbability. There were scores of overseas troops in the crowd, who lack the casualness of the Mother Country. The temporary colonel, who sat in a deck chair at my left and who had left his coal mine in Wales to join up, blew a ring of smoke into the crisp autumn air and said: "I'll soon be getting back to the underground again." The rosy-cheeked captain with the blue-and-white ribbon of the Military Cross on his breast, who had done nothing more exciting than add up accounts in a Manchester factory before he began to kill Germans, remarked: "I wonder when I'll be back on my old job again"; while the grizzled old major, whose two boys lay beneath the ruins of Ypres, growled and said: "I've got to get an active job somewhere." Everyone accepted the stupendous change as a matter of fact, and his first idea was to wonder what he was going to do next.

That afternoon I entered a drenched but delirious London, where the tumult made the Mafeking revel seem like a far-away whisper. Before night fell like a wet blanket over that hysterical metropolis the lights were gleaming in the War Office, the Admiralty and the Ministry of Shipping. These dynamos of destruction had become almost in an hour the mainsprings of renewal. The business of war had ended and the business of peace was at hand. Contracts had to be canceled and the new battle line of rehabilitation set up. At the Ministry of Reconstruction, which had waited like a runner at the tape ready for the crack of the starter's pistol, the machinery was started, and the work of recovery began.

Wherever you turned in London during those stirring days you found that the popular mind realized the new responsibilities of the nation. I met a famous cinema director in the Strand. He had been at work on a war film. I asked him how his project was going.

Quick as a flash he replied: "That story is scrapped. I have started a big reconstruction story."

Even the taxicab drivers caught the spirit of change. Before the armistice they regarded it as a condescension to convey you and a war-born privilege to overcharge. Now they suddenly became human, took you where you wanted to go without question, and even smiled upon the one-time supplicants for their favor. Reconstruction was not without its miracles!

England had not only the mood for reconstruction but she had also the tools. First and foremost was her Ministry of Reconstruction, which was a glorified congress of experts who represented the social, economic and industrial backbone of the country. The moment the German collapse occurred Doctor Addison announced an advisory council consisting of a panel of men and women of wide experience and distinction in every one of the many activities that relate to reconstruction. This council is divided into five sections, each one having a chairman and a vice chairman. These chairmen and vice chairmen constitute, with the minister, what might be termed the board of directors of the corporation of reconstruction. They meet two or three times a week and keep abreast with the march of events.

Great Britain's Assets

THE functions of the various sections give you an idea of what the ministry is doing. Section One is devoted to finance and transport; Number Two deals with production and commercial organization; Three, with labor and industrial organization; Four, with rural development, including agriculture; and Five is concerned with social development, which embraces education, health and housing. There is also a subsidiary women's advisory committee. The wide range of these activities shows that with material recovery goes a social rejuvenation, which will make the nation healthy and comfortable and therefore happier and more efficient. It is a big point in the salesmanship of rehabilitation.

Sir Albert Stanley

Now for the actual tools. The end of the war found England with these assets: Her banking facilities—through a series of mergers which I shall describe later—were in an ideal condition to foster industries; her productive machine was geared up to an output never dreamed of in a country where restricted output was the first rule of manufacture; her man power and woman power were on the tiptoe of training; her knowledge of world-trade secrets was as complete as four years of censorship could make it; her transportation system, from canals to railways, had learned incalculable lessons in upkeep and coördination; the state had become the accredited partner of big business. There was a kindling sense of international responsibility that vied with the physical fitness of the workers.

But this was not all the equipment. Animating and sustaining British life was the supreme lesson of thrift born of the necessity of doing without many things that had been regarded as indispensable in the years of peace. The nation had learned to serve by saving; it had found out the meaning of popular investment. Topping it all was

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Jerry Remembers Something

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

I HAD words with the cook, and we parted. He was a large unreasonable Scandinavian with an angular vocabulary and a pro-German disposition, both of which he was airing, that fateful morning, in a few ill-chosen remarks. Now I was reasonably neutral in those days; I didn't care who licked Germany; but I did believe in free speech, and when he spoke of Belgium I employed some. He was displeased. He reached for a heavy iron pot and accepted my resignation.

I went away. He went with me as far as the galley steps, but I was faster on my feet than he, so it was there you might say we parted. The boat was leaning against a dock at the time, else I should certainly have got my feet wet. Thus informally Havana received me, and I leaned against part of it to get my breath.

"Farewell, O Swede, Oppressor of the Poor!" I apostrophized my late employer—not aloud, you may be sure; I had no breath for that. "May a submarine ring up a bull's-eye on your galley! Farewell—forever!"

When I had done panting I sighed. Not for my vanished career as a washer of dishes; I had not the true temperament for it anyhow. But it was manifestly impracticable to resume my voyage on that boat, and the miles that still lay between me and those dear United States were too numerous to swim and far too wet to walk. My yearning for self-expression had overcome me just one day too soon.

A bell tinkled aboard ship, and I sighed again. I knew what that bell meant; it meant food, but not for me. I had had some practice lately in the art of ignoring meals, but I had never acquired a fondness for it; and I had missed this one so narrowly!

But sighing unduly prolonged is an unsatisfactory occupation. The situation called for more constructive activity.

"Ne'mind, Jerry," I promised myself hopefully; "there are just as good ships in the sea as were ever blown out of it."

I would not be outdone in cheerfulness.

"All right," I agreed. "Let's go get one."

There were plenty of ships, but none of them wanted to work for me. It was painful—or would have been painful if the past months hadn't hardened me to it—to learn how many people did not consider my presence essential to their happiness.

Mealtime came again, and I paid it the tribute of another sigh. Then dusk, and I slipped uninvited aboard a boat bound for Key West. But they needed my room for a bale of tobacco; and so, rather than inconvenience them, I got off.

It was plain that Havana was to be my permanent home.

II

"PERCHANC'E," said Æneas, shipwrecked and starving on a hostile shore, to his highly pessimistic men—"perchance, ahem! perchance one day even these things will be amusing to remember!"

Once upon a time, like every youth who yearns toward a degree, I barked my mental shins on the stubborn corners of that line: *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* The value of Latin as part of the working equipment of an electrical engineer has never been satisfactorily demonstrated to me, but those six words alone contain a whole system of philosophy. Try it. Try it on anything, from the toothache to being out of a job:

It'll be funny when it quits hurting!

And once upon a time I had formed a high resolve never to forget that pearl of wisdom. In any emergency, however dire, I would recognize the transitory nature of my afflictions and borrow a nonchalant smile from the future.

You might say that such an emergency was upon me now; I too was shipwrecked and starving, and to all intents and purposes Havana was a desert isle with not a sail in sight. Did I remember Æneas, and break forthwith into light-hearted song?

I did not! I glowered along streets that were shamefully narrow and uncomfortably paved with cobblestones, and filled with gloom as deep as that within me. Once I leaped hastily into a doorway to let a street car squeeze past, but otherwise I did not hurry. My destination was an indefinite elsewhere, and the time of my arrival a matter of profound and melancholy indifference. How could I know that my movements were being timed to the second, and that I went to an appointment with Fate?

There was a park, with more electric signs than Broadway, all advertising cigarettes and cognac; and it was completely surrounded by restaurants, all criminally open to the sidewalk, with people at my very elbow eating expensive food. I shuddered and hurried past. There was a long promenade, with everybody in Havana strolling up and down, and Morro Castle winking at the foot of it. Then, halfway along, I saw an American flag draped across a window and a sign: American Club.

In those days a fellow never noticed the flag unless he was away from home, but I'd had three years to develop a sense of appreciation; I stood looking at the bright colors of it, trying forlornly to remember that it was a bond between me and a hundred million other people. And just then one of the hundred million sauntered out, swinging his stick. Without thinking I touched his arm.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I ——"

He turned and looked at me; and I saw at once that he felt no rush of brotherly feeling toward me. In fact his look reminded me that it had been three days since I had shaved; which was hardly my fault, because the Swede was very careful of his razor.

"Well?" said he, tapping the pavement with his stick.

"Listen," I blurted out. "I'm broke, and ——"

"Nix, my friend," said he. "You're the second 'bo that's tried to touch me since dinner. Why don't you go to work?"

I had thought at most to ask him for friendly advice, after a diplomatic statement of my troubles; but my hungry nerves were not conducive to diplomacy, and I felt the color of my hair seeping rapidly into my system.

"I'm not a hobo, you house cat!" I snapped.

I would have said other things—oh, several other things!—but he got the best of the argument by shrugging his shoulders and sauntering away. It was just as well. Freedom of speech had aggravated my troubles enough already, without getting me into jail.

A band was playing industriously at the end of the promenade. I sat on the broad ledge of the sea wall and tried to enjoy its efforts; but the booming of the waves on the rocks below suited my feelings better—hollow and unutterably dismal. I watched the long rollers slide in stealthily from the gulf, to explode in the darkness down there and flash up into sudden whiteness, and felt in complete sympathy with the fellows who wrote about the "sad sea waves" and the "cruel crawling foam." They must have been stranded, like myself, on a hostile shore, with little prospect of falling heir to a meal of food. Have I made myself clear? I was sad.

Somebody nudged my elbow, and a hoarse voice said: "Say!"

My new playmate did not glitter on the surface; he was, in fact, somewhat dilapidated, and he needed a shave worse than I did. But he was human, and he spoke English; unquestionably he was another of the hundred million.

"Huh?" said I, as courteously and encouragingly as I could.

"Say, old man," he wheezed, "couldn't slip me the price of a little supper, could you? I ain't had nothin' to eat since ——"

I was about to agree sadly that I could not; to inform him that I too had had nothing to eat, either since or before. He would go away and leave me to my melancholy thoughts. Or—the poverty of these genial grafters was by no means certain—he might buy me some supper. Food! I almost fell off the wall with weakness at the thought of it.

And then, just in time, I remembered. The shade of old Æneas had been at my heels all the time, but now he sat down beside me and touched my other arm. "Perchance," he murmured with dignity befitting his three thousand years, "one day even these things will be amusing to remember."

Would it be amusing to remember that I had surrendered—to a hobo?

I could think of something funnier than that. I rose. I spoke disdainfully over my shoulder.

"Nix, my friend," I said. I regretted that I had no stick to tap haughtily on the pavement, but that couldn't be helped. "Nix! You're the second 'bo that's tried to touch me since dinner. Why don't you go to work?"

He had the cue too. "I ain't no hobo, guv'nor," he protested. "Honest! I just ——"

I knew the answer to that; I moved gracefully away. And Fate, nodding approvingly to the shade of old Æneas, took me firmly by the elbow and led me across the street.

III

THE veranda of the Miramar, overlooking the long starry crescent of the shore drive, was lighted like a brilliant stage setting. Gymnastic waiters were sliding skillfully in and out among the tables bearing

"You Know I'm Curious," She Said. "I'll Hurry. Only I Refuse to Go Walking Before Breakfast"

frosty glasses of all shapes and colors. The guests, unable to contain more food, were now absorbing expensive moisture. I entertained a sinfully covetous thought: The price of one of those drinks would buy me a meal. I paused, glaring malevolently at the nearest group; and presently became conscious that the malevolence had faded into a curious uncertain gladness, for I was staring straight at the girl.

What girl? I couldn't have told you. A girl with dark crisp hair under a wide white Panama; a girl with warm friendly gray eyes and a hint of freckles across the bridge of her small nose. What girl? As soon as I recovered from the surprise of seeing her, surely I would remember who she was!

I could see her very clearly, but when she raised her eyes it must have been five seconds before I realized that she could see me with equal clearness. Obeying my first confused instinct I raised my battered hat, and then went cold with a realization of the figure I must present. The gray eyes merely widened with an instant's wonder, and then dropped to the ice she was eating.

I went away. Going away was my specialty that day, but this time I did it so enthusiastically that I plowed right over a little girl who was standing beside me. There was a vague impression that she had been addressing me, but her words were lost in the confusion. I bent hastily to pick her up.

In the gutter beside her a most pleasing glitter struck my eye; by no means a familiar glitter, but I recognized it from distant memory. It was money—a silver coin about the size of a quarter. I reached for it, gently, so as not to startle it unduly, and effected its capture. Rich!

The little girl was unhurt. Worse, she was perfectly calm; she was holding out her hand for my new fortune. Before I could bring my mighty intellect to a focus on this new disaster I surrendered it.

The presumption was of course that it belonged to her, but my confused wits testified that she was handing me a bit of paper in return. It bore a printed number prominently on its face. "26,026," I read stupidly. The child thought I wanted to buy a lottery ticket!

"But—listen, little one!" I moaned in my most persuasive Spanish. But she had fled in search of further prey.

"No, Jerry," She Said. "My Name Isn't Miller, and I Never Saw You Before!"

I did not want to buy a lottery ticket. From a fairly extensive personal experience with the deceitful things I could swear that nobody ever won a nickel in a lottery. What I wanted to buy was food; and if my vanished wealth had been the gold reserve of the United States, instead of the probable equivalent of twenty cents, I could not have felt more cheated. For the moment I had even forgotten the girl on the veranda.

But a hasty look convinced me that she had forgotten my existence. Now I had been trying to escape her eye, but I felt rather hurt to think that I had succeeded without moving more than five feet. I stepped sulkily into the shadow of a pillar, trying to get my mind untangled about her.

"Fool!" I told myself. "Lunatic, maniac, simple-minded from birth!" Why had I let her see me in this ridiculous state? No wonder she failed to recognize me—with a quarter-inch stubble of red beard on my face, and dressed like a ranking officer in Coxey's Army!

For I knew her; I knew that I knew her, but I couldn't remember who she was. Surely there was only one girl in the world with that eager little trick of speech, that familiar small gesture of the hand, that merry quick parting of the lips when she smiled.

Yes, surely; but who?

You could see that she would never be bored. Little things would delight her; she would be interested in everything. She looked so indescribably friendly, sitting there, that it seemed the simplest thing in the world to march up to her table, grinning, and say "You didn't recognize me, did you? I'm Jerry Norris. Who are you?"

Oh, yes. And she would take one look at me and say "Police!"

There was an elderly gentleman with her; and a middle-aged lady. I tried briefly to recall them from the confused files of my memory, but with no better success. Presently the three of them got into a hack and drove away, and I restrained a frantic impulse to spring into another and shout "Driver, follow that carriage! It's a matter of life or death!"

No; that would be inexact. It would be simply a matter of ten days on the Cuban equivalent for chain gang.

There was nobody left now except about a thousand people and the band. There was a deserted stretch of grass running back along the harbor, and I parked myself behind some shrubbery and went to sleep. I dreamed that I was eating a thick juicy broiled steak, and that when I cut off the first bite and put it into my mouth it felt like paper. It tasted like paper. It *was* paper. It was a lottery ticket. I wept bitterly in my disappointment; but the girl smiled her sudden merry smile, and said ——

IV

"SEÑOR! *Señor!*" It didn't sound like the girl's voice. Moreover it seemed a little curious that she should poke me in the ribs so persistently. I opened my eyes to investigate the phenomenon, and saw that it was daylight. A little gendarme in a blue linen suit, with a lantern and a big cape, was standing over me.

I yawned and borrowed a cigarette from him; profound dejection wrapped me about, made me utterly indifferent to the dismal imminence of arrest for vagrancy.

He was a kindly little devil, and spoke a little English, very proudly. He told me tactfully that the juez would doubtless be lenient, and we set out. Evidently he did not often capture an English-speaking prize, and did not mean to neglect his opportunity; he chatted, trotting at my elbow, incessantly, asking me the name of this object or that as we passed. Then he paused a moment to inspect a sheet of paper fastened on the door of a shop.

26,026.

The great black figures ran all the way across the top of the sheet; 26,026. And beneath in smaller type hundreds of other numbers in neat parallel rows. I stood staring dumbly.

I had inspected such sheets hopefully too many times not to recognize it. 26,026!

"The list," said the little gendarme, turning with a philosophical smile of disappointment from running his finger down the columns of figures; "the—how do you sayee?—of the *loteria!*"

Then he cried out something else, sharply, but I could not make out his words. I had a sudden yearning to sit down. There was a chair just inside the shop, but I missed it by a matter of six inches. A man materialized from somewhere and helped the gendarme place me in the chair, and something went trickling and burning down my throat; something vastly cheering, that stopped the whirling of the universe at once, and then revived me to a frantic fear: Had I lost it?

But no, there it was—a flimsy bit of paper bearing the magic number: 26,026.

The little gendarme, beaming, elected himself my counselor and friend. How could I be a vagrant with that priceless ticket in my hand? I could not get my money until nine o'clock, and meantime I would have the goodness to permit him! He led me to a near-by coffee shop, and pridefully ordered the proprietor to serve me as one favored by the gods, and a personal friend of his own. Afterward he imperiously summoned a hack driver and similarly charged him, so that I rode in state to collect my inheritance.

It was a tenth part of the grand-prize ticket that I held, and the grand prize was ten thousand dollars. Havana had suddenly become a beautiful and picturesque city, a lovely winter resort. Millionaires spent money to come here. I was a millionaire, and I was already here!

Keeping Jehu at my call—what was money to me?—I permitted a barber to restore my self-respect, and then proceeded to load my chariot with haberdashery. Silk underwear, silk shirts, silk socks, silk scarfs—I have always had a weakness for the shining stuff, and the suave feel of it raised my spirits another notch. A tailor called on heaven to witness that he could not supply a suit of clothes in less than one week; but Jehu, mindful no doubt of a fat commission, whispered pregnant words in his ear, so that he relented and produced my suit of clothes at once, magically already in the last stages of completion.

"This," he said shamelessly, "I am making for the Señor Contreras, who is of the same size as Your Grace. If it pleases Your Grace I shall tell him that one of my workmen spoiled it."

It did please me; better still, it fitted. Under the enchantment of wearing good clothes again the last vestige of my own shame fled; I paid him ninety dollars for the clothes of the Señor Contreras. I would have kissed him if I had thought of it.

I lounged grandly among my packages while Jehu selected my hotel, regretfully dismissing the idea of engaging him as my valet. No, he would hardly be familiar with the

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A Worm's-Eye View of Filmland

By ROB WAGNER

Three Stars in Character for a Propaganda Film

A GREAT English critic defines a mummer thus: "An actor is one who repeats a portion of a story invented by another. You can teach a child to act, but you can teach no child to paint pictures, to model statues or to write prose, poetry or music; acting is therefore one of the lowest of arts, if it is an art at all, and makes slender demands on the intelligence of the individual exercising it."

At the Filmart Studio the casting director catalogues actors in this order: Principals, leads, character. I am a character man: therefore I am in the lowest class of the lowest art, and if the cruel critic is correct—and it is amazing the numbers of people who agree with him—and actors are æsthetic invertebrates, then I must be a worm.

It is true the casting director has lower cards on which are written: Juveniles, types, stuntsters and extras; yet these poor fish could hardly be classed as actors, and in any event they would only be smaller worms. So if we accept a biological classification of actors we find them divided into starfish, jellyfish and worms. A starfish isn't necessarily bright, but he shines when reflected on the silver screen; a jellyfish is soft and transparently characterless; and nobody has ever claimed beauty for a worm. However, the worm has one accomplishment—he can turn, and this one, looking up from his artistic submersion, is about to record his observations. They will be a worm's-eye view of a low but struggling art.

Quite inaccurately but generally speaking, a character actor is one who plays parts usually requiring elaborate make-up and distinctive costuming, such as an old man, an ambassador or a tramp. In the profession such rôles are usually referred to as "crêpe-hair parts." On the other hand a straight actor is one playing a rôle in which his appearance corresponds closely with his own physical endowments.

Therefore, while the principals and leads spend their artistic wealth largely playing themselves, the character actor must be able to represent upon the stage or screen the whole stupendous human parade. He must know, for instance, the difference in customs and manners of bosons and bishops; he must have mastered the graceful technic of a colored waiter and be able exactly to impersonate a gentleman at cards.

Seeping Into the Show Business

DO INDIANS, standing on the mountain top, fold their arms as depicted by illustrators; and do Chinamen walk in single file? How do porters use their hands; and have policemen eccentric movements of the head? These and a million other questions of human reactions must be answered if the character man is to be equal to his task, especially in the movies, where the dramatis personæ is a thousand times greater than on the stage. Thus it is evident that even though the character man has ingrowing brains he must at least be observant of the world about him.

Another slam the critics take at my disgraceful profession is to state that no actor can talk about the drama without himself occupying the center of the stage. This is quite true; we are fond of ourselves, just like concrete workers and clergymen; even critics sign their articles. So I am going to give my angly little views by first introducing the worm who is telling this story.

I was born in Iowa—go ahead and laugh. I'm proud of it!—of deeply religious Quaker parents who held opinions about the theater that were not fit to eat. When but a mere child I heard over and over again the shameful adventures of an uncle who was in the show business until in my degraded heart I secretly began to regard him as a family hero. My father's reading was limited to two books; and curiously enough he read Shakspere best, and down in his dear old Quaker heart he loved the Bard of Avon.

Now whether or not acting is the lowest of arts it is the most elemental, for it is a child's first æsthetic expression. Every youngster acts, and strangely enough his first attempts are character work, for no child plays himself, but always something stupendously remote. Little girls as a rule do old ladies or princesses, while boys like violent folk. With me it was pirates. Brought up in so much goodness my natural reaction was toward crime.

My first mummery took place in Hen Biddle's barn, where a lot of us kids put on a juvenile adaptation—rewritten by me—of one of Lincoln J. Carter's classics. That historic première netted thirty-six pins! At seven, operating under the alias of Gus Bender, I became a water passer in the Grand Opera House, and during two glorious seasons I soaked up the spirit of the great American drama. Then one heavenly day in 1884 a goddess came to Hickville and organized a great children's festival that lasted a week. As the proceeds were to go to sweet charity I was permitted to participate, and was chosen to play the part of Jack in Jack the Giant Killer.

As an actor it irks me terribly to admit it, but I was such a hit in the tragic rôle of Jack that the goddess induced my parents to let me go and repeat my triumph at the state capital. But alas, I did so well that dad grew alarmed and straightway sent for me; and I was put to work on a neighboring farm, where it was planned to take the show fever out of me.

Five years of yearning and æsthetic starvation! Once in a while I touched the edges of fairyland when a play requiring extras came to town; then I got two dollars and "a chance to see the show" for the exquisite privilege of toting a spear ten sizes too big for me. I know not what the manager's experience had been in the past, but in Hickville he always made us check our clothes when we shifted into the soiled costumes of Romans. Probably he thought we might steal the classic garments—and probably he was right. I weighed ninety-six pounds the first time I attended Cæsar's obsequies.

One time a circus came to town and I met it over at the junction when it unlimbered. After diligently chambermaiding for the two elephants I got an offer to ride in the parade. Incased in a pair of green tights, either leg of which would have hung loosely on a rhinoceros, I was "histed" aboard a pink-and-white horse with a back on him like a billiard table. So wide was he, in fact, that my legs stuck out as though I were sitting on the floor.

As the parade moved through the streets of Hickville the villagers draping the sidewalks and windows little realized that the diminutive green knight aboard the giant Percheron was a local artist. So confident was I in the complete disguise of my splendid armor and ferocious mustache that in passing the Arlington Hotel I looked boldly into the faces of John and Amabel Benton. It seemed to me, however, I could detect a quizzical look in my father's eyes, and I could have sworn that I saw him gently nudge my mother. Yet if he recognized his lamb never an accusative word was thereafter uttered. Perhaps a feeling of guilt rose out of the misty perspective of his own youth; or perhaps he understood the terrible theological fact that since the world began boys have deserted their very gods to go to the circus. All over town, then out to the grounds, twice round the outer ring to the lively music of the wonderful band, and then into the dressing tent. Ah, such a day! Never will the rarest perfumes of Araby seem so sweet to me as the aroma of menagerie or wet sawdust. But so far as I am concerned dramatic history begins in my sixteenth year, when the "Great and Only Doctor Norcross, the Marvel of the Medical World," came to Hickville, and for a thrilling week eased all the pains in our beloved commonwealth.

The doctor was not like the old duffers one sees in country towns going about curing people with bread pills and a happy presence. No sir-ree, the doc's dope had a kick in it; and furthermore his personal appearance was beautiful and attractive and radiated an authority that frightened even our public librarian.

The Doctor's Soap Show

DRESSED in a fawn-colored coat, high hat, striped trousers, wearing upon his figured waistcoat a fob and chain adequate to the mooring of a battleship, and upon his fingers a group of diamonds that made the Elite Drug Store look like a bat cave—I assure you the doc himself was alone worth the price of any admission.

But it was not the impresario that called so loudly to little Stuart Benton; it was the show with which he regaled the countryside. Black-faced comedians, a sword swallower, a glass eater and two handsome acrobats made up his cast, fortified in their performances by a negro band in red coats festooned with golden strands!

Well, to make an epochal event short, I ran away from home and joined the troupe of the great and only, and for two years I appeared before all the uncrowned heads of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

Doctor Norcross was an indifferent man of medicine, but fortunately for me as a psychologist and an actor he had Edwin Booth backed off the boards. His show consisted of three parts: The "opening," wherein the entertainers endeavored to amuse the crowd and work them up to a high degree of receptivity; then a "scientific and humanitarian talk" by the doc, followed by the "great demonstration"; and finally the "coke," which is short for cocaine, and is the process of taking money off the crowd as painlessly as possible.

We were all supposed to double in the first and last parts, and when one of us was the demonstrator to engage in all three. My act in the opening was to caricature the walk and eccentricities of the local celebrities, which necessitated a half day's intensive study of their personal peculiarities. And I'll admit this much—I always got a laugh, based on the laughers' feeling of superiority over the laughees.

Besides this the doc taught me a "soap show," which I pulled with rare success. This consisted in cutting Castile

soap up into small cubes the size of a lump of sugar and selling them for ten cents each—five of which I retained. The sale began after the great demonstration in which I washed my black face to snowy whiteness in less than half a minute. In order to achieve this miracle I used a big carriage sponge the pores of which were filled with granulated soap and which gave an instantaneous and wonderful lather. As this did not prove its efficacy in cleaning textiles we had a shill wearing light trousers planted in the crowd, and he dared me to take off a huge grease spot he claimed to have achieved from the hub of a wagon close by. As the grease spot was made with black tar soap its removal by our marvelous cleaner was rapid and convincing.

Was the great doc in reality a painless dentist? Well, perhaps so, for after extracting some nice white beans from the nicotined mouths of the shills some local Ezra was sure to come up and submit to the great demonstration, and if the sufferer experienced any pain during the extraction of his offending molar only the colored cornetist next by heard his shrieks, for at the supreme moment the band crashed its jazziest harmonies and the victim's remarks were drowned in music and applause.

The heroic sufferers in silence in a world of pain are few and far between, and one of the strongest urges in man is to tell his troubles to another. Doc Norcross was one of those wonderful psychics who know how to capitalize all human ailments, real or imaginary. So electrical was the magnetism of this hypnotic mummer that the most timid would unbosom his soul and unbutton his pocketbook. When he spilled his patter about the miserable plumbing with which most of us are equipped, and showed by charts and diagrams the horrific pilgrimage through the abdominal regions of a germ with forked tongue and sinister eyes, not one among the terrified spectators but felt a sympathetic gnawing at his vitals. But why suffer when the great elixir could be had for fifty cents a bottle? To make people well they must first think they're sick.

A Quick Cure for Asthma

I RECALL one place where the whole town had asthma and the breathing of that audience sounded like a windstorm in a pine forest. For the relief of these distressed fellow creatures the doc had brewed a concoction from oil of mustard that was so strong and violent that a drop would have cut the roots out of a drain pipe; and so when Seth Judson submitted his nose to a fine deep inhalation—with the usual musical distraction—he breathed—temporarily—through a clear pipe for the first time in years. Over two thousand wheezy purchasers were supplied with our great germ eradicator within ten minutes after Seth was lured off the lot ere his pipes closed up again.

Perhaps the doc's most inspirational diagnosis was when he discovered another town full of people whose blood was dying, due to some queer orientation of the elements. Of course it would have been inhumane to have left the village to perish miserably, but fortunately the great humanitarian released his limited supply of God's greatest gift to mankind, and right away life returned to their mortifying veins.

You may wonder what all this has to do with character acting. More than you could guess. There is an old wheeze to the effect that the greatest study of mankind is man, and I know of no better place to observe him than with a medicine show.

For four years I trailed the doc in his happy pilgrimage of healing, when suddenly I woke up to the belief that I was wasting my talents, or at least hiding them under a medicated bushel, for those were the four years when most professional men are attending college. Yet I have often wondered if my well-paid ability to characterize the human procession was not better trained in that great University of the Open Road than had I devoted those years to academic culture.

In any event when I graduated from the lowly minstrelsy of the medicine show and went on the stage I began to realize what a great capital I had subconsciously accumulated, for I was never assigned a character but that I knew the prototype.

Real Soldiers Make Self-Conscious Movie Actors

Once Aboard the Pinto

I FIRST went with a wagon show that toured the small towns "under our own steam," playing in schoolhouses, general stores, warehouses and hotel dining rooms. It was here that I learned the first crude technic of the stage, so that when I finally landed in a company that traveled in a special car and played at theaters I had become a real actor.

One of the gems of our rep was a classic known as The Convict's Daughter, in which I played the convict. Who the author was I never knew, but I have always wished to build him a monument, for at the big moment in the dank drama when I gave up strong drink through woman's love and hurled the bottle out of the cabin window he gave me these immortal lines: "I'll never touch another drop until my dying day!"

As to my subsequent career upon the legitimate stage I do not care to speak lest I reveal my identity, for Stuart Benton is not my real name, but has been adopted merely to hide behind while I air my wormy views anent the mummers of the movies.

When I first came into the pictures seven years ago it was at a time when to do so was considered treason to the stage. Yet so firmly was my faith fixed in their promising future that I was willing to forego my pride and grow up with them.

My first serious jolt was to learn that acting is not a requirement of screen success. The directors wanted men who could do things—bust a broncho, drive a stage, jump an engine or any other stunt of violence. An ability to scoop a maiden off her front porch while tearing by on a wild-eyed horse was of greater technical value than even a superficial knowledge of the human heart. Though my company had only a naïve belief in my ability as an actor it innocently believed my name would pull. But alas and alackaday, for four dynamic years there were cowboys galore who topped me in public esteem.

In one of my earliest pictures I was cast as a heroic prospector, and in the scenes where I protected Nora's honor against tremendous odds I did some bully acting, but when it came to the big punch where I rescued the poor girl and carried her off aboard a pinto to my diggings up the gulch, Curley Peters voiced my

(Continued on Page 122)

Movie Land Contains Strange Bedfellows

We Often Have to Grow the Foliage for Our "Crepe-Hair" Parts

Above—"Woodrow Wilson" When He is Not Filming in a Realestater

INSURANCE MONEY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

"She Didn't Know What to Do. She Was Trumping Her Partner's Ace All the Afternoon—All to Pieces!"

"IT'S a crime, that's all," said Nance when I came in. "Some woman ought to be killed every time it happens!"

"Who?" I inquired. "For what?"

"This insurance-money thing," she stated.

"I see," I said, and waited.

"A boy knows a girl and likes her pretty well," she said, elucidating. "And he's going across. And the first thing he does he goes and sees her and tells her all about it."

"That sounds rational to me," I agreed.

"And the boy's all stirred up and worried and self-conscious—about himself and having the world on his hands; and is beginning to get homesick a little, and wants to have somebody that would remember him, especially if anything happened! And the girl's all excited and sympathetic and flushed—and looking the best she ever will in her life probably. And he sees that, naturally; and then some night it strikes him all at once it would be the noble thing to do—for a soldier. And she thinks it's so romantic. And there you are!"

"Where?" I asked.

"He marries her, of course," said Nance—"if her mother lets him! On account of that insurance money. That starts it all, time after time. That government insurance money—so he can have someone to leave it to! Especially if the girl hasn't much, like this one. Poor kid, it's awful—awful—awful! Just infants! But I say any woman," said that whirlwind conversationalist, concluding—"any mother who would allow it in the first place is just a common criminal!"

"Now," I said—"if it's time—tell me about it!"

"You know that little DeCourcey girl," she replied, "that used to be running round here five years ago—just a little fluffy-headed kid with her hair down her back?"

"Her mother was an actress. A grass widow or something," I said. "That one with the supernatural blond hair."

"And just this one little girl—ash blond like her mother—still round with her dolls."

"Yes, I know now," I said. "In that bungalow down on Fairlea Avenue."

"Well, you know the girl was married last year: to a boy named Herbert Roland Smith, who went over with the volunteers in the first army. Just kids, that's all, both of them! And married for just that reason—so they said at the time."

"What reason?"

"The insurance money—so she'd have it if anything happened!"

"How would anybody know what they married for?" I asked.

"They know this," said Nance: "They've just had notice that his insurance was payable to her!"

"How?"

"From one of these people that notify you of such things. He's dead. In France!"

"No other notice from anywhere," I said, "before?"

"Not a word," said Nance. "Just this—like a thunderbolt!"

"That's tough," I said.

"And now especially, when the war's all over practically."

"Poor kid," I said.

"They haven't told her yet," stated Nance. "Her mother's keeping it back. Has been for several days now! It's the queerest thing. They can't get her to tell the child."

"Why not?" I said. "She's got to sooner or later. The girl will have to know to get her insurance. What's the reason for holding it back? Do you know?"

"Of course," said Nance, reflecting, "her mother's perfectly silly; impossible, so they say. And crazy over the girl. And the girl isn't very big and strong, of course, and yet ——"

"What?"

"I was just thinking."

"Oh, nothing," said Nance, "of any consequence!"

II

"WHAT do you think happened to me to-day?" asked Nance.

"What?" I responded to that familiar evening inquiry.

"I had an invitation to make up a new table of bridge twice a week."

"What's new about that?" I said. "It's a dull day you don't get invitations for a table with at least two new crowds."

"But not this one," said Nance, "ever."

"Which?"

"That woman—that Mrs. DeCourcey we were talking about the other day—came in and invited me this afternoon—to play with her and her daughter."

"Bridge!" I exclaimed. "Now!"

"Poor woman," said Nance, "she's about crazy."

"She must be," I remarked.

"And she wanted me to help her."

"How?"

"To keep that news away from the girl. Her Honey Baby—that's what she calls her!"

"You are to keep it away from her, I understand you," I repeated formally, "by playing bridge! Am I right?"

"Yes," said Nance. "Poor woman. It was awful. She said she knew she had no right to ask me. I'd never called on her; and probably I didn't want to. And she wouldn't have asked me for the world if it hadn't been for her Honey Baby. But she just couldn't have her know—not yet!"

"Not yet?" I said.

"Yes," said Nance. "And she said that she couldn't keep it much longer. For she was no good at that kind of thing—especially with her baby that she'd always told everything to. And she could see it was going to get away from her, and the girl would find out about it. She could feel it slipping—slipping. And some day she'd break down and tell her—unless I came in and helped them out!"

"Playing bridge?" I inquired again.

"Yes," said Nance, "twice a week—two afternoons if I could—so she would have something to interest her and to look forward to and keep her from getting suspicious, the way she is now, that something had happened. Of course they get that way," stated Nance.

"Oh!" I answered.

"And of course they knew almost nobody here. Nobody'd called on them. And the girl was dreadfully blue and lonely, she said. And why she came to me was because the girl always admired me—or so she said anyway," remarked Nance modestly—"and what I wore. And always watched me when I went by the house. And even dressed her hair the way I did."

"What greater tribute can one woman pay another?" I asked.

"And always thought I had such a lively time and so much fun. And if I and somebody I knew would only come down and play bridge with them twice a week—just these few weeks—the girl would think it was the greatest thing that ever happened to her. It would just save her!"

"Save her?" I said.

"She knew it was a crazy thing, she said," persisted Nance, "coming to me like this. But she had to. She couldn't help it. She was at the end of her rope herself. And that was the one thing she could think of—the one thing that would be sure to save her Honey Baby. Because the girl wanted to know me so much. And then she broke down—the way women like that do—all over!" said Nance. "Oh, it was awful! She broke down and kept saying: 'She's nothing but a baby herself! Oh, I'm so scared. I'm so scared. I'm so scared! I know it would kill her if she knew now!'"

"Kill her?" I said, drifting helplessly.

"It might, too," said Nance. "Just think how she raised her—on nut sundaes and matinées. She has no more stamina than a little yellow chicken toddling round after its mother. Just think of the shock of it—especially now, when there's peace and everything is all over, and she's just waiting for him to come back!"

My mouth opened and closed again upon its unasked questions as she proceeded.

"It was awful," said Nance, returning to the parent from the child. "The poor thing. A queer fluffy creature—I don't believe she's forty herself; and made up, of course, a lot younger—like a girl at the cosmetics counter. The tears

rolled right down through it," said Nance, at a slight angle. "Right down her cheeks! But I never was so sorry for anybody in my life. She just worships the girl. She's half crazy! So I did, finally—I told her I'd go. I'd get one more and we'd go down and make a table of bridge with them two afternoons a week. So I called up Sally Lou Harkness and we're going down and see what we can do."

"But she's got to know it—the girl," I said—"sooner or later."

"It'll be time enough," said Nance, "afterward!"

"Afterward?" I said.

"Yes, afterward!" said Nance caustically. "Do you want me to think you aren't bright?"

III

"WHEW!" said Nance. "That's hard work!"

"What?" I inquired. "Playing bridge?"

"That woman," answered Nance. "Mrs. DeCourcey—or whatever her real name is!"

"Can't she play at all?" I asked.

"Oh, terribly!" said Nance. "But that isn't it."

And I kept quiet.

"She's lost her nerve entirely. She's down—as limp as an old silk stocking."

"What's the matter now?" I asked her.

"She's had another letter from those people who've been writing her about collecting that insurance policy!" exclaimed Nance. "It seems she wrote them and asked just how they were certain the boy was dead without hearing from the Government, and they sent her back this clipping from an official list in a newspaper with the name Herbert Smith!"

"Killed?"

"Yes—in this list in this clipping. And they intimated," said Nance, "in their letter with it that she'd better hurry if she wanted them to handle it for her—and get it! She didn't know what to do. She was trumping her partner's ace all the afternoon—all to pieces! She said—when she got me finally where she could tell me—it was awful before, but she didn't know what she'd do now. She'd cried all night. And she looked it! One of that soft wilty kind," said Nance harshly, "that lies down and cries, and shows the red trimmings to their face when anything happens. No wonder she couldn't keep anything back from the girl. Baby blondes," said Nance. "I can't bear them!"

"I never cared for them myself," I said politely, "so much as the black-eyed ones."

"But it was awful just the same," continued Nance. "She said she just didn't know where to turn. She couldn't tell her Honey Baby—now! To get her to sign that thing—that application. And she couldn't take any chance of losing that ten thousand dollars for her either. They couldn't—that was all! And she didn't have a soul to ask—not anybody. Because they don't know anybody much. And what did I think?

"So I advised her," said Nance, "to go right ahead and wait and say nothing till afterward—just the way she was doing. And it would be all right! I didn't know, of course," explained Nance; "but the United States wouldn't lose anything for anybody by delaying in a case like that, would they?"

"I should say not!"

"No," said Nance, "that's what I told her. But she went to pieces then worse than ever. She almost had hysterics in the pantry. I had to shake her to get her to stiffen up and go back into the room where the girl was. I told her I'd desert her if she didn't brace up. And that stopped her finally. Oh, she's pretty bad," said Nance, drawing a slight sigh.

"How's the girl?" I asked her.

"Poor kid," said Nance, returning to the scene again. "She's as nice as she can be, considering everything. And plays quite a good hand at bridge—for a beginner."

"You're prejudiced," I said. "Your judgment's warped because she wears her hair like yours."

"Yes. She spoke to me about it," said Nance, smiling; "in a kind of a shy kiddish way, and said she hoped I wouldn't mind. She'd always admired me so—or so she said anyhow! Especially when I laughed and seemed to be having such a good time. And she'd watched me going everywhere, when of course they knew so few people! And she had always hoped we could be friends—a little! And then she took hold of my hand," said Nance, looking off.

"She kept taking it," continued Nance, still gazing away, "two or three times while we were taking tea. She's a sweet kid in spite of everything. Like a little soft Pomeranian dog—all hair and eyes. But scared of course, now! How could she help it with such a mother? And she is terribly little and frail, and young too. I'm glad she isn't mine!" said Nance, and stopped again.

"I saw one this morning," she continued at length. "On the street in the city. She didn't look a day over nineteen. In black, with a little pinched-faced baby white as she was. And a gilt star on her arm. I'd never seen that before!" said Nance. "And I hope I never shall again. Though I suppose," she observed, "we'll see scores and thousands now. But poor child! She looked so awfully poor and dazed—sort of—with her baby. I could hardly keep myself from going over and putting my arm round her!"

And she sat still, considering.

"But this one," I said, to divert her slightly, "apparently hasn't waited. She's adopted you."

"I am glad she has—and proud of it!" said Nance. "Somebody's got to take charge of them—that's sure, if we're going to keep it from her. That mother of hers can't be trusted. And she certainly can't know it now—when she thinks the war is all over practically and he's coming so soon. She can't have that shock! And she won't—not if I can help it! So we're going to watch it ourselves from now on—Sally Lou Harkness and I. We're going down there every afternoon now, and play with them, and cheer her up, and keep that woman—her mother—in line."

"Bridge," I said, "every afternoon!"

"Every one—from now on!"

"To-morrow," I suggested, "is Sunday!"

"What difference does that make?" inquired Nance in a hard irreligious voice.

"Her Mother Acted So Kind of Funny for Days and Days! And She Thought Something Certainly Must be Wrong. It Made Her Terribly Suspicious"

IV

"WELL," I inquired when she returned home that Sabbath afternoon, "how's the innovation? How's the Sunday bridge?"

"The funniest thing happened," said Nance. "The girl got kind of restless inside the house. So we moved out onto that half piazza. It's pleasanter there—and warm enough. And we played out there. And who should come along just as we got started but that religious crowd—the Briggses and the Simondses and the minister—going to whatever it is they hold on Sunday afternoons. They looked and saw us—and started to look away quickly. But I caught their eye," said Nance, "and smiled; and they had to bow back!"

"Doubly damned," I said. "Gaming Sunday—in the house of the uncatalogued!"

"What do I care," asked Nance, "for them?"

"With this only partially explained grass widow," I said. "And that ultra-social bunch has got a chronic lifting of the eyebrows now!

"You want to look out, Nance, or you'll be losing your little hall mark one of these days."

"Shall I?" asked Nance belligerently.

"Both spiritual and temporal," I added.

"I'm not worrying yet," said Nance with dignity, "about my hall mark."

"No?"

"No. Not from any of them! We've had hall marks in our family too long," she vouchsafed; "when half of their ancestors were scouring other people's! And we'll have them," she said darkly, "when they are again!

"And besides," said Nance, "people aren't relying on their hall marks so much since this awful war! And I wouldn't care if they did," she continued, "and a thousand times more! I'd go there just the same—and do just what I did to-day. She's the sweetest kid. I don't care what anybody says," said Nance, and stopped, reflecting quite a while.

"And it's done anyhow. We've done what we said we would! We've kept it from her!" said Nance, and fetched a very deep sigh and was silent again.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"When we were through playing," she answered finally, "she said she'd like to see me a minute alone! So they went out and left us there.

"And she said then she wanted to thank me. She probably wouldn't see me again—for a while. And she wanted to thank me. I'd been wonderful to her!

"I laughed of course," said Nance; "but she said it was so. I couldn't know how much! She said before we came and started to play bridge with her—I couldn't know—it was terrible! All that time of thinking—and nobody coming in—ever. Just always going by the house. And sometimes it seemed as if she couldn't bear it; she was almost crazy thinking. She'd always been out when she was a little girl in the city, before they came out here into the suburbs—the country, she called it—to matinées and movies, and teas in the hotels sometimes when they could afford it. And here it was just deadly—to sit and think!

"Why, just to show me, she said, one time just before we came in and played she'd got the idea in her head that Berto—that's her husband—must be dead or something! Her mother acted so kind of funny for days and days! Just when she was so glad to think he was coming back too! And she thought something certainly must be wrong. It made her terribly suspicious. She couldn't get it out of her head! And she asked her mother, and she said no, no, no, it was all her imagination! But she couldn't get rid of the idea at all until we came. And then of course she saw right away it was all imagination—just from our actions! It couldn't be true.

"And then," said Nance, "she sat and stared at me—with those kiddish eyes of hers. And I hurried up and said of course not! How silly!

"And she said oh, yes, she knew. She was pretty sure now. She knew nothing had happened to him; because if it had we'd certainly have heard by this time. And if we had heard we certainly would have told her. And anyway

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BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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Old Stuff

WAR engenders its own emotional state. Six months ago, when the fighting was at its hottest, nearly everybody talked international idealism.

No annexations, no punitive indemnities, no mere vengeance, but justice, self-determination of peoples, equal opportunities, fraternity. Such, more or less, was the word nearly everywhere.

But a very able American psychologist pointed out that if we wanted to know what would happen after the war we should look first of all to the opposite of what was happening during the war, because a highly emotional state throws the mind out of balance, so to speak, involving the suppression of instincts and motives that normally operate. When the pressure is removed those suppressed motives come into play more strongly than common.

Broadly speaking, it turned out that way—for the time being. Very soon after the signing of the armistice European utterances in general took on a different tone. We did not hear much about ideal justice, equality and fraternity. We did hear a great deal about punishments, vast indemnities and imperialistic territorial ambitions.

The complex of European utterances gave a distinct impression of the good old game of grab. England and France, it appeared, had conflicting claims to Syria. Italy and the Jugo-Slavs proposed to take the same Adriatic lands. Half-born Poland was seizing a favorable opportunity to overrun country it coveted. Take it all round, the statesmen of the Congress of Vienna or of the Congress of Berlin would have grinned sympathetically and found themselves quite at home in contemporaneous European atmosphere as current newspaper comment partially reflected it.

Probably statesmanship always tends powerfully to fall back on the old stuff. By all the rules it ever learned an accession of national territory, however acquired, is the chief point in the game. The statesman who puts the flag in a new place wins. For the moment statesmanship seemed back at the Congress of Vienna. But Europe is not back there and no statesmanship can put it back. An arrangement patterned mainly on the Congress of Vienna would not endure long because in democratic countries, with equal suffrage, the governments that made it would not endure long.

Another Rate Advance?

THERE is little dispute about the future of British railroads. They will remain in the hands of the government. Apparently they have got to, for operating costs under government management have reached a point with which private management could not cope. The London Times figures that the railroad wage bill this year will be one hundred and twenty-seven million pounds against forty-seven million pounds before the war.

Our Government has raised freight rates twenty-five per cent and passenger rates somewhat more than that; but operating costs have increased still more. In October gross receipts of the railroads were greater than in the year before by twenty-eight per cent, or a hundred and seven million dollars; but operating expenses were greater by forty-eight per cent, or a hundred and twenty-two million dollars, so in spite of the advance in rates net earnings were smaller by fifteen million dollars. Operating costs now consume seventy-eight per cent of gross receipts. It seems not improbable that the Government will have to advance rates again or pay a deficit out of the Treasury.

There is no question which it ought to do. Not all of us use railroad service equally by any means. If the railroads furnish service at less than cost, the bigger users get an advantage over the smaller users. The only fair scheme is to charge those who use railroad service what the service costs.

Higher operating costs under government management are due mainly to higher wages; and higher wages, by and large, are a good thing. But they do not come out of the air. They must be paid for by users of railroad service or by the general public through taxation to meet the deficit on railroad operation. When the Government advances railroad wages it is not taking a gift out of a magic cornucopia. It is taking money out of your pocket. Pay cheerfully, but look the situation in the face.

The Bridged Atlantic

WOODROW WILSON in Europe means the United States in Europe. When he shakes hands with premiers, presidents and kings on French soil it means Uncle Sam has stepped one foot across the Atlantic. He, and we, got there through circumstances beyond our control. As to quoting Washington's warning against entangling alliances you might as well quote his idea that a stage coach was the best means of conveyance. The fact is accomplished and will never be undone. The United States will never again stand in relation to Europe where it stood five years ago.

That is our vital stake in the peace conference. We have moved next door, and whether the conditions of Europe make for peace or war is a vital concern to us, for in the long run it is going to mean our peace or our war.

There is a notion that England, France and Italy will fix up the peace substantially to suit themselves and politely invite us to subscribe to it. That is a wrong notion, which the United States should discountenance. We attempted to stand apart before, after the fighting had begun, and found that we could not. We should be still less able to stand apart if fighting began again. We want no standing apart now. This peace conference is our affair as much as it is the affair of any nation. To insist by every means that it shall be so ordered as to give the greatest possible assurance of enduring peace is not only our business but by far the most important business we have on hand.

And the United States is very far from helpless. With the right determination it can cut a very large or even a decisive figure in the proceedings, because its main objects correspond exactly with the aspirations of the great body of the plain, but voting people of Europe.

Bricks Without Straw

THE big popular majorities against Bolshevism in Germany are a matter of course. Before the war more than half the population subsisted on industry other than agriculture. It was predominantly a manufacturing country. A huge manufacturing and export trade was the basis of its economy. It always depended upon foreign sources for raw materials that were vital to its manufactures. It cannot start up again without a stock of raw materials. It cannot get raw materials except on credit. It cannot get credit sufficient for its needs except from enemy countries. Recently an Austro-Hungarian economist declared that even that comparatively backward country—industrially speaking—could not possibly reconstruct itself without American cotton and copper. Still less can Germany.

Imagine a Bolshevist régime—repudiating debts, grabbing bank balances, confiscating goods—applying to America for stocks of copper and cotton on credit; and to Dutch East Indies for tin, to Sweden for iron ore, to Spain for lead, to Brazil for rubber, to Australia for wool, to Argentina for hides. That is the same thing as imagining a professional burglar applying for a job as custodian of the family silver.

Eighty per cent of the people of Russia are engaged in agriculture. They can make shift for a time and after a fashion without credit. But credit is the breath of Germany's industrial life. Bolshevism is the repudiation of credit. Germany could not stir a hand under it.

Of course a great majority of Germans are intelligent enough to know that. Lenine is intelligent enough to know and admit that Bolshevism cannot finally survive in Russia unless other nations go Bolshevik too. A man who pays his debts in gold will not trade with one who pays in stage money.

Division of Powers

CARTER GLASS won very honorable distinction in the House of Representatives. No man in either branch of Congress worked harder or more intelligently for a sound reform of our bad old banking system. Name the man before him who graduated from a distinguished career in the House into a place in the Cabinet. We cannot name him offhand.

McKinley became an outstanding national figure while serving in Congress. Neither the Presidents since him nor their chief competitors at the polls had any congressional experience worth mentioning.

In the long list of Cabinet officers since 1900 Carter Glass is the only name we recall at the moment that got a statesmanly stamp in the House.

If that tiresome man from Mars were given an outline of American political institutions he would naturally presume that the House of Representatives, with its frequent popular elections, was our proving ground for statesmen; that men who demonstrated notable ability there would continually, as a matter of course, be graduating into the Senate, the Cabinet and the White House—particularly when he was informed that the analogous British House of Commons was the school through which British political talent usually passed.

But investigation would show this Martian presumption to be mostly unwarranted. The executive branch of our Government looks rather little to the popular house of the legislative branch for approved political talent.

There is a sadly defective joint—a most imperfect contact—between the executive branch and the legislative branch. That is the reason we have no budget system. Carter Glass' intimate acquaintance with the legislative branch ought to be useful in improving the contact between the two branches. He is the man to take that budget system vigorously in hand. But we should like to see the selection of distinguished representatives for the Cabinet a rule rather than an exception. Those two branches need better coördinating.

Business and Politics

THE successful representative business men who entered the Government's service in a great emergency have mostly left Washington. We wonder whether their going simply closes a brief and unique chapter or whether there is to be a sequel.

Business and politics went into partnership for the war. There had been no real partnership between them, at least in this generation. By and large, business despised politics and politics profoundly distrusted business. If you took the typical political view of it, business was a jungle infested by predacious dragons, with politics playing the rôle of Saint George. If you took the typical business view, ignorant and demagogic politics was the chief bane of the country.

Business means how the people of the United States get their living. Politics means the general rules those same people make about it. In a great emergency it became evident that the vital thing was to get business done—to turn out the greatest possible quantity of steel, copper, cloth and all their fabricated products. Naturally men with the most successful experience in getting it done were called in. In the emergency the rules that would produce the most goods were the ones to be adopted; the men who could produce the most goods were the ones to be consulted.

The country had to have facts in the shape of ships, guns, and so on. Theories that did not directly issue in such facts became irrelevant. Politics not only called business in but pretty extensively turned the job over to it.

Both of them ought to have learned something from the experience. Getting the greatest possible output of goods is always mighty important. Men with the practical successful experience in producing goods ought always to be consulted. Neither politics nor business will learn anything useful by making faces at each other. The better they can understand each other the better for both of them and for the country. We're hoping there will be a sequel of better understanding.

SIMPLE SIMON

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN THE TRENCHS, May 29.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we have been haveing a lot of fun with a bird name Jack Simon only the boys calls him Simple Simon and if you seen him you wouldn't ask why because you would know why as soon as you seen him without asking why as he keeps his mouth open all the wile so as he will be ready to swallow whatever you tell him as you can tell him anything and he eats it up. So the boys has been stuffing him full of storys of all kinds and he eats them all up and you could tell him the reason they had the bob wire out in front was to scratch yourself on it when the cuties was useing you for a race track and he would eat it up.

Well when we come in here and took over this section this bird was sick and I don't know what ailed him only it couldn't of been brain fever but any way he didn't join us in here till the day before yesterday but ever since he joined us the boys has been stuffing him full and enjoying themself at his expenses. Well the 1st. thing he asked me was if we had saw any actions since we been here and I told him about a raid we was on the other night before he come and we layed down a garage and then snuck over to the German trenchs and jumped in to them trying to get a hold of some prisoners but we couldn't find head or tale of no Germans where our bunch jumped in as they had ducked and hid somewheres when they found out we was comeing. So he says he wished he could of been along as he might of picked up some souvenirs over in their trenchs.

That's 1 of his bugs Al is getting souvenirs as he is 1 of these here souvenir hounds that it don't make no differents to him who wins the war as long as he can get a ship load of junk to carry it back home and show it off. So I told Johnny Alcock and some of the other boys about Simon wishing he could of got some souvenirs so they framed up on him and begin selling him junk that they told him they had picked it up over in the German trenchs and Alcock blowed some cigarette smoke in a bottle and corked it up and told him it was German tear gas and Simon give him 8 franks for it and Jack Brady showed him a couple of laths tied together with a peace of wire and told him it was a part of the areoplane that belonged to Guy Meyer the French ace that brought down so many Dutchmans before they finely got him and Brady said he hated to part with it as he had took it off a German prisoner that he brought in but if Simon thought it was worth 20 franks he could have it. So Simon bought it off him and wanted to know all about how Brady come to get the prisoner and of course Brady had to make it up as we haven't saw a German let alone take them a prisoner since we was back in the training arears and wouldn't know they was any only for their artillery and throwing up rockets at night and snipping at a man every time you go out on a wire party or something.

But any way Simon eats it up whatever you pull on him and some times I feel sorry for him and feel like tipping him off but the boys fun would be spoiled and believe me they need some kind of sport up here or pretty soon we would all be worse off then Simon and we would be running around fomenting at the mouth.

Well Al I wished you would write once in a wile if its only a line as a man likes to get mail once in a wile and I haven't heard from Florrie for pretty near a month and then all as she said was that the reason she hadn't wrote was because she wasn't feeling the best and I suppose she got something in her eye but anything for an excuse to not write and you would think I had stepped outdoors to wash the windows instead of being away from her since last December. Your pal, JACK.

IN THE TRENCHS, June 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al nothing doing as usual only patching things up once in a wile and it would be as safe here as picking your teeth if our artillery had a few brains as the Germans wouldn't never pay no tension to us if our batterys would lay off them but we don't no sooner get a quite spell when our guns cuts loose and remind Fritz that they's a war and then of course the Dutchmens has got to pay for their board some way and they raise he—ll for a wile and make everybody cross but as far as I can see they don't nobody never get killed on 1 side or the other side but of course the shells mess things up and keeps the boys busy makeing repairs where if our artillery would keep their mouth shut why so would theirs and the boys wouldn't never half to leave their dice game only for chow.

But from all as we hear I guess they's no dice game going on up on some of the other sections but they's another kind of a game going on up there and so far the Dutchmens has got all the best of it but some of the boys says wait till the allys gets ready to strike back and they will make them look like a sucker and the best way to do is wait till the other side has wore themself out before you go back at them. Well I told them I have had a lot of experience in big league baseball where they's stragety the same like in war but I never heard none of the big league managers tell their boys to not try and score till the other side had all the runs they was going to get and further and more it looked to me like when the Germans did get wore out they could rest up again in the best hotel in Paris. So Johnny Alcock says oh they won't never get inside of Paris because the military police will stop them at the city limits and ask them for their pass and then where would they be? So I says tell that to Simple Simon and he shut up.

Speaking about Simple Simon what do you think they have got him believeing now. Well they told him Capt. Seeley had sent a patrol over the other night to find out what ailed the Germans that they never showed themself or started nothing against us and the patrol found out that Van Hindenburg had took all the men out of the section opp. us and sent them up to the war and left the trenchs opp. us empty so Simon asked him why didn't we go over there and take them then and they told him because our trenchs was warmer on acct. of being farther south. I suppose they will be telling him the next thing that Capt. Seeley and Ludendorf married sisters and the 2 of them has agreed to lay off each other.

Well Al I am glad they have got somebody else to pick on besides me and of course they can have a lot more fun with Simon as they's nothing to raw that he won't eat it up wile in my case I was to smart for them and just pretended like I fell for their gags as they would of been disappointed if I hadn't of and as I say somebody has got to furnish amusement in a he—ll hole like this or we would all be squirrel meat.

Your pal, JACK.

IN THE TRENCHS, June 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here is a hot 1 that they pulled on this Simon bird today and it was all as I could do to help from busting out laughing wile they was telling it to him.

Well it seems like he must of been thinking that over what they told him about they not being no Germans in the trenchs over opp. to where we are at and it finely downed on him that if they wasn't nobody over there why who was throwing up them flares and rockets every night. So today he said to Brady he says "Didn't you birds tell me them trenchs over across the way was empty?" So Brady says yes what of it. So Simon says "Well I notice they's somebody over there at night times or else who throws up them flares as they don't throw themselfs up." So Brady says they had probably left a flare thrower over there to do that for them. But Simon says they must of left a lot of flare throwers because the flares come from different places along the line.

So then Alcock cut in and says "Yes but you will notice they don't come from different places at once and the bird that throws them gos from 1 place to another so as we will think the trenchs is full of Germans." So Simon says "They couldn't nobody go from 1 place to another place as fast as them flares shoots up from different places." So Alcock says "No they couldn't nobody do it if they walked but the man that throws them flares don't walk because he hasn't only got 1 leg as his other leg was shot off early in the war. But Van Hindenburg is so hard up for men that even if you get a leg shot off as soon as the Dr. mops up the mess and sticks on the court plaster they send the bird back in the war and put him on a job where you don't half to walk. So they stuck this old guy in the motorcycle dept. and now all as he does is ride up and down some quite section like this here all night and stop every so often and throw up a flare to make us think the place is dirty with Germans."

Well Al Simon thought it over a wile and then asked Alcock how a man could ride a motorcycle with only 1 leg and Alcock says "Why not because you don't half to peddle a motorcycle as they run themself." So Simon says yes but how about it when you want to get off? So Alcock says "What has a man's legs got to do with him getting off of a motorcycle as long as you have got your head to light on?"

That is what they handed him Al and they hadn't hardly no sooner then got through with that dose when Brady begun on the souvenirs. First he asked him if he had got a hold of any new ones lately and Simon says no he hadn't seen nobody that had any for sale and besides his jack was low so Brady asked him how much did he have and he says about 4 franks. So Brady says "Well you can't expect anybody to come across with anything first class for no such chicken's food as that." So Simon says well even if he had a pocket full of jack he couldn't buy nothing with it when they wasn't nothing to buy. Then Brady asked him if he had saw the German speegle Ted Phillips had picked up and Simon says no so Brady went and got Phillips and after a wile he come back with him

The Corp. Says Take My Rifle Along and I Says "What For, Do You Think I am Going to Pick Simon Up With a Bayonet"

and Phillips said he had the speegle in his pocket and he would show it to us if we promised to be carefull and not jar it out of his hands wile he was showing it as he wouldn't have it broke for the world. So Simon stood there with his eyes popping out and Phillips pulled the speegle out of his pocket and it wasn't nothing only a dirty little looking glass that you could pretty near crall through the cracks in it and all the boys remarked what a odd little speegle it was and they hadn't never saw 1 like it before and etc. and finely Simon couldn't keep his clam shut no longer so he asked Phillips how much he would take for it. Well Phillips says it wasn't for sale as speegles was scarce in Germany on acct. of the war and that was why the Dutchmens always looked like a bum when you took them a prisoner. So Simon asked him what price he would set on it suppose he would sell it and Phillips says about 8 franks. Well Simon got out all his jack and they wasn't only 4 franks and he showed it to Phillips and said if he would take 10 franks for the speegle he would give him 4 franks down and the other 6 franks when he got a hold of some jack so Phillips hummed and hawed a wile and finely said all right Simon could have it but he wouldn't never sell it to him only that it kept worring him so much to carry it in his pocket for the fear he would loose it or break it.

Well Al Phillips has got Simon's last 4 franks and Simon has got Phillips's speegle and I suppose now that the boys sees how soft it is they will be selling him stuff on credit and he will owe them his next months pay before they get through with him and I suppose the next thing you know they will keep their beard when they shave and sell it to him for German tobacco. Well I would half to be pretty hard up before I went in on some skin game like that and I would just as leave go up to 1 of them cripples that use to spraddle all over the walk along 35 st. after the ball game and stick my heel in their eye and romp off with their days receipts. Your pal, JACK.

IN THE TRENCHS, June 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al it seems like Capt. Seeley is up on his ear because they haven't took our regt. out of here yet because it seems Gen. Pershing told Gen. Foch that he was to help himself to any part of the U. S. army and throw them in where ever they was needed and they's been a bunch of the boys throwed in along the other parts of the front to try and stop the Germans and Capt. Seeley is raveing because they keep us here and don't take us where we can get some actions. Any way 1 of the lieuts. told some of the boys that if we didn't get took out of here pretty quick Capt. Seeley would start a war of our own on this section and all the officers was sore because we hadn't done nothing or took no prisoners or nothing you might say only make repairs in the wire and etc. Well Al how and the he—ll can we show them anything when they don't never send us over the top or nowheres else but just leave us here moldering you might say but at that I guess we have showed as much life as the birds that's over there opp. us in them other trenchs that hasn't hardly peeped since we come in here and the boys says they are a Saxon regt. that comes from part of Germany where the Kaiser is thought of the same as a gum boil so the Saxons feels kind of friendly towards us and they will leave us alone as long as we leave them alone and visa and versa. So I don't see where Capt. Seeley and them other officers has got a right to pan us for not showing nothing but I don't blame them for wishing they would take us out of here and show us the war and from all as we hear they's plenty of places where we could do some good or at lease as much good as the birds that has been there.

Well Al they have been stringing poor Simon along and today they give him a song and dance about some bird name Joe in the regt. that was here ahead of us that got a collection of souvenirs that makes Simon's look rotten and they said the guy's pals called him Souvenir Joe on acct. of him haveing such a fine collection. So Brady says to Simon "All you have got is 5 or 6 articles and the next thing you know they will be takeing us out of here and you might maybe never get another chance to pick up any more rare articles so if I was you I would either get busy and get a real collection or throw away them things you have got and forget it."

So Simon says "How can I get any more souvenirs when I haven't no more jack to buy them and besides you birds haven't no more to sell." So Brady says "Souvenir Joe didn't buy his collection but he went out and got them." So Simon asked him where at and Brady told him this here Joe use to crall out in Nobody's Land every night and pick up something and Simon says it was a wonder he didn't get killed. So Brady says "How would he get killed as the trenchs over across the way was just as empty when he was here as they are now and Old 1 Legged Mike and his motorcycle was on the job then to, so Joe would wait till Mike had throwed a few flares on this section and then he would sneak out and get his souvenirs before Mike come back again on his rounds."

Well then Simon asked him where the souvenirs was out there and Brady says they was in the different shell holes because most of Joe's souvenirs was the insides of German shells that had exploded and they was the best kind of souvenirs as they wasn't no chance of them being a fake.

Well Al I had a notion to take Simon to 1 side and tell him to not pay no tension to these smart alex because the poor crum might go snooping out there some night after the insides of a shell and get the outsides and all and if something like that happened to him I would feel like a murder though I haven't never took no part in makeing a monkey out of him, but I thought well if the poor cheese don't know no more then that he is better off dead so let him go. Your pal, JACK.

IN THE TRENCHS, June 13.

FRIEND AL: Just a line Al as I am to excited to write much but I knew you would want to know the big news. Well Al I have got a daughter born the 18 of May. How is that for a supprise Al but I guess you won't be no more supprised then I was when the news come as Florrie hadn't gave me no hint and a man can't guess a thing like that when you are in France and the lady in question is back in old Chi. But it sure is wonderfull news Al and I only wished I was somewheres where I could celebrate it right but you can't even whistle here or somebody would crown you with a shovle.

Well Al the news come today in a letter from Florrie's sister Marie Allen and she has been down in Texas but I suppose Florrie got her to come up and stay with her though as far as I can see its bad enough to have a baby without haveing that bird in the house to, but they's 1 consolation we haven't got rm. in the apt. for more then 2 kids and 3 grown ups so when I get home if sweet Marie is still there yet we will either half to get rid of the Swede cook or she, and when it comes to a choice between a ski jumper that will work and a sister that won't why Florrie won't be bothered with no family ties.

Any way I haven't no time to worry about no Allen family now as I am feeling to good and all as I wish is that somebody wins this war so as I can get home and see this little chick Al and I bet she is as pretty as a picture as she couldn't be nothing else you might say and I have wrote to Florrie to not name her or nothing till I have my say as you turn a woman loose on nameing somebody all alone and they go nuts and look through a seed catalog.

Well old pal I know you would congratulate me if you was here and I am only sorry I can't return the complement and if I was you and Bertha I would adopt 1 of these here Belgium orphans that's lost their parents as they's nothing like it Al haveing a kid or 2 in the house and I bet little Al is tickled to death with his little sister.

Well Al I have told all the boys about it and they have been haveing a lot of fun with me but any way they call me Papa now which is a he—ll of a lot better then Sammy Boy. Your pal, JACK.

IN THE TRENCHS, June 14.

FRIEND AL: I am all most to nervous to write Al but anything is better then setting around thinking and besides I want you to know what has came off so as you will know what come off in the case something happens.

Well Al Simple Simon's gone. We don't know if he's dead or alive or what the he—ll and all as we know is that he was here last night and he ain't here today and they hasn't nobody seen or heard of him.

Of course Al that isn't all we know neither as we can just about guess what happened. But I have gave my word to not spill nothing about what the boys pulled on him or god knows what Capt. Seeley would do to them.

Well Al I got up this A.M. feeling fine as I had slept better then any time for a wk. and I dreamt about the little gal back home that ain't never seen her daddy or don't know if she's got 1 or not but in my dream she knowed me O.K. as I dreamt I had just got home and Florrie wasn't there to meet me as usual but I rung the bell and the ski jumper let me in and I asked her where Florrie was and she said she had went out somewheres with little Al so I was going out and look for them but the Swede says the baby is here if you want to see her and I asked her what baby and she says why your new little baby girl.

So then I heard a baby crying somewheres in the house and I went in the bed rm. and this little mite jumped right up out of bed and all of a sudden she was 3 yrs. old instead of a mo. and she come running to me and hollered daddy. So then I grabbed her up and we begin danceing around but all of a sudden it was I and Florrie that was danceing together and little Al and the little gal was danceing around us and then I woke up Al and found I was still in this he—ll hole but the dream was so happy that I was still feeling good over it yet and besides it looked like the sun had forgot it was in France and was going to shine for a wile.

Well pretty soon along come Corp. Evans and called me to 1 side and asked me what I knew about Simon. So I says what about him. So Corp. Evans says he is missing and they hasn't nobody saw him since last night. So I says I didn't know nothing about him but if anything had happened to him they was a lot of birds in this Co. that ought to pay for it. So Corp. Evans asked me what was I driveing at and I started in to tell him about Alcock and Brady and them kidding this poor bird to death and Corp. Evans says yes he knew all about that and the best thing to do was to shut up about it as it would get everybody in bad. He says "Wait a couple days any way and maybe he will show up O.K. and then they won't be no sence in spilling all this stuff." So I says all right I would wait a couple days but these birds ought to get theirs if something serious has happened and if he don't show up by that time I won't make no promise to spill all I know. So Corp. Evans says I didn't half to make no promise as he would spill the beans himself if Simon isn't O.K.

Well Al of course all the boys had heard the news by the time I got to talk to them and they's 2 or 3 of them that feels pretty sick over it and no wonder and the bird that feels the sickest is Alcock and here is why. Well it seems like yesterday wile I was telling all the boys about the news from home Simon was giveing Alcock a ear full of that junk Brady had been slipping him about Souvenir Joe and Simon asked Alcock if he thought they was still any of them souvenirs worth going after out in them shell holes. So Alcock says of course they must be as some of the holes was made new since we been here. But Alcock told him that if he was him he wouldn't waist no time collecting the insides of German shells as the Germans was so hard up for mettle and etc. now days that the shells they was sending over was about ½ full of cheese and stuff that wouldn't keep. So Alcock says to him "What you ought to go after is a Saxon because you can bet that Souvenir Joe didn't get none and if you would get 1 all the boys would begin calling you Souvenir Simon instead of Simple Simon and you would make Souvenir Joe look like a dud."

Well Al Simon didn't know a Saxon from a bang nail so he asked Alcock what they looked like and Alcock told

(Concluded on Page 24)

I Guess They's 1 Little Party That Ain't in No Hurry to See Me Go and I Wished You Could See Her Look at Me At and You Would Say its to Bad I am a Married Man With 3 Kids

"This magical stunt I do
The livelong winter through
With fertile yield of farm and field
I bring good cheer to you."

Suppose you could do this—

Or better, suppose you could go right out today into a summer garden of your own and gather all the choice fresh vegetables you want—even then you could not produce a soup more wholesome and satisfying than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

And it would cost you more in time, labor and money to produce a soup anywhere near as good.

With a nourishing beef stock, which also contains the nutritious bone-marrow, we combine selected white potatoes, tender chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, "Country Gentleman" corn, small peas, baby lima beans, Dutch cabbage, choice tomatoes, green okra, fragrant celery and parsley. We include rice, barley, "alphabet" macaroni and sufficient leek, onion and sweet red peppers to give a pleasing flavor.

Good soup once a day at least is a most important rule for the health and condition of every family. And in this tempting Campbell soup you have a food which supplies valuable and necessary elements to nourish and regulate the system during the winter months. It saves your fuel, avoids needless drudgery, and is always ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case.
Keep it handy and *always serve it hot.*

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 22)

him to never mind as he couldn't help from knowing 1 if he ever seen it so then Simon asked him where they was libel to be and Alcock told him probably over in some of the shell holes near the German trench.

That's what come off yesterday wile I was busy telling everybody about the little gal as you can bet I would of put Simon wise had I of been in on it and now Al he's gone and they don't nobody know what's became of him but they's a lot of us that's got a pretty good idear and as I say they's 2 or 3 feels pretty sick and one a specially. But I guess at that they don't no one feel no worse then me though they can't nobody say I am to blame for what's happened but still in all I might of interfered because I am the only 1 of them that has got a heart Al and the only reason Alcock and Brady is so sick now is that they are scared to death of what will happen to them if they get found out. Because their smartness won't get them nothing up in front of the Court Marshall as he has seen to many birds just like them.

Well Al I am on post duty tonight and maybe you don't know what that means. Well old pal its no Elks carnivle at no time and just think what it will be tonight with your ears straining for a cry from out there. And if the cry comes Al they don't only be the 1 thing to do and I will be the 1 to do it.

So this may be the last time you will hear from me old pal and I wanted you to know in the case anything come off just how it happened as I won't be here to write it to you afterwards.

All as I can think about now Al is 2 things and 1 of them is that little gal back home that won't never see her daddy but maybe when she gets 4 or 5 yrs. old she will ask her mother "Why haven't I got a daddy like other little girls?" But maybe she will have 1 by that time Al. But what I am thinking about the most is that poor ½ wit out there and as Brady says he isn't nothing but a Mormon any way and ought never to of got in the army but still and all he is a man and its our duty to fight and die for him if needs to be. Your pal,

JACK.

IN THE HOSPITAL, July 20.

FRIEND AL: You will half to excuse this writeing as I am proped up in a funny position in bed and its all as I can do to keep the paper steady as my left arm ain't no more use then the Russian front.

Well Al yesterday was the 1st. time they left me set up and I wrote a letter to Florrie and told her I was getting along O. K. as I didn't want she should worry and this time I will try and write to you. I suppose you got the note that the little nurse wrote for me about 2 wks. ago and told you I was getting better. Well old pal the gal that wrote you that little note is some baby and if you could see the kid that wrote you that little note you would wished you was laying here in my place. No I guess you wouldn't wished that Al as they's nobody that would want to go through what I have been through and they's very few that could stand it like I have and keep on smileing.

Well old pal they thought for a wile that it was Feeney for yrs. truly as they say over here and believe me I was in such pain that I would of been glad to die to get rid of the pain and the Dr. said it was a good thing I was such a game bird and had such a physic or I couldn't of never stood it. But I am not strong enough yet to set this way very long so if I am going to tell you what happened I had better start in.

Well Al this is the 20 of July and that means I have been in here 5 wks. as it was the 14 of June when all this come off. Well Al I can remember writeing to you the day of the night it come off and I guess I told you about this bird Simon getting lost that was always after the souvenirs and some of the boys told him they wasn't no Germans over in the other trenches but just a bird named Motorcycle Mike that went up and down the section throwing flares so as we would think they was Germans over there. So they told him if he wanted to go out in Nobody's Land and spear souvenirs it was safe if you went just after Mike had made his rounds so as the snippers wouldn't get you.

Well old pal I was standing there looking out over Nobody's Land that night and I couldn't think of nothing only poor Simon and listening to hear if I couldn't maybe hear him call from somewheres out there and I don't know how long I had been standing there when I heard a kind of a noise like somebody scrunching and at the same time they was a flare throwed up from our side and I seen a figure out there cralling on the ground quite a ways beyond our wire. Well Al I didn't wait to look twice but I called Corp. Evans and told him. So he says who did I think it was and I said it must be Simon. So he says "Well Keefe its up to 1 of us to go get him." So I said "Well Corp. I guess its my job." So he says "All right Keefe if you feel that way about it." So I says all right and I'll say Al that he give up his claims without a struggle.

Well I started and I was going without my rifle but the Corp. stopped me and says take it along and I says "What for, do you think I am going to pick Simon up with a bayonet." So he says who told me it was Simon out there. Well Al that's the 1st time I stopped to think it might maybe be somebody else.

Well Florrie use to say that I couldn't get up in the night for a drink of water without everybody in the bldg. thinking the world serious must of started but I bet I didn't knock over no chairs on this trip. Well Al it took me long enough to get out there as you can bet I wasn't trying for no record and every time they was a noise I had to lay flat and not buge. But I got there Al to where I thought I had saw this bird moveing around but they hadn't no rockets went up since I started and it was like a troop ship and I couldn't make out no figure of a man or nothing else and I was just going to whisper Simon's name when I reached out my hand and touched him. Well Al it wasn't Simon.

Well old pal we had some battle this bird and me and the both of us forgot bayonets and guns and everything else. I would of killed him sure only he got a hold of my left hand between his teeth and I couldn't pry it loose. But believe me Al he took a awful beating with my free hand and I will half to hand it to him for a game bird only what chance did he have? None Al and the battle couldn't only end. the 1 way and I was just getting ready to grab his wind pipe and shut off the meter when he left go of my other hand and let out a yell that you could hear all over the great lakes and then all of a sudden it seemed like everybody was takeing a flash light and then the bullets come whizzing from all sides it seemed like and they got me 3 times Al and never pinked this other bird once. Well Al it wasn't till 2 wks. ago that I found out that my opponent was Johnny Alcock.

Just 2 wks. ago yesterday Johnny come in and seen me and told me the whole story and it was the 1st. day they left me see anybody only the Dr. and the little nurse and was the 1st. day Johnny was able to be up and around. How is that Al to put a man in the hospital for 3 wks. without useing no gun or knife or nothing on him only 1 bear fist. Some fist eh Al.

Well it seems like he had been worring so about Simon that he finely went out there snooping around all by himself looking for him and he was the 1 I seen when that flare went up and of course we each thought the other 1 was a German and finely it was him yelling and the rockets going up at the same time that drawed the fire and I got all of it because I was the bird on top.

But listen Al till you hear the funny part of it. Simple Simon the bird that we was both out there looking for him showed up in our trench about a ½ hr. after we was brought in and he showed up with a Saxon all right but the Saxon was dead. Well Al Simon told them that he had ran into this guy over near their wire and that he was alive when he got him, but Alcock says that Brady said Simon hadn't only been gone 24 hrs. and the Saxon had been gone a he—ll of a lot longer then that.

Well they's no hard feeling between Alcock and I and I guess I more then got even with him for eating out of my hand as they say but Johnny said it was a shame I couldn't of used some of my strenth on a German instead of him but any way its all over now and the Dr. says my leg is pretty near O.K. and I can walk on it in a couple wks. but my left arm won't be no use for god knows how long and maybe never and I guess I'm lucky they didn't half to clip it off. So I don't know when I will get out of here or where I will go from here but I guess they's 1 little party that ain't in no hurry to see me go and I wished you could see her look at me Al and you would say its to bad I am a married man with 2 kids.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Aug. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't suppose this will reach you any sooner then if I took it with me and mailed it when I get home but I haven't nothing to do for a few hrs. so I might as well be writeing you the news.

Well old pal I am homewards bound as they say as the war is Feeney as far as I am conserned and I am sailing tonight along with a lot of the other boys that's being sent home for good and when I look at some of the rest of them I guess I am lucky to be in as good a shape as I am. I am O.K. only for my arm and wile it won't never be as good as it was I can probably get to use it pretty good in a few months and all as I can say is thank god it is my left arm and not the old souper that use to stand Cobb and them on their head and it will stand them on their head again Al as soon as this war is over and I guess I won't half to go begging to Comiskey to give me another chance after what I have done as even if I couldn't pitch up a alley I would be a money maker for them just setting on the bench and showing myself after this.

Well we are saying good by to old France and I don't know how the rest of the boys feels but I am not haveing no trouble controling myself and when it comes down to cases Al the shoe is on the other ft. and what I am getting at is that France ought to be the 1 that hates to see us leave as I doubt if they will ever get a bunch of spenders like us over here again.

Well Al it certainly seems quite down here in this old sea port town after what we have been through and it seems like I can still hear them big guns roar and them riffles crack and etc. and I feel like I ought to keep my head down all the wile and keep out of the snippers way and I could all most shut my eyes and imagine I was back there again in that he—ll hole but I know I'm not Al as I don't itch.

Well Al my wounds isn't the only reason I am comeing home but they's another reason and that is that they want some of us poplar idles to help rouse up the public on this here next liberty loan and I don't mind it as they have promised to send me home to Chi and I can be with Florrie and the kids. I will do what I can Al though I can't figure where the public would need any rouseing up and they certainly wouldn't if they had of been through what I have been through and maybe some of the other boys to. It takes jack to run a war Al even if us boys don't get none of it or what we do get they either send it home to our wife or take it away from us in a crap game.

Well old pal I left the hospital the day before yesterday and that was the only time I felt like crying since they told me I was going home and it wasn't so much for myself Al but that poor little nurse and you would of felt like crying to if you could of seen the look she give me. Her name is Charlotte Warren and she lives in Minneapolis and expects to go right back there after she is through over here but that don't do me no good as a married man with a couple children has got something better to do besides flirting with a pretty little nurse and besides I won't never pitch ball in Minneapolis as I expect to quit the game when I am about 40.

Well Al some of the boys wants to say their farewells to the Vin Rouge and the la la las and I will half to close and I will write again as soon as I get home and tell you what the baby gal looks like though they's only the 1 way she could look and that's good.

Well here is good by to France and good luck to all the boys that's going to stay over here and Simple Simon with the rest of them and I suppose I ought to of got a few souvenirs off him to bring home with me. But I guess at that I will be carrying a souvenir of this war for a long wile Al and its better then any of them foney ones he has got as the 1 I have got shows I was realy in it and done my bit for old Glory and the U. S. A. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here I am back in old Chi and feeling pretty good only for my arm and my left leg is still stiff yet and I caught a mean cold comeing across the old pond but what is a few little things like that as the main thing is being home.

Well old pal they wasn't nothing happened on the trip across the old pond only it took a whole lot to long and believe me old N. Y. looked good but believe me I wouldn't waist no time in N. Y. only long enough to climb outside a big steak and the waiter had to cut it up for me but even the waiters treated us fine and everywheres we showed up the people was wild about us and cheered and clapped and it sounded like old times when I use to walk out there to warm up.

Well we hit N.Y. in the A.M. and left that night and got here last eve. and I didn't leave Florrie know just when I was comeing as I wanted to supprise her. Well Al I ought to of wired ahead and told her to go easy on my poor old arm because when she opened the door and seen me she give a running hop step and jump and dam near killed me. So then she seen my arm in a sling and cried and cried and she says "Oh my poor boy what have you been through." So I says "Well you have been through something yourself so its 50 50 only I got this from a German."

Well Al little Al was the cutest thing you ever seen and he grabbed me by the good hand and rushed me in to where the little stranger was laying and she was asleep but we broke the rules for once and all and all it was some party and she is some little gal Al and pretty as a picture and when you can say that for a 3 mos. old its going some as the most of them looks like a French breakfast.

Well I finely happened to think of Sister Marie and I asked where she was at and Florrie says she had went back to Texas so I says tough luck and Florrie says I needn't get so gay the 1st. evening home and she says "Any way we have still got a Marie in the house as that is what I call the baby." So I says "Well you can think of her that way but her name ain't going to be that as I don't like the name." So she says what name did I like and I pretended like I was thinking a wile and finely I says what is the matter with Charlotte. Well Al you will half to hand it to the women for detectives as I hadn't no sooner said the name when she says "Oh no you can't come home and name my baby after none of your French nurses." And I hadn't told her nothing about a nurse.

Well any way I says I had met a whole lot more Maries then Charlottes in France and she says had I met any Florries and I said no and that was realy the name I had picked out for the kid. So she says well she didn't like the name herself but it was the only name I could pick out that she wouldn't be suspicious of it so the little gal is named after her mother Al and if she only grows up ½ as pretty as her old lady it won't make no differents if she has got a funny name.

Well Al have you noticed what direction the Dutchmens is makeing their drive in now? They started going the other way the 18 of July and it was 2 days ahead of that time that our regt. was moved over to the war and now they are running them ragged. Well Al I wished I was there to help but even if I was worth a dam to fight I couldn't very well leave home just now. Your pal, JACK.

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THE LION'S DEN

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THERE were moments when the Reverend Sam Webster was about ready to believe that, as a vital force in a community, no adequate substitute has been found for old-fashioned hell-fire. There were moments when he doubted whether it was possible ever to make the love of God as compelling a motive for righteousness as the fear of God. At the beginning of his second year in this, his first parish, those moments were coming with increasing frequency.

Webster had come to Lancashire filled with the zest of youth, a clean big heart and an honest desire to make the town better for his activities. He was willing to preach, but he was not content to let his efforts rest there. He wished to see some tangible results in the shape of happier lives. He was willing to do the routine work of the parish, though it consumed so much time; but he wanted to watch it pay in better living conditions. And that is where it seemed to him he had failed utterly.

From behind his battle-scarred pulpit, where for over fifty years one man after another had stood and fought his earnest best, he overlooked every Sunday a congregation that but sparsely filled the wooden pews—a congregation handed down to him like an inheritance constituting part of the furnishings of this house of the Lord. They included, to be sure, most of the best men of the town, and their wives and their sons and their daughters—even some grandsons and granddaughters; but as they had been turned over to him, inventoried, so after a year they stood to-day. They were neither more nor less. They were neither better nor worse. They were, as individuals and as a unit, of no more importance to the community at large than when he came here.

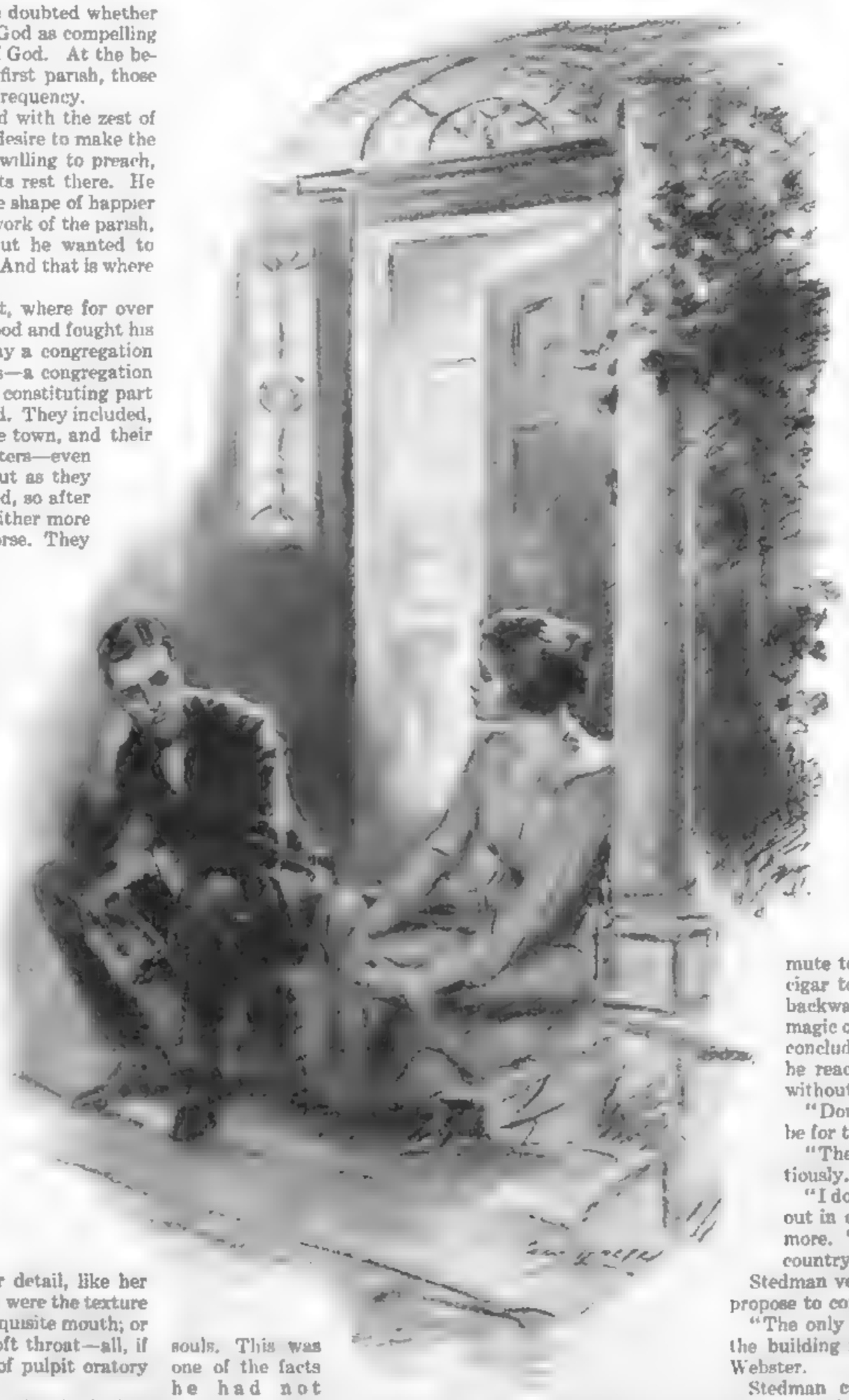
Nor was he. Sunday after Sunday he had put the best of himself into his appeals to make the brotherhood of man a living truth to be practiced, and he had succeeded only in making himself eloquent. He looked down into critically intelligent eyes that responded approvingly to his genuine outbursts of passion as they might silently applaud some skilled actor. And that was true of the brightest and most fascinating of all those eyes—the summer-blue eyes of Dorothy Stedman, who sat in such dainty contrast to the grim figure of her father. It was against Webster's wishes that he talked so much into those eyes. There was never a Sunday morning that he did not resolve to avoid them; never a Sunday when he did not end by seeing them smile back at his futile effort.

To be sure, she occupied the center pew in the center aisle and was flanked by all the other most important members of the church; but to claim that as an excuse was mere evasion. The girl was disconcertingly attractive, whether in church or out of it. The chances were that if he had managed to escape her eyes he would then have been forced to acknowledge some minor detail, like her pertly stylish bonnet, or her cheeks, which were the texture of rose-leaves, or her small nose, or her exquisite mouth; or maybe the cameo pin she wore at her soft throat—all, if one had no choice, less worthy objects of pulpit oratory than her eyes.

Webster had been obliged to turn to her often in the last few months in the matter of raising money for one thing and another. It was an extremely distasteful necessity. He never did it until he had exhausted more of his own salary allowance than he had any business to do; but, even so, that sum never took him very far. The next step was to canvass the many who could give a little, though that left him feeling like a professional beggar.

The final step, when the need was great, was to go to her with, of course, the expectation that she would in turn go to her father. It was a tricky bit of business, even admitting that Stedman, as owner of the leading grocery store in town, could well afford to give. The fact, however, was that he would not unless she wheedled it out of him. And Webster did not like that sort of business. He was against wheedling of any sort.

This whole problem of money begging galled him. He chafed under it constantly. And yet there was no way of escaping it. The current expenses were always met; but there were so many more calls. And so many more beyond those—urgent calls that concerned human lives, even souls. This was one of the facts he had not learned in the theological school. They had taught him how to feed men's souls, but not their bodies. In theology the two were unrelated. Apparently they were unrelated in the minds of the members of his own parish.



"Please Never Quote to Dad About the Camel and the Needle's Eye. It Makes Him Very Cross"

That was the difficulty. In a fashion it had been preached to them. Jesus had thrust the money changers out of the temple. And the text ran: "No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon." So the temple was to be kept free of all taint of money. It was to be a refuge for purely spiritual needs, including those of the money changers on the days when they were not changing money. Stedman did not approve of any form of social-service work conducted by the church.

"The church is for the gospel," he declared in his flat-footed way.

And yet Webster could not see where the gospel was reaching him. While others, those with breaking hearts and heavy burdens and supplicating hands—well, there are times when the gospel can be only a proffered stone if bread is needed.

Webster got all worked up overnight on a scheme to build in town a boys' club after the Y. M. C. A. plan. It was needed to offset the influence of the pool rooms. He had discovered a lot of things those pool rooms were doing to the boys in town. It was practically their only meeting place outside of school hours on days when they could not play outdoors. The older men the youngsters ran across there were not good for them.

Webster's idea was to build a substantial structure, which should contain a gymnasium, possibly a bowling alley—even a few pool tables and shower baths. Upstairs he would have a library and game room. As far as possible he wanted the boys to conduct the enterprise themselves. He would charge a small fee—enough so that the members would respect their privileges—and have it absolutely nonsectarian. From time to time he would secure prominent men in various professions and branches of business to give the boys practical talks. There was no end to the possibilities for good that might come through such an organization.

The idea furnished Webster with just the outlet he needed for his own pent-up energies. He fairly boiled over with enthusiasm. He did not stop to figure the cost, but placing it as round five thousand dollars—what difference in the world did a thousand or two dollars make on such a proposition as this?—he went to see Stedman himself.

During the half hour he talked Webster seemed to forget utterly the past history of the man. He thought of him only as one in position to finance the whole thing if he chose. It was inconceivable that he should not choose.

Grimly puffing a black cigar Stedman sat back and listened. A man could not have done otherwise, for Webster was at his best. Never in the pulpit had he been so eloquent as he was then. As mute testimony to the fact Stedman allowed his cigar to go out and, with head inclined a little backward, surrendered himself completely to the magic of Webster's words. When the young man concluded he roused himself with a start. Then he reached for a match and relighted his cigar without a word of comment.

"Don't you see what a fine thing it's going to be for the boys?" inquired Webster.

"The way you tell it," nodded Stedman cautiously.

"I don't think I've exaggerated. It's been tried out in cities and accomplished all I've said, and more. The need of it is really just as great in the country towns."

Stedman ventured no comment on this. He did not propose to commit himself in the slightest.

"The only thing that prevents us from starting on the building right away is lack of money," declared Webster.

Stedman couldn't suppress a smile at that naïve statement—his thin lips barely separating.

"That's all that ever prevents a man from starting anything, isn't it?" he suggested.

"It does seem to be a pretty important element," admitted Webster.

"Right!"

"On the other hand, about all money is good for is to start things with, isn't it?"

"That's for every man to decide for himself," Stedman replied ominously.

In spite of this warning Webster persisted. It seemed to him as though his whole pastorate was on trial. If, as the result of this year's work, he had not been able to make the truths he had been preaching enough a part of this man's life to induce him to interest himself in a practical way in an undertaking with such prospects for good as this, then he had failed even more completely than he feared. He had tried his best to make the church a vital factor in Stedman's everyday life; his business life. If he

(Continued on Page 28)

IT is interesting to note how people talk of the Hupmobile as though it were an unusual *kind* of a motor car, in a class of its own.

It is not classed as a four-cylinder car, but almost always referred to in terms of its remarkable performance.

The explanation is, of course, that such results are not usual in the four-cylinder type.

Were it not for the refinements of eleven years, the Hupmobile would be merely a good four-cylinder car—but not *The Comfort Car.*

(Continued from Page 26)

had succeeded the man would realize his obligation. Here was the test.

Webster leaned forward a little and spoke without equivocation.

"Mr. Stedman," he said quietly, "I came to you hoping that you might want to take over the whole proposition."

"Eh?" snapped the man.

"You've been in business here in town all your life. You've made money. The total amount I need would not entail any great sacrifice upon you, would it?"

"What of it?" growled Stedman.

"Doesn't this appeal to you as an opportunity?"

"I don't have to look very hard for opportunities to give away money."

"If you did there wouldn't be any particular satisfaction in having money, would there?"

"Well, I wouldn't have any if I listened to everyone who came along asking for it—that's sure!"

"Do you think there's anything pleasant in having to ask for it?" inquired Webster with an expression that made Stedman look up.

"It seems to be fairly easy, anyhow."

"Well, it isn't," returned Webster emphatically. "It would be easier to go out and earn it if a man had the chance."

Stedman accepted that challenge. It sounded to him like a good opening for escape.

"There's no law against a man earning money," he suggested. "If some of you charity fellows tried it for a while it might give you a new point of view."

Webster made no reply; which gave Stedman the impression that he had him. Like a good strategist he followed up his advantage.

"It's easy enough for you to sit in your study and think up ways of spending five thousand dollars; but if you had to get out and earn that amount maybe you wouldn't feel so free and careless about it. Five thousand dollars is a good deal of money, young man. It stands for a lot of thought and hard work. Dollars don't grow on bushes—not round here. You have to make 'em—cent by cent."

"And yet," said Webster thoughtfully, "you've been able to make a good many of them in the last few years."

"I've made them—yes," returned Stedman. "No one ever gave me any that I can remember. I got out and hustled for them; and I have to get out and hustle to-day. Sitting still and thinking wouldn't get me anywhere. You can write sermons that way, but you can't make money. And that's all right. It's as it should be. Every man to his trade. But I don't see where you have any more right to come down here and tell me how to spend my money than I have to come up to your study and tell you how to preach your sermons. I've never done that, have I?"

"No," answered Webster. "I'm not sure, however, that it wouldn't be a pretty good idea. You ought to be able to give me some sound, practical suggestions."

"Well, I haven't. And I won't. I don't believe in interfering with any man's business."

"Helping isn't the same as interfering."

"Comes pretty near amounting to the same thing in most cases," declared Stedman. "And it certainly does when you try to combine business and religion. It can't be done! The two things are separate and were meant to be separate. Didn't Jesus turn the money changers out of the temple?"

"Yes," nodded Webster with a grim smile at his own recollections.

"I'm not criticizing that. I approve of it. The temple was no place for them to do business. But it's only fair and square for the preachers, in their turn, to keep on their side of the fence. Then on the seventh day let the two get together."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Webster. "Is that all the church means to you?"

"It can mean something and mean only that," replied Stedman. "I've liked your sermons. If I hadn't I wouldn't have listened to them."

"But what good have they done?" persisted Webster.

"About twenty-five dollars' worth in this case," concluded Stedman. "I'll make out a check for that amount."

Webster rose. He faced the man aggressively.

"Don't bother," he said quietly.

"Eh?" gasped Stedman.

"I mean it. If I've got to plead with four men for every hundred dollars as I've pleaded with you, that means two hundred and ninety-nine men for the five thousand. I won't do it! It's too humiliating. I'm through with this sort of thing."

Stedman appeared disturbed.

"You're going to drop the Boys' Club?"

"No. I'm going to try to figure out some way of earning the money."

"Going into business?" he questioned with a return of his good humor.

"I might. I don't believe it would be any harder than begging. Certainly it ought to be pleasanter."

"My boy," grinned Stedman, "I wish you luck!"

"Thanks; but you don't do business on luck, do you?"

"Then let me say I wish you success."

"Thanks again; but if I win that it will be because I deserve it."

Stedman's eyes narrowed.

This was not the sort of talk one expected of a minister. There was altogether too independent a note in it. He was not sure he liked it.

Apparently Webster did not care whether he did or not, for with a curt "Good evening!" he walked out. As he started down the front steps Dorothy rose from a chair on the piazza and came toward him with laughing eyes.

"You ought to let me handle dad for you—always," she whispered. "I'll bet you didn't get what you wanted."

"No," he admitted; "I didn't."

"It Would Do Dad Good to be Beaten for Once in His Life—in a Good Cause"

"Sit down here a moment on the front step and tell me about it."

She pointed to a place beside her and reluctantly he obeyed.

"How much did you go after this time?" she asked sweetly.

"Five thousand dollars," he replied.

She gave a low whistle of surprise.

"My stars, you were reckless!" she exclaimed with something like admiration. "How much of the five thousand did you get?"

"He offered me twenty-five dollars."

"Well, that wasn't so bad—for dad."

"I refused it."

"You—you what?"

"I wouldn't take it."

She was sorry that they were not in the light where she could see him better. There was a new quality in his voice—a determination in his face that was rather thrilling. She had never before seen him like this. It was as though he was not any longer the minister—just a man.

"You dared do that?" she exclaimed.

"Why shouldn't I? He hasn't bought me, body and soul, with his money."

"I know; but twenty-five dollars is twenty-five dollars. You ought to have taken that. Then I might have gotten another twenty-five."

"Yes—but how?"

"By coaxing," she admitted.

"That's it," he broke out. "I go round begging and you go round coaxing. It isn't decent. It isn't fair or right to you or to me or to him. And it's just the same with the others. I've been through it all until I'm tired of it. It would take a year to raise the money—a year of begging and wheedling, and church fairs and social entertainments that are worse than either. Why, the last time we had to stoop to grab bags and lotteries—out-and-out gambling! The other features came pretty near the line of obtaining money under false pretenses. If the church had not been promoting them we'd have been arrested—and deserved it. In the year or more I've been here we've never sold a ticket to anything where, under ordinary conditions, people would not have demanded their money back."

"It was for charity," she interrupted.

"I know," he ran on; "good charities—worthy charities every one of them. We needed the money badly and we've used every cent of it honestly. But what of that? Would the way I spent it justify me in breaking into the savings bank for what I need?

"This whole problem of money is a serious one," he went on thoughtfully. "And it's getting more serious every day. I think if Jesus were here now he'd talk a lot more about it than he did before."

"Please never quote to dad about the camel and the needle's eye. It makes him very cross."

"I don't wonder," declared Webster. "The church has always taken an aggressive attitude toward the rich man—and then been forced to get down on all fours and beg for the crumbs from the rich man's table. We've come to associate money with evil. I suppose that's only natural enough, because there's no doubt much of it has been ill-gotten and ill-spent.

"But that's only as true of money as it is of any other source of power. Money is power—the most universal and democratic power in the world. If it's a power for evil, it's just as much a power for good. That's what the church has lost sight of."

"You're preaching now," she said regretfully.

"No—I'm just groping. I—I think I'm getting hold of an idea. I've been blaming business men for not understanding the church better; but I'm not sure that half the blame does not rest with the church for not understanding business better.

"After all, the two have a lot of things in common. The trouble is that neither realizes it."

"You're still preaching," she insisted.

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded. "I'm coming to something. It helps—to think out loud here beside you. Do you mind?"

He was not preaching when he said that. She colored.

"No; but there isn't much satisfaction in helping by just keeping quiet."

"You see," he went on, "I've been holding too much to one point of view. All I've thought about has been how to use business in the church; now what I'd like to try is using the church in business." He paused. "Do you understand?"

"It sounds as though you were proposing to go into business yourself," she replied diffidently.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "It's what I told your father."

"Selling things?"

"Certainly—that's what business means."

"But what in the world have you got to sell?" she inquired.

"I'll have to find something."

"Books?" She shuddered.

"No," he answered emphatically.

She appeared relieved.

"The trouble is, a church doesn't have anything to sell," she mused. "Of course there're marriages and funerals; but you couldn't do very much to promote marriages, and if you increased your business in funerals you wouldn't be popular. Besides, how could you?"

"I'm serious," he chided her.

"Well?"

"Supposing I were a young man ——"

"You are, aren't you?"

"A young man just coming to town, with his way to make."

"You'd probably try to get a job with dad. Most of them do."

(Continued on Page 30)

Goods Must Move On Time

THE RAPID, uninterrupted flow of goods from maker to market is essential.

DELAYS ARE COSTLY. A long-wearing tire contributes to the guarantee against delay.

FISK TRUCK TIRES, solid or pneumatic, are *long-wearing*.

CONSTANTLY INCREASING sales prove the confidence of careful buyers.

MADE in all types for every use.

WHEN in need of truck tires—buy Fisk.

WEST STREET, NORTH RIVER FRONT, NEW YORK CITY—The 1918 picture indicates how the manufacturer within a radius of fifty miles can save time and labor over his methods of ten years ago, by delivering directly to the pier by motor truck without rehandling. In 1908 he shipped to New York by freight or express over the railroads and his goods were rehandled by horse-drawn wagons from the terminal to the ship.

FISK TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

"That wouldn't be a bad idea—only I don't want a job; I want a business."

"Then you'd probably buy that little grocery store on the hill and try to compete with dad. A lot of them have done that."

"A lot of them?"

"They always lose their money, and end by offering stock, fixtures and goodwill at cost."

"They fail?"

"I saw a sign up there to-day."

Webster frowned. It might have been Stedman speaking. She roused in him the same spirit of aggressiveness.

"There ought to be room in this town for another grocery store," he answered.

"Not with dad on the job," she countered.

"I'd like to try it."

He sounded serious. As a matter of fact one of the foiled ambitions of his boyhood had been to be a grocery man. He liked to do up bundles and he enjoyed the smell of coffee. But in many other ways this idea she had so lightly suggested appealed to him. It was, in the first place, like a challenge from Stedman.

Here was a chance to meet the man on his own ground. Perhaps this was not an altogether worthy motive; but there it was. He could no more account for it than he could explain his reason for singling out Stedman from his whole congregation to shoulder the blame for the shortcomings of all the other male members, none of whom were any better and many of whom were worse. He certainly was unjust if influenced to this by the daughter.

Webster got on his feet.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "I should like to try it!"

"And give up your church?" she asked anxiously.

"No; I don't see any need of that. I ought to be able to preach all the better sermons for knowing my people better—not only the people in my own church but all the others. I'm just going to give up the begging. I'm going to take the time I put into that and put it into earning. That's the only difference."

"If you're going to beat dad you'll need all your time."

"I don't want to beat dad," he smiled. "I want to share with him—that's all. I'll have to find someone to help me in the store, of course; but that ought to be easy."

She looked up at him.

"You make it sound very attractive," she admitted.

He hesitated a moment. Then he said in a low voice: "You have your obligations to your dad, and you're going to be faithful to them. That's you. And a grocery store is no place for you; but if things were different——" He paused.

"Yes?" she asked eagerly.

"I'd give you a job; and, together, we'd win."

In the dark she could hear the west wind rustling the maple leaves. In the dark she could hear her heart beating. She caught her breath.

"Good night," she said quickly. "Good night and good luck!"

This time he felt as though, business or not, that wish meant something.

II

IT WAS still early and this was the evening when all the village stores remained open. Instead of turning back to his study the Reverend Sam Webster continued along High Street and down the hill. A few moments later he was standing before a two-story building, the lower story occupied, as the sign indicated, by A. P. Jarvis, Grocer. As far as Webster could see Jarvis was at that moment the sole occupant of the store. The two show windows were dusty and dirty, and across one of them hung the ominous sign: For Sale.

The owner was still doing business, or, at least, was holding himself in readiness to do business, for the interior was lighted by several kerosene lamps and the door was open. As Webster entered a stout, bald-headed man, with a round, weary-looking face, came forward more as though it were a matter of habit than because he took any particular interest in so doing. He waited patiently while Webster looked about.

On the left stood a counter with, at one end, a battered show case containing a few half empty and several entirely empty boxes of penny sweets; on the right of that was a case with a few cigars in it; then an interval of counter with, at the other end, a set of scales. Back of the counter the shelves were as sparsely occupied as the pews in his church on a rainy Sunday.

On the opposite side of the store stood a second counter, quite as uninteresting as the first. A few cases of wilted vegetables were propped against it, and beside them several half barrels of potatoes and apples. On the shelves back of these there were odds and ends of extract bottles, table dishes and agateware; also a miscellaneous collection of crackers in battered tins.

Webster gathered a very clean-cut impression that if he had stepped in here for the purpose of making a purchase he would have immediately turned round and stepped out again. The man did not need his For Sale sign outside. It was written over every detail of the store itself. Failure, dismal, listless failure, hung like a fog about the place. It shrouded even the owner.

"How," exclaimed Webster, expressing his own thoughts without any preliminary introduction, "how did you ever get into such a condition as this?"

Jarvis blinked his eyes as though he had been given a jolt in the ribs.

"What's that you say?" he asked.

"I saw your sign in the window," explained Webster; "so I knew you were going out of business. But I didn't know you had got so far out."

"Trade hasn't been very brisk for some time," admitted Jarvis.

"Are you Mr. Jarvis?" inquired Webster.

"That's my name."

"My name is Webster. I wanted to see what sort of a proposition you had here."

"Oh!" responded Jarvis with growing interest. "Well, now, it ain't as bad as it looks. You see, I haven't been very well myself—rheumatiz all the spring—and I ain't been able to hire help good for anything; so the store's got sort of run down. But, with a good, pert man to take hold, a young man like yourself, it might be made somethin'. Honest, it might! An' I'm ready to make the price right—stock an' goodwill."

"How long have you been here?"

"Little over one year. The lease has got three years to run."

Jarvis, then, must have come to town about the same time Webster did. They were contemporaries. It was a curious thought that led Webster to wonder whether, if his own stock in trade could be spread out before the eyes of the world as this was, it would show up any better. It served to make him a little less aggressive.

"I'm not experienced in this business," said Webster, "so I don't know just how you'd go about placing a value on it."

"Well, the books are in there—if you're really interested."

"I am."

"You can go over them and you'll see where I got a pretty good start, and then things fell off. Of course I ain't real pert, as I said, and a younger man could have got out more. Still, I done pretty fair—pretty fair."

"You say the business fell off after the first few months."

"It did—kinder," admitted Jarvis uncomfortably.

"And you lay that wholly to your own ill health?"

"Mostly. But, of course —— You a stranger in town?"

"No."

"Of course Stedman's store has got a pretty strong hold; but I done a cash business and so could sell cheap—until he began to crowd the prices down."

"Below where he could make any money himself?"

Jarvis met the direct eyes looking straight down into his.

"Yes—if you want the truth."

"Then it's Stedman rather than your own health that is responsible for the loss of business?"

"It's pretty hard for a little feller to beat that game," admitted Jarvis. For a moment his face lighted. "But, by Gad, it would be worth doin' if you could!" he exclaimed. "If I was your age and had the capital I'd 'a' given him a run fer his money. There's plenty round here that don't like him."

"Your goodwill consists mostly of hate?"

"If you wanter put it that way," snapped Jarvis, who seemed slowly to be coming to life. "But who are you?"

"My name's Webster."

"You ain't the Reverend Sam Webster?"

"Yes."

"Jehoshaphat! That don't say much fer my churchgoin', does it?" Jarvis assumed a confidential air: "Have they fired you—up there?"

"Not yet."

"Ain't Stedman a member of your church?"

"Yes," answered Webster, without being sure whether the admission would count for or against him.

"Then, what in thunder——" Jarvis shook his head without finishing. The situation was too much for him.

"Let's get back to business," suggested Webster. "I don't see that you have anything here but your stock and fixtures and lease. How much do you want for them?"

Jarvis took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket.

"I've got eight hundred dollars' worth of stock that I'll sell for five; the fixtures cost me four, and I'll let them go for two; the lease amounts to one hundred a year. Five and two and three is one thousand."

"One thousand," nodded Webster. "How much more money would it take to stock the store properly?"

"Of course there's no limit," answered Jarvis; "but if you had two thousand to put in you could have everything first class."

"Then this calls for an investment of three thousand?"

"Round that."

"And what would you call a fair return?"

"There's no limit to that either. It all depends upon how fast you turn your money. You can net from six to eight per cent on most things. Do that six or seven times a year and you've made from forty to fifty per cent on your money. That's the whole trick—turning your money. And that depends on your prices and on you."

"The prices and you?" repeated Webster. "Stedman interfered with your prices, you say; but what about yourself?"

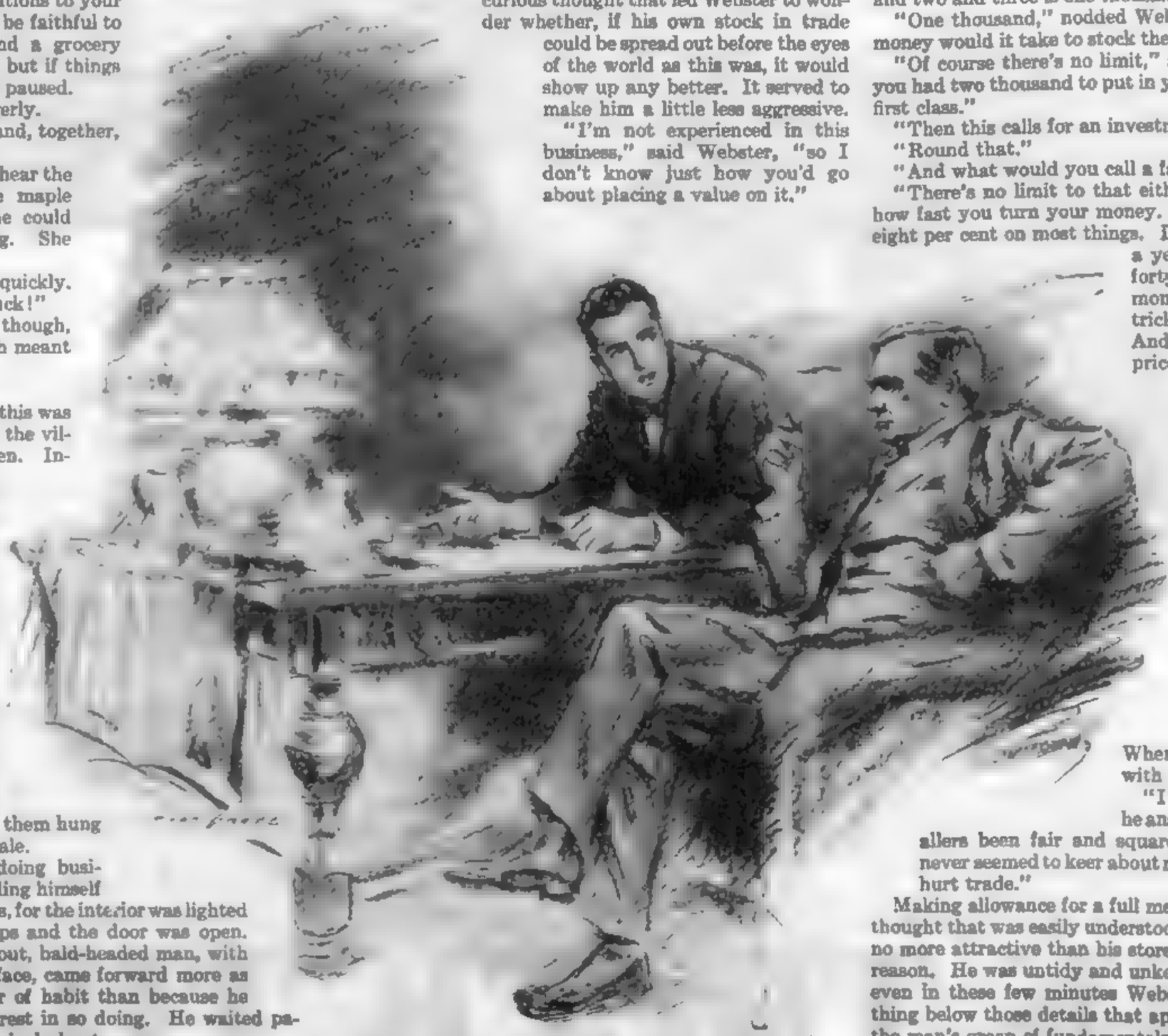
"Me?" questioned Jarvis.

"You."

Jarvis glanced up at Webster and then round the empty store, then out the door and then back to Webster. He acted like a man hesitating over an unpleasant confession. When he finally spoke it was with a note of pathos.

"I know the business end," he answered slowly. "And I've allers been fair and square. But somehow people never seemed to keer about me pussonally. An' that's hurt trade."

Making allowance for a full measure of charity Webster thought that was easily understood. Jarvis personally was no more attractive than his store, and for much the same reason. He was untidy and unkempt and slack. And yet even in these few minutes Webster had glimpsed something below those details that appealed to him. He liked the man's grasp of fundamentals and his ability to recognize his own weakness.



"There's No Law Against a Man Earning Money. If Some of You Charity Fellows Tried It for a While It Might Give You a New Point of View"

(Continued on Page 32)

A Tire Service that Covers the Map

No matter where you drive, you are seldom—if ever—outside our range of service.

And wherever you happen to be, you can depend on our Sales and Service Depot Dealer. He knows tires as a sailor knows his compass.

Moreover, he has entered into an agreement with us to serve you in many important ways—to do it to the best of his ability.

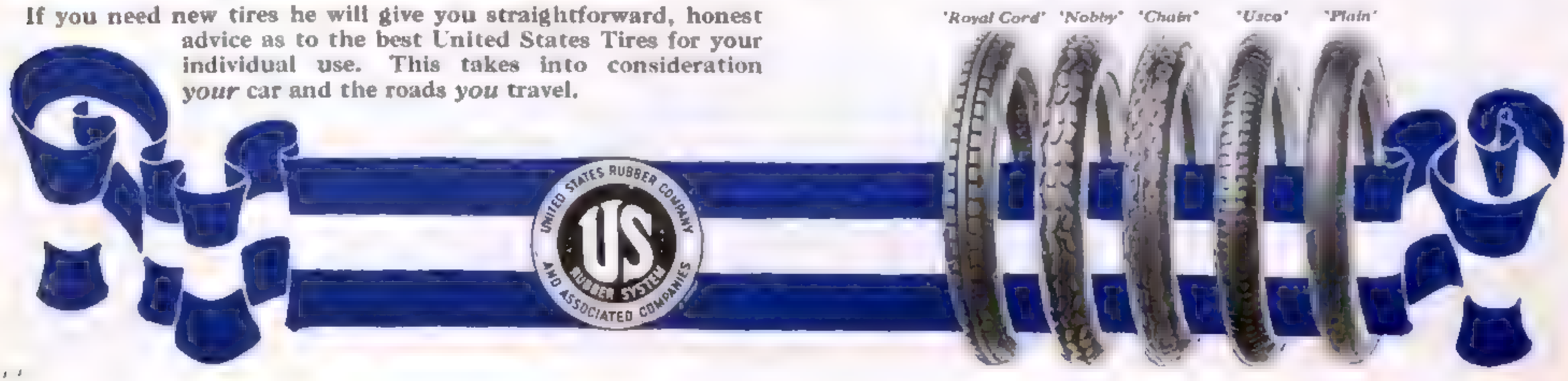
He will test the air pressure in your tires, furnish air when you need it, see that your wheels are properly aligned, and in many other ways make his experience valuable to you.

If you need new tires he will give you straightforward, honest advice as to the best United States Tires for your individual use. This takes into consideration *your* car and the roads *you* travel.

He is in a position to be unbiased in this matter. For the line of United States Tires, which he carries, includes tires built to meet—*and meet to a nicety*—any possible need for tires.

There are five distinct types for passenger and light delivery cars as well as both pneumatic and solid tires for trucks. Among them *you* will find just the ones you need.

There are many thousands of United States Sales and Service Depot Dealers throughout the country. The nearest one will gladly aid you in selecting the proper tires for your own individual use.



(Continued from Page 30)

"Jarvis," he said, "I have a notion you and I might be able to pull together. You know this business and I don't. On the other hand, I have a scheme or two in mind for getting trade. Supposing I can raise enough money to put this store on its feet, would you be willing to come in with me?"

"With you!" exclaimed Jarvis.

"We don't know very much about each other, to be sure; and, of course, until I get the money the whole proposition is up in the air. But if you want to remove that sign in the window and wait a few days—why, I'll take my end of the chance."

"You—with me?"

"Why not?"

"It would be a—a sort of queer combination, wouldn't it?"

"I might turn out better than you think," smiled Webster.

"Oh, Lord! It ain't that I'm thinkin' of. It's me. Look at me!"

"I'm looking at you."

Jarvis glanced up to see. He saw the erect, smooth-faced young minister standing before him as man before man. He tried to straighten his own round shoulders a bit and some of the weariness vanished from his eyes. Then he turned and, with a semblance of briskness, walked across the store and took down the For Sale sign.

"I reckon I'd better clean them winders in the morning," he said as he came back.

III

THE agreement Webster drew up with Jarvis was in effect an equal partnership—Jarvis to contribute the present stock and fixtures of the store, with his services, and Webster to put in two thousand dollars of new capital borrowed on a note from an uncle. Jarvis was to be allowed to draw fifteen dollars a week against his half share of possible profits and leave the direct management of the business to Webster. It was Jarvis' suggestion that the sign over the door should be changed to read: Samuel Webster & Company.

"Nothing like startin' fresh all round!" he affirmed.

For a moment Webster hesitated over that; and then, ashamed of his hesitance, he consented. There was no reason why he should not come out in the open. His name was displayed in modest gilt letters on the church; and, though to strangers it might appear rather startling to find the same name over a village grocery store, he saw no rational ground for objection. He meant to make that name stand for the same principles on both structures.

Jarvis, after having cleaned both windows until they shone like plate glass, found that this had let in so much light that he was left with no alternative but to sweep the whole store. That was a good beginning; but from Webster's point of view it was only a beginning.

"Jarvis," he said, "our first job is to make this store as spotless as my church. I believe the women in town will like that. If they don't it will be a good object lesson, anyhow."

On the opening day, two weeks later, Webster arranged his church work so that he could put all his time into the renovated store. He was needed there. From seven o'clock in the morning until six that night both he and Jarvis had all they could attend to. There was scarcely a person who went downtown who did not drop in for some sort of a purchase, no matter how small. Mrs. Simmons stopped there and purchased of Webster personally a pound of prunes. Perhaps she voiced the sentiment of a good many when she said:

"I declare! I didn't need the prunes more'n a cat needs two tails, but it was worth the price just to see a parson a-doin' of 'em up."

But if she expected to find the parson flabbergasted she was doomed to disappointment. In his immaculate white coat he stood behind the counter with quite as professional an air as Jarvis. He greeted everyone with a smile and everyone he knew by name. When he did not recognize a man or woman he made it a point to inquire who they were. After filling the order he repeated the name as though he had known it all his life—as in the case of Mrs. Simmons.

"I hope to see you again, Mrs. Simmons."

That good lady, who belonged to the Methodist Church and who, if the truth were known, had anticipated a certain malign pleasure in seeing the pastor of another faith placed in this humble position, actually blushed and, in her confusion, went on and ordered five pounds of sugar to go with the prunes. He handed her that with the question:

"Anything more, Mrs. Simmons?"

Only the fact that she was pressed aside by another eager customer saved her from ordering still more.

Nor was her experience in any way peculiar. In the numerous conferences that were held in the course of the day after the introductory question "Have you been up to the new store?" the unanimous verdict was not only that the store itself was most attractive, but that the parson himself was doing himself proud. Even Jarvis came in for an approval that was not wholly in the nature of reflected glory. Clean-shaved and alert, he was like another man.

The business held during this first week and into the second with a consistence that filled Webster with unbounded enthusiasm. Several times it had been necessary to order by wire a replenishment of certain articles. Figured roughly, he was doing a business that promised at the rate of ten thousand dollars, net profit, a year. This would leave, as his share, five thousand—more money three times over than he had raised by begging since he accepted his call! If this kept up he ought to feel warranted in actually beginning building operations on the clubhouse within six months.

"If this keeps up!" Jarvis nodded in warning.

"You old pessimist!" laughed Webster. "We'll keep it up. That's all there is to it."

"Lord knows it suits me," returned Jarvis. "But we ain't heard from Stedman yet."

With every moment occupied, Webster had almost forgotten not only Stedman but also his daughter.

It was in the next issue of the Lancashire Herald that Stedman openly declared war, though on the surface there was nothing to show it. He merely published a list of staples with price quotations for the week. They ran from two to five cents a pound below the selling prices of Samuel Webster & Company. By that much they also ran below what any retailer could sell for and make an honest profit. Stedman was sacrificing his profit to an end.

"He's off!" was Jarvis' curt comment.

Webster scanned the list.

"How long can he keep that up?" he demanded.

"Longer'n you and me—if it comes to that," replied Jarvis with a brief return of his worried look.

"I know; but it isn't [illegible]."

"It's Stedman."

Webster frowned.

"I don't like this sort of thing," he declared. "It isn't fair to anyone. It hurts him, it hurts us and it hurts the community."

"It's legal enough if that's what you mean," answered Jarvis.

"Oh, I know that; but if people understood ——"

He paused and thought a moment.

"Do you know, Jarvis, I believe if the people themselves understood what he's up to they wouldn't stand for it!"

"You mean they wouldn't trade with him?"

"They wouldn't leave us."

"They'll trade where they can buy cheapest," affirmed Jarvis. "That's all they care about it."

"I don't believe that," returned Webster with conviction. "They expect a man to make a fair profit. They are willing he should."

"What did they do to me?"

"Well, prices weren't the only issue in your case. We have a first-class store here now and we're selling first-class goods. People appreciate that sort of thing. We've played fair and I'm going one step farther and let them know just what we're making."

"Eh?" gasped Jarvis.

"Next week I'm going to publish the wholesale and retail prices of that same list of goods Stedman is offering, so that they can judge for themselves."

"Good Lord!" exploded Jarvis. "That's like turning over our books to them."

"Why not? There's nothing in the books to be ashamed of. It will give people a chance to figure out just what Stedman's motive is."

"What in thunder do they care?" repeated Jarvis skeptically. "All they see is that they can go down there and buy cheaper than they can buy here."

Certainly that week the sales fell off rapidly. Everyone's curiosity had by this time been pretty well satisfied; and, though the cleanliness of the store held a few who could afford to indulge themselves in this luxury, the stream of trade moved steadily past the door of Samuel Webster & Company, and down the hill to Stedman's. In the next issue of the Herald Webster kept his promise and made the following announcement:

"To the Public

"We have opened our new store for the purpose of making a fair profit, but no more than a fair profit. In order that every customer may judge for himself whether we are asking higher prices than should reasonably be expected, we are publishing the wholesale cost of all our goods in a column parallel to our retail prices. Out of the difference come our overhead charges."

Then followed a list of the goods advertised the previous week by Stedman, with the two columns side by side.

Webster honestly expected results from this policy. It was the sort of thing that would have appealed strongly to him, had he been a purchaser. In the same paper Stedman repeated his advertisement of the previous week, without comment of any kind. It promised to be a fair test.

If that was true, it turned out to be all in Stedman's favor. The sales of Samuel Webster & Company fell off a little more, if anything. Jarvis apparently was right. At the end of the second month Webster was forced to admit this and a good deal more. It was absurd for him to try to meet Stedman's prices. The fight would then resolve itself into merely one of attrition, and Webster's capital certainly did not warrant an undertaking of that sort.

At the close of a Friday night service Dorothy lingered a few moments for the quite obvious purpose of talking with him. As long as he decently could he avoided her, in the hope that she would go on. In his present mood he did not wish to see her. He watched her as in her gracious, cordial way she joined in the small talk, which trailed away to nothing in the social half hour that always followed these meetings. Finally in just this way she turned to him.

"They all agreed you had a very good meeting," she said.

"They mean by that they were entertained," he replied cynically.

"I don't think so," she answered with a worried look. "Perhaps you're a bit tired."

He would not admit this, though it was a fact. With a trace of excitement she went to the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I gather from dad things aren't going very well with you and Jarvis."

"Well?" he answered with a trace of his old-time spirit.

"He hasn't talked his business over with me," she hastened to assure him. "If he had I—I couldn't discuss it with you. But he's been unusually chipper for him; so I know his plans must be working well."

Webster scowled.

"He's been cutting into our trade," admitted Webster. "You know how."

She nodded.

"And he'll keep on doing that. He'll do more if it's necessary."

"It isn't fair business—that sort of thing," Webster protested.

"He'll keep on doing it until you're bankrupt. I warned you."

"I'm not bankrupt yet," he returned stubbornly.

"It's only a question of time, isn't it—if you go on this way?"

"Are you advising me to quit?" he exclaimed.

She flushed at that.

"No," she answered; "but you've got to do something. You can't just stand still—in the Lion's Den."

"I didn't think the village would back up the old lion as they have."

"They will—as long as they see only prices. Oh, I know them! I was born and brought up here."

Her eyes were alert. She was not sympathizing with him. She was not trying to discourage him. It almost seemed as though she was trying to advise him.

"They see you only as a grocer," she ran on. "And they don't quite approve of that. They don't understand what you are trying to do. If that was all you were I shouldn't approve, myself. And I shouldn't care. It seems, even to me, as though you had forgotten about the Boys' Club."

"Forgotten?"

"Because you haven't used them."

"I don't understand," he answered frankly.

Eagerly she went on:

"What you've got to do is to get the villagers with you—so much with you they won't think about the cut prices. And I—I've thought out a plan."

"But, good Lord!" he broke in. "Your father ——"

"It's as much for him as for the Boys' Club," she interrupted excitedly. "It would do dad good to be beaten for once in his life—in a good cause. He has been growing selfish; but way down deep in him there's a lot of good that no one sees—not even you."

"That isn't quite fair," he protested.

"Oh, you try to see and try to believe; but you don't. How can you?"

"There's you!" he answered impulsively. "You're proof that there's a lot of good in him."

She shook her head.

"I've been selfish too. And I guess I'm the cause of most of his selfishness. It's for me he's been working hard to make a lot of money."

This was amazing talk, but there was no doubt that it was honest talk. In these last few months she had been working out a good many things for herself. And it made her adorable. Webster felt once again the old temptation to ignore the subject matter altogether and concentrate on her alone. But she was too much in earnest now to make that possible. Curiously enough, however, it sent his thoughts back to Stedman. He felt in spite of her arguments as though he were taking an unfair advantage of the man.

"I'm not sure I ought to listen," he declared.

She raised her head at that.

"It's for father's sake I am saying these things," she reminded him.

"And the Boys' Club?"

She smiled at that.

"I'm still selfish enough to place that second," she went on. "But in the end maybe they'll stand side by side. You see, what I want you to do is to go to the boys and tell them just what you're about. I'd call a meeting and get them all together. Then I'd tell them that you're not in business for yourself, but for them. Let them know that all the money you make is going into the clubhouse. Tell them they must be partners in the business. Let them see that the more you make the sooner they will have their clubhouse. Don't you understand what would follow? You'd have a selling agent in every family in town containing a boy."

Webster caught his breath. The scheme was sound. It was more than that; it was simply overwhelming in its possibilities. It would accomplish all she said and a hundredfold more.

"You—you brick!" he exclaimed.

She blushed to the roots of her hair.

"It will do dad good," she whispered, as though for some reason it was necessary to emphasize once more her motive.

"It will do everyone good!" he burst out. "It will do the boys good; it will do the town good; it will do us all good."

"Then you don't think I'm intruding?"

"I ought to make you a partner for that suggestion," he declared. "I ought to tell the boys and ——"

"Hush!" she warned. "You mustn't tell a living soul."

She started toward the door to make her escape. Webster followed—into the Lion's Den once more. She appeared startled at what she saw in his eyes. With a little laugh she turned and ran out of doors. That was a curious thing to do if it was true that she was playing the part of the lioness.

"Good night!" she said as she hurried away.

The Reverend Sam Webster had all he could do not to follow.

IV

JARVIS was discouraged. Once again he was finding himself with long intervals of spare time on his hands. Moreover, he was disappointed in his partner. Jarvis was not a religious man; but, like a good many other men who are not, this fact only increased his superstitious belief in the miraculous power of religion. He did not have much faith in the ability of the church to be of service in everyday affairs; but when the need arose for the employment of a supernatural agency, then it was the church or nothing. And it was becoming clearer every day that if the business was to be saved from bankruptcy it was high time that Webster began to exert himself in

(Continued on Page 35)

Borden's

THE NATION'S MILK

The Pioneer
1857

Gail Borden was the Father of Pure Milk

His life-work was to secure pure milk, preserve it in all its purity, and have it reach you in the same pure state.

This was a large conception—nothing less than the nation-wide distribution of milk of guaranteed purity.

But this is the thought and guarantee that is today back of every milk product which carries the name of Borden's.

There is a Borden Milk Product for every use.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Borden Building New York

Borden's EAGLE BRAND

Borden's Evaporated Milk

Borden's MALTED MILK

MAN POWER

Man's Power is determined by tools and methods.

Steam, electricity, gasoline and high explosives all contribute to multiply his strength. Tasks that formerly required months are now completed in days.

In mining, in quarrying, in road construction, in excavating, in farming operations and in many other forms of labor, man's power is vastly increased by the aid of Atlas Explosives.

Engineers and others confronted with blasting problems are invited to avail themselves of our Service Division's wide experience.

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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

(Continued from Page 32)

his clerical capacity and invoke the help with which he was supposed to be in close alliance.

Instead of that, Webster appeared, during the next week, to be growing distinctly indifferent to the affairs of the company. He did not come into the store for more than an hour a day; and then, when Jarvis tried to call his attention to the dwindling sales, Webster scarcely listened, and rambled off about some new project he had for establishing in town a Boys' Club.

"I'll have to leave things here to you for a while," he said, quite as good-naturedly as though everything were going along smoothly.

"It isn't as though there was more than one man could do," retorted Jarvis.

"That's fine!" said Webster. "It will leave me free."

"Sure it will!" nodded Jarvis. "But that ain't my idea of good business."

"Just you sit tight!" Webster answered mysteriously.

"That's about all I've been doin' since I came to town," returned Jarvis in a grouchy tone.

But Webster did not have the time to listen to his complaints. He was all over town, holding conferences with certain of the older boys, who, in their turn, hurried off and held conferences with their own particular cronies.

Meantime he had made arrangements with the moving-picture house to let him have the hall for Thursday night and run a special set of pictures he had wired to New York to get—a series covering Y. M. C. A. activities. Then he had posters printed and distributed all over town. They read:

"BOYS!

"Thursday night is going to be a big night for you! Come to the Casino for a free show and listen to a business proposition that will interest you all. For tickets apply to Reverend Sam Webster at the store of Samuel Webster & Company."

On the day following the appearance of these posters Jarvis had no complaint to make about not being busy. It seemed as though all the boys in town swarmed in there like rats to ask for tickets. Webster was there part of the time, but the burden of the distribution fell on Jarvis. And he was hanged if he could see where the profit in that deal came in! The tickets were actually given away without any strings whatever attached. "If you had only given them with the purchase of a pound of tea!" suggested Jarvis.

"Just you sit tight!" repeated Webster. "But you'd better save one of those tickets for yourself. You'll hear something interesting."

"I've seen all I wanter see of boys for a hundred years," growled Jarvis. "They darned near wrecked the place!"

On Thursday evening the Casino was packed five minutes after the doors were open. Jarvis, whose curiosity got the better of his aversion, arrived half an hour later and had to stand up in the rear. He did not know there were so many boys in the world. They reached from the front seats to the exits—a squirming, noisy, catcalling mass of boisterous humanity that half frightened him. In every gathering at which he had ever been present before the adults had been in a safe majority; but here he was the only man of age present, except Webster, who was in the thick of the mob, with his face wreathed in smiles. Apparently he liked it. He grinned even while he quashed several incipient riots starting from free fights.

Jarvis saw him spring over two settees once and throw himself into the middle of a mêlée at the risk of his life only to emerge triumphant from a maelstrom of arms and legs, with a boy in each hand. He dragged them half the length of the hall; but, instead of ejecting them, he placed them in a corner and sat down beside them until they cooled off. Pretty soon he was in the midst of another scrimmage, waving to Jarvis as he flew by.

In that wild quarter of an hour Webster upset several of Jarvis' conceptions of proper ministerial conduct, both as a peacemaker and a leader of a meeting. In the next hour Webster upset several other well-established conceptions. The pictures made a great hit with the boys; and as soon as they were concluded Webster took the center of the stage. The revelations he made in his speech were undoubtedly more amazing to Jarvis than to the boys.

"Fellows," he said, "I've told a lot of you what I want to do—to build here in town a clubhouse as near like those you've seen on the screen as we can afford. My first plan was to go it alone and raise the money round the village to do it with. But that wasn't easy. I talked with some of the older business men and found it was going to be a long, hard job.

"Then I thought of another scheme—to go it alone and earn the money for you. That's why I bought the store up on the hill. For a little while it looked as though that scheme was going to pan out all right. For a few weeks we did a good business; and then business began to fall off. It has fallen off badly. It has reached a point now where we've either got to quit or put new life into it. So I've come to you.

"I'm going to put the proposition to you simply and frankly. I went into partnership with Mr. Jarvis. He furnished the stock on hand and fixtures and his experience as his share, and I borrowed enough money to fix the place up and put in new stock as my share. The agreement is that he is to have half of the profits and I am to have the other half. But my half is not for me personally. Every cent of that after I've paid back my borrowed money will go into the new clubhouse until that is built and firmly established. After that my profits will go into whatever other useful things are needed about town.

"Now if you want to come in with me we'll be partners. I'll chip in my share of the investment in the store and you can chip in your services. Each one of you can take the orders of his own family every day and for as many other families where there are no boys as he can find. Then you can deliver the orders. We've been running on a cash basis—everything paid for as bought. It seems to me best to continue that. It cuts down expenses and we can sell that much cheaper. But it will increase our business a lot if we can deliver our goods; and with every boy helping that ought to be easy.

"There is one thing more: If you go into this with me I want it undertaken on a strictly business basis. I don't want any begging. I want you to feel like real business men. We'll furnish only the best goods and we'll furnish them at the lowest price we can and make a fair profit. If there are lower prices in town it will be because the man who makes them is selling without profit for the purpose of putting us out. But if we all stick together we'll win. We can't help it! And winning means that clubhouse for you—a clubhouse that will mean not only more fun in your lives but a great many other things besides. Are you with me? Those in favor say Aye!"

At the explosion that followed Jarvis turned toward the door. It hardly seemed safe here.

"Contrary minded say No!" called Webster as soon as the noise had subsided.

A dead silence.

"The Ayes seem to have it," he smiled. "Now get busy—beginning to-morrow morning."

Jarvis managed to escape the rush for the exit, but it was only because he was within three jumps of it.

▼

GOING to the grocery store at the beginning of the day had never been a particularly popular sport with the boys of Lancashire. There were always too many other more important matters in hand. The usual policy of the average youth was to make himself as scarce as possible immediately after breakfast and not turn up again until starved into it toward noon. Experience had taught them that one thing followed another, and that any boy who remained in sight ran the imminent danger of finding himself involved in all manner of household chores. A whole forenoon might be spoiled in this way.

But on this particular Friday several hundred boys took the trouble to ask their mothers whether there wasn't something they needed at the store. That was before the news of what had taken place on the night before had fully seeped into the parental consciousness. In most cases this eagerness to run an errand was considered ominous. Many an anxious parent followed the query by demanding a sight of the tongue of the interrogator, the theory being that any boy who evinced a desire to work was revealing those saintly qualities which were commonly supposed to be in evidence only immediately preceding his demise.

In those cases where something really was needed the boy collected the money to pay for it and was off like a shot. Where nothing was needed he exacted a promise to have the order held for him.

The question of cash involved some explanations. In most families paying in this way for groceries was an innovation, and not altogether a welcome one. But a boy, where his interests are at stake, is a mighty hard thing to resist. Besides, the fundamental idea of a clubhouse appealed to most of the parents. No one knew better than they that the town was in need of this very thing. And, on the whole, no easier means than this for paying for it had ever been devised. Most such projects called for a cash contribution from every household, but by this system they could pay without feeling it.

To strengthen these ideas Webster began a campaign of education. He prepared slips, which he had printed and inclosed with every delivery of goods. Some of these gave statistics about the value of clubhouses for boys, and some of them were just descriptive paragraphs about the proposed house and its benefits.

For instance: "If your boy is going to play pool, wouldn't you rather he should play it with boys of his own age in clean surroundings instead of in the rear of a fruit store with a riffraff of older men?" Again: "A clean boy is a better boy. We are going to have shower baths!" Again: "Your boy is beginning his business career at this moment. When we get the clubhouse we're going to have men who know tell him things he ought to know so that he can keep up his business education!"

Sometimes his inclosures were on other subjects, like this: "A man who pays cash is never in debt!" and "Don't forget that you get as much benefit from cash payments as we do. It is a coöperative plan!" and "Pay as you go and you'll go farther!"

But, even before this began to take effect, trade jumped by leaps and bounds. That first Friday and Saturday both Jarvis and Webster found themselves once more in the inspiring position of having all they could do. And that continued all through the next week and doubled in the second week, so that it became necessary to employ several of the older boys to help behind the counter.

Moreover, the class of trade he was getting now was sound trade. These people were not buying extras, but what they actually needed in their housekeeping. It was the sort of trade that promised to go on year after year.

In the month of July sales reached a volume amounting to nearly one thousand dollars, and in August they climbed to thirteen hundred. It became necessary to enlarge the store and to employ regularly four boys.

At the beginning of the new campaign Stedman had smiled and continued his cut prices. He thought he knew his people. This enthusiasm might last a week or two, but in the end they would refuse to spend nickels where it was possible to save them. He pared his prices a little lower and confidently waited, though he was forced to see one customer after another desert him.

By the first of August this began to look serious. These boys—darn their hides!—were keeping up their obnoxious interference with the legitimate course of business. It was well enough for them to have their innocent fling under the parson's guidance, but when it came to carrying it on week after week they were going too far.

And yet when he began to suggest to some of the parents that this kind of fooling ought to stop he found himself unable to make any impression whatever upon them. Most of them refused to see any harm in it whatever—even went so far as to indorse it. Others just answered:

"Guess you'll have to see the boys themselves, Mr. Stedman."

Stedman took up the matter in all seriousness with others of the leading business men in town and suggested some sort of concerted action.

"It's a pretty state of things when a gang of boys can threaten a man's business!" he growled.

He did not receive much encouragement, however, from anyone. As a matter of fact, there were several who were watching the progress of this novel business venture on the part of the parson with some personal discomfiture. There was no telling when he might decide to begin selling hardware or clothing or boots and shoes. If ever he did, with that crowd back of him ——

It may be there was no connection whatever between this line of reasoning and the fact that several of these men made themselves somewhat conspicuous by attending Sunday services at Webster's church, but it is certain that, to the latter's surprise, he found his vacant pews beginning to fill up.

It was at about this time that an agitation started from some mysterious source looking toward the resignation of the Reverend Sam Webster. The movement gathered in strength until it caused so much gossip that it finally reached Webster's ears. He was amazed.

The church had never boasted so large an attendance and the newcomers were just the class worth while reaching. Under this inspiration he was preaching the best sermons of his life. They were based upon his new experiences—upon the deeper understanding of human nature he was gaining daily from his boys. He knew he was getting home to these people as he never had before. They were listening with their hearts now and not merely with their heads.

Then, too, he was able to speak with a certain sturdy independence born of the fact that he was fast making himself free of any financial entanglements with his congregation. He could look them in the eye without any lurking suggestion of a coming request for money. He had a notion that this, too, left his congregation freer to listen. They could safely lower their guard.

This better work was not taking into consideration at all the good he was accomplishing among the boys outside. That in itself justified his presence in town. If he never preached another sermon he would still be fulfilling his mission.

Webster tried to trace the source of the agitation, but, beyond placing it among the older members of the parish, he made little headway until he sought out Dorothy. It was no easy matter to catch her, however. For a week she escaped him, until he was finally forced to write and ask to see her at the close of the next Friday evening service. Then she waited for him, but with a curiously reluctant, half-ashamed expression.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said as they finally stood alone; "but I thought you could help me."

She did not answer, but lowered her eyes.

"It's about this gossip of my resigning. I can't find out where it comes from or how sincere it is. Of course if it's genuine—why, there isn't anything left for me except to tender my resignation. But I'd hate to have to drop things now."

"Oh, you won't!" she cried. "You mustn't think of that."

"If it had come six months ago," he went on with a puzzled expression, "I shouldn't have wondered. But I've just got to going. I'm really getting results now. Yet there must be something back of this talk."

Her cheeks turned scarlet.

"And you haven't been able to guess?"

"I suppose my outside work seems a little radical to some; but ——"

She looked up at that. And then her honest eyes told him the truth, though at the cost of her pride. They told him the sorry truth that shamed her before him.

"Your father!" he exclaimed.

Almost imperceptibly she nodded.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "He's carried his fight that far?"

"I see," she admitted in a trembling voice. "But please don't be too hard on him. You see, his business —— Oh, you don't know how successful you've been! He thinks he sees ruin ahead. And it isn't the money alone—it's his pride that's hurt."

"Dorothy!" Webster broke in.

"Please listen to me a moment. I scolded him—for this. I was ashamed of him, and told him so. It wasn't fair of him. It wasn't honorable. I told him that too. And he told me how one after another of his old customers had left him until he saw himself forced either to go out of business or to go on facing a daily loss. It had made him desperate. I—I don't think he knew what he was doing. All he thought of was getting you out of town. He thought if you left, all would be well again. And—and he even said he meant to take up your work and go on with the Boys' Club."

"He said that!" exclaimed Webster.

"And meant it!" she went on. "This has made him see that, after all, his interests are bound up with those of other people. He's been like a little king, and this has made him understand that he's living in a republic. Only I—I don't want him to be quite crushed." She looked up at him with something like a plea for mercy.

"I didn't realize matters had gone as far as that!" exclaimed Webster. "Perhaps

(Concluded on Page 37)

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(Concluded from Page 35)

I've been selfish. Why, there's room for both of us! It's been hard for me to take care of all the business in the last few weeks. I wish I could have a talk with him."

"Oh, would you?"

"If he'll let me. We might—why, we might fix up some sort of partnership!"

"With dad?"

At her eagerness his heart grew aflame. More and more during the last few months he had realized that this was the time for everyone to pull together. From now on it would be so easy if everyone did his bit. But her bit—he needed that for himself. He stepped nearer to her.

"With dad—and you," he said. "You've been back of me all this while and now I want you beside me. I've loved you a long, long time."

"You've loved me?" she gasped.

"Ever since your eyes looked up at me from the middle of the church," he answered. "I loved you even when I was half afraid of you."

Very gently he took her hand.

"Why!" she cried. "It's I who have been afraid."

"Of what?" he asked in amazement.

She dropped her eyes.

"Of you," she whispered—"and the Lion's Den. Oh, I was afraid of the Lion's Den!"

With a joyful laugh, he took her in his arms. Then he lifted his head in challenge of the empty pews surrounding them.

"Where are the lions?" he demanded.

She followed his eyes.

"They are all gone," she answered.

"Except dad," he ventured.

"And he—why, he's only a lamb now."

"Then ——" he said, with his heart pounding.

That was all he said: but ministers are human—or ought to be. And if for the moment he found that words, however eloquent, were inadequate to express his heart overflowing with love—why, there are other ways.

VI

IT MIGHT be true, as Dorothy had claimed, that Stedman had been metamorphosed from a lion to a lamb since Webster last saw him; but when the young man stepped into his den he was not able to detect any evidence of this, either in Stedman's speech or manner.

Curiously enough, Webster was glad of this. It was with a sense of relief that he found the same old Stedman confronting him. Webster never approved of the kind of reformation that takes all the spine out of a man.

Stedman faced Webster aggressively as the latter stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Good evening, sir," said Webster deferentially.

Stedman hesitated a moment and sought the minister's eyes. They met his fairly and without a trace of anything calling for resentment. Stedman grasped the firm hand a second and said:

"Sit down."

Then he reached for a cigar and waited.

"Mr. Stedman," began Webster with a smile, "I thought I'd got all through coming to you for assistance; but that's because I was a bit narrow-minded and self-centered. I don't believe any of us can go it alone. We're all more or less dependent upon each other any way we turn, aren't we?"

"You mean me?" demanded Stedman.

"No more than myself," replied Webster. "And no more than the rest of the village. I know how it's been in my church work; I got the notion that my church was mine personally. Instead of working with my parish, I wanted to work for it. I assumed all the responsibility, as though it were made up of children. I—I rather ignored their wishes like an arrogant father. The result was that what I was able to do by myself was done; but when I called for help it wasn't forthcoming. Perhaps if I hadn't been quite so aggressive with you ——"

"I was wrong," blurted out Stedman.

"No more wrong than I was," answered Webster. "We were both wrong. And I was wrong again when I decided to go into business by myself. Why, at the very start I had to go out and borrow money; had to pledge my future to get it! And yet even then I didn't see my obligation. I still thought I was going it alone. Then I made a partnership with Jarvis; but I still thought I was keeping myself absolutely independent. I tried to do business that way, and—failed."

"Eh?" queried Stedman, looking up.

"Right!" nodded Webster. "I couldn't buck against your prices by myself. The villagers weren't with me. It wasn't until I gained their coöperation that I made a success of it. I did that through the boys. Nothing could stand against them, because they were not working as individuals, but as a body. And they brought their parents in as a body, because it was not for self-interest but the common interest. Don't you see?"

"I see it worked all right," responded Stedman grimly.

"Yes," admitted Webster; "it couldn't help working. But now the proposition has become so big that—well, I'm here to see if you won't come in with us."

"Me?"

"Why not? We need you."

"How do you need me?"

It was a confession that took courage to make, and Webster's heart went out to him.

"We myself and the boys—need you badly," ran on Webster. "One store can't take care of all the business of this town. It would be a waste of money for me to go on and duplicate your facilities by increasing my own; and in the end the town would have to pay for that waste. Why can't we combine—you to handle the lower end of the town and I the upper?"

"Why should you do that?"

"I want you with us. You're important to the boys. You're important to the church. But most of all you're important to me."

Stedman met the young man's eyes again.

"To you?"

"To me and Dorothy. I've asked her to marry me. She's outside, waiting for me to tell you."

Webster placed his hand on the older man's shoulder.

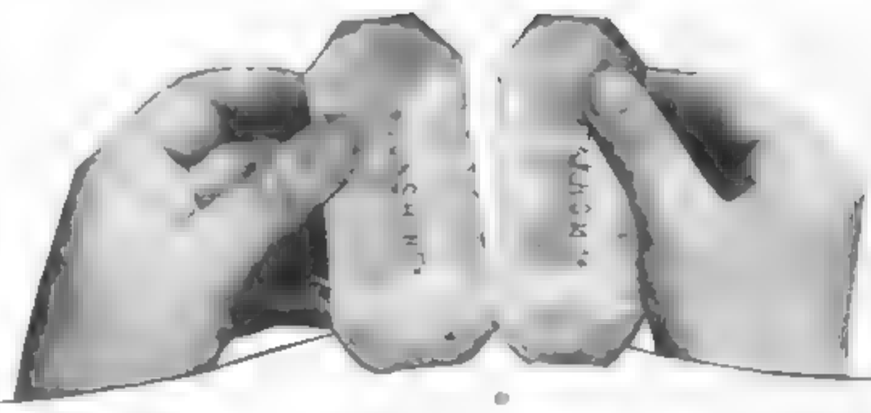
"Don't you see how very important you are?" he asked. "If we three can keep together—why, we ——"

The door flew open and Dorothy came running in. She crossed the room swiftly to her father's side. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed his lips.

"It's all settled, dad—isn't it?" she whispered.

Then she turned to Webster, without waiting for a reply.

"Everything is all settled, Sam!" she informed him. "And please, after this, always let me manage dad."



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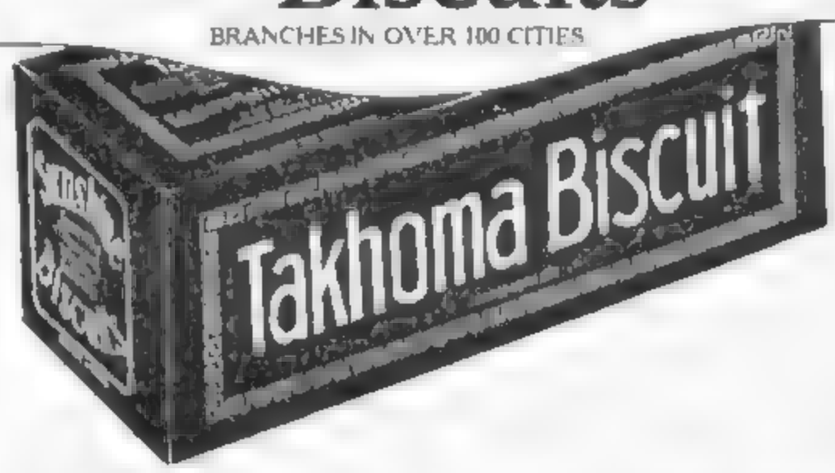

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THE SAD MILK BOTTLES

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"ONE touch of Nature," says the old epigram, "makes the whole world kin."

Homely old sayings oftentimes carry a world of truth, and the wisdom of all the added centuries has failed to improve upon them. About the above-mentioned saying revolve the incidents that make up the history I am about to set down. One touch of sympathy makes us weep together. And it is the great redeeming feature of our imperfect humanity that the vein of sympathy which is in us all, once it is touched, widens incredibly to a rushing river of divine pity.

My amazing son was now nearing his first birthday. It will be recalled that I named him Epictetus, after the ancient philosopher, for whom I entertain an ardent admiration. Nor was my offspring misnamed; for truly the ancient philosopher aforementioned, could he have lived, would have been overwhelmed with delighted astonishment upon viewing the accomplishments of my gifted progeny.

These accomplishments are most varied. I have always maintained that the recital of the remarkable qualities appertaining to one's first-born too frequently becomes boresome. Nevertheless, Epictetus is so different from the ordinary child that I have felt it my clear duty to set forth the wonderful manifestations of his astounding precocity upon various occasions. For the most part my hearers have listened patiently. But there were times when I suspected that they failed to grasp the bigness of the rare phenomena of my son's doings. Generally, too, they seemed relieved to change the subject upon the slightest provocation and I marveled at the shallowness of their minds. However, they were my friends, and so I overlooked these lapses of the intellect and forbore a righteous indignation, only pitying them.

For instance, Professor Chandler and his wife called on us one evening. Professor Chandler is Professor of Agriculture in our university, and an estimable man. We had been conversing most agreeably, discussing, I think, the relation of plant evolution to the coördinate development of the human race. "Biology," said the professor, "is in its cradle yet. Science will soon show that it reaches out beyond the merely organic and includes all material things: rocks, metals ——"

"Listen!" I whispered excitedly.

For Epictetus had just made a remark!

"What is it?" asked Professor Chandler, profoundly interested.

"Epictetus!" I whispered again. "Did you not hear him? There—he has just said it again!"

"What was he saying?" inquired my friend.

"I did not gather it all," I said, "but he was certainly saying—something!"

"I heard it too," said the professor doubtfully, "but I—I thought he was—er—gagging!"

I controlled myself with difficulty. The man was my guest.

"Pardon me!" I said stiffly. "You were saying ——"

The great world war had ended. Came now the war of human hearts—the struggle of a world's sympathy against the wreck and ruin which the insanity of a misguided people had laid across the earth. In this war of pity I found myself strongly enlisted; for under the rather formal exterior which I wear, an exterior which possibly has been made somewhat stiff and cold by reason of the dignity of my position in the university—under this outer seeming lies a rare sentimentality. My sympathies are easily roused; and once roused there seems to be no limit to their scope.

We were sitting in the nursery one evening when my wife made an observation which moved me greatly and started a train of circumstances which culminated in the momentous affair of the Athletic Symposium.

"The Pompeian Club is planning a fête soon," said my wife. "It is for the benefit of the Belgian babies."

"Most laudable!" I said. "I truly hope the affair will be successful."

"I have been thinking," she continued presently, "what a terrible thing it would be if our little son Epictetus were a poor Belgian baby!"

The hideous thought shocked me to the soul. "My love!" I exclaimed. "Why, merely to think such a thing is awful! I ——"

"But there were thousands of parents who loved their little Belgian babies," continued my wife tremulously "And these thousands are dead. Killed brutally! And their little children are dying for—think of it!—a trifling thing like a bottle of milk! Poor little Belgian babies!" Her dear eyes were swimming in tears now. I was profoundly affected.

"Azalea," I said, "I confess that you have shown me the matter in a new aspect. I, of course, have known all along that the Belgian infants were badly nourished, owing to a paucity of sustenance due to the ravages of war. But truly I never really understood before.

"I never until now viewed the tragedy in—in terms of Epictetus, as it were!"

From that evening I was unhappy. The conversation had indeed made a deep impression upon my mind. Everywhere I went I now saw the ubiquitous milk bottles—mute, sad, slitted at the top for the reception of copper coins; a crude but pathetic little verse printed upon them:

Drop a penny—
We need many!

In the restaurants, in the stores, at the railway stations—everywhere I stumbled across them. Ultimately I acquired the habit of filling my pockets with pennies; and whenever I encountered a sad milk bottle I dropped a penny into it and tried to feel that I was feeding some poor starving little Belgian Epictetus. This comforted me somewhat until I recalled that a penny goes such a short way, especially in these latter days following the war.

"Geegie!" Remarked Epictetus, and Seized the Professor's Thumb

Then for my peace of mind I tried to avoid these pathetic little beggars, for what use to harrow my feelings? It was in vain. I still met them wherever I went. Worse still, the thoughts of them trooped through my mind when I sat in the nursery of evenings and adored Epictetus, my marvelous son. Frequently I even failed to hear when Epictetus addressed some remark to me; for some way I heard instead:

Drop a penny
We need many!

It was like the heartbreaking insistence of ghostly little voices calling across the sea.

II

IT WILL be recalled that nearly two years ago I was grossly insulted in the presence of my dear wife; insulted by an uncouth brute of a man nearly twice my size. It will be further remembered that directly following this unfortunate encounter I visited the school of boxing conducted by Professor Kid Meloney, a retired professional, and for six months labored assiduously under the strenuous but highly efficient tutelage of Professor Kid, learning to box.

Now there is a peculiar fascination about boxing. One who learns to do it well finds himself longing to be at it constantly. Wherefore, ever since my graduation from the school of boxing—which by the way occurred the evening immediately preceding the day when I met my insulter and knocked him into the gutter—Professor Kid and I had been spending three evenings of every week in my billiard room, which I had fitted up as a gymnasium. These evenings we spent in boxing and wrestling. As a consequence of this long season of training my muscles were like iron and my respiration beyond criticism. Professor Kid frequently went so far as to state positively that I was able to step into the ring at any time and stand the most gifted amateur upon his head. Therefore it will be perceived that I was not wholly lacking in the art.

I did not desire to stand anyone upon his head, for I am a man of peace. Nevertheless, it warmed me to listen to my instructor's encomiums; for a small man is too often mortified by the realization of his physical inferiority.

"Professor," my mentor would say, "what a shame you ain't fightin' in the ring! To t'ink of a natural fighter like you—a man wit' the most perfect muscular development I ever saw—teachin' school!"

Whereupon I would wax indignant and explain that I was Professor of Ancient

(Continued on Page 41)

It Was a Subject Near My Heart and I Spoke Eloquently. However, I Could See by Professor Kid's Expression That He Failed Utterly to Comprehend the Awfulness of the Tragedy

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Reid Bennett *in* "FUSS AND FEATHERS"*
Billie Burke *in* "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"
Lina Cavalieri *in* "A WOMAN OF IMPULSE"
Marguerite Clark *in* "LITTLE MISS HOOVER"
Ethel Clayton *in* "THE MYSTERY GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "QUICKSAND"
Pauline Frederick *in* "OUT OF THE SHADOW"
Dorothy Gish *in* "THE HOPE CHEST"
Lila Lee *in* "THE SECRET GARDEN"
Vivian Martin *in* JANE GOES A-WOOING
John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex *in* GOOD BYE BILL"
Charles Ray *in* "STRING BEANS"*
Wallace Reid *in* "THE DUB"
Bryant Washburn *in* "VENUS IN THE EAST"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within," with a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" *with* Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" *Starring* William Faversham
"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*, a Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "MY COUSIN"
George M. Cohan *in* HIT THE TRAIL HOLLIDAY"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "HER PARISIAN WIFE"
D. W. Griffith's Production THE ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"
William S. Hart *in* BRANDING BROADWAY"*
Mary Pickford *in* "JOHANNA ENLISTS"
Fred Stone *in* UNDER THE TOP"

* Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "CAMPING OUT"
Paramount-Mack-Sennett Comedies CUPID'S DAY OFF "NEVER TOO OLD"
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(Continued from Page 38)

Languages in a highly respectable university; a pillar, moreover, in the best society. It was in vain. Professor Kid persisted in looking upon me as a school-teacher and contended bitterly that my muscular excellence was lost to the world.

"Wasted!" he would complain morbidly. "Plumb wasted! Why, I could take you and make a champion of you in two years! Make a fortune for both of us! You got it in you, professor. And here you go, spendin' your whole life teachin' languages that has been dead so long they stink! If only I could see you in the ring just once I'd fold me hands and die happy!"

We were resting between bouts on a certain evening following my melancholy experiences with the sad little milk bottles. I was feeling very depressed and Professor Kid noticed it.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "You don't seem to have the old pep this evening. Maybe you're goin' a li'l' stale; eh?"

And then I told him about the starving Belgian babies. It was a subject near my heart and I spoke eloquently. However, I could see by Professor Kid's expression that he failed utterly to comprehend the awfulness of the tragedy.

"Ain't it hell!" he said. I must explain that not infrequently he unconsciously dropped into the vernacular. He was deeply mortified whenever he realized this, but I always forgave him, realizing that this was his natural method of expression. "Yes, sir," he said cheerfully, "it's sure tough on de Beljum babies!"

But I could see that Professor Kid was like the rest of us. He could not comprehend. The starving little Belgian babies were so far away that we could not grasp their sufferings. We heard and knew—but we could not see and feel. I rose.

"Come with me, please," I said.

Completely mystified, Professor Kid followed me upstairs. Together we tiptoed into the nursery and paused beside the crib where Epictetus lay sleeping, a milk bottle clutched in his warm chubby hand. He woke and looked up.

"Ga!" he observed; which you will of course understand meant "Good evening!"

I took him up.

"My son Epictetus, Professor Kid!" I announced proudly.

"Gee!" said the professor, with, I thought, rather forced enthusiasm. He stood awkwardly upon one leg and looked behind him as though wishing to depart. "Some kid, professor!" he said, but again I seemed to detect the hollow note of a false enthusiasm.

"Would you like to hold him?" I asked, and presented Epictetus.

"Ga!" said Epictetus cordially, and reached for his new friend; but the professor retreated in manifest perturbation.

"Aw, nix!" he stammered, growing very red. "Nix, kid, nix! I—I got to beat it—engagement—aw, hell, professor—excuse me! I mean ——"

Clearly the good fellow was embarrassed. I did not wonder at this, for who would not be embarrassed at finding himself for the first time in the presence of so remarkable a child? I strove to establish a more easy basis upon which my son and Professor Kid might meet and be at ease.

"Shake hands, then," I suggested.

The professor flushed still more painfully, but finally extended a great knotted fist. His eyes were staring and his face full of apprehension.

"Geegle!" remarked Epictetus, and seized the professor's thumb. He looked into the eyes of his new acquaintance and smiled. "Geegle!" he said again. The professor drew a long breath and grinned broadly.

"For the love of Mike, grab an eyeful!" he said in an awed, incredulous voice. "The li'l' son of a gun—watch 'm jolly me up! You'd t'ink he'd be scared pink at meetin' an old ex-prize fighter, now wouldn't you? But he ain't! Here—lay off'm that thumb, you li'l' devil! Fer the love o' Gawd, professor, he t'inks it's a hot dog! Watch 'm gnaw it!"

Presently I placed Epictetus back in his crib; but far from being in a hurry Professor Kid lingered and looked back.

"So long, ole-timer," he said.

"Ga!" gurgled Epictetus, then promptly clutched his bottle, applied it to his mouth and went to sleep without further conversation.

"And now," I said as we went down the stairway, "would you like to see that dear child dying for a mere bottle of milk?"

Professor Kid stared at me and then began to breathe strongly through his nose.

"Professor," he said huskily, "if you wasn't a good li'l' man and me friend I'd lean one against your jaw that'd change your expression worse than the map of Germany!"

"Then," I said still more solemnly, "just reflect that the little Belgian babies are merely Epictetus multiplied by thousands!"

He was silent until we were quite downstairs.

"I getcha now," he said then seriously. "It didn't get across wit' me at first—but I getcha now!"

We boxed for a few minutes, but Professor Kid was silent and thoughtful. Plainly his mind was not in his work. Inadvertently I hit him once upon the nose, bringing the tears to his eyes; but even this failed to rouse him from his abstraction. Presently he pulled off the gloves and we sat down to smoke a friendly pipe together before adjourning. Smoking was not strictly in accordance with the rules of training, certainly; but we chose to regard the crime as venial. After some minutes of smoking the professor spoke again.

"I'm going to get up a benefit," he said, "for the Beljum babies. I got it all planned in me mind. It'll be pulled off in the city auditorium. There'll be wrestling and fencing and jiujitsu and all that stuff. But the blow-off must be a rattlin' four-round go wit' the mitts, of course."

"An athletic symposium, as it were?" I suggested.

"Fine!" said Professor Kid. "A name like that will make it draw like a vacuum cleaner! Callin' a benefit an athletic symposium is like givin' a plate of hash a French name and sellin' it for a dollar and sixty-eight cents. And that's exactly what we'll do! We'll frame this athletic symposium to catch society. I know Peck de Sabla and De Vries Jackson and a lot more of that polo bunch. We'll hit 'em hard wit' this Beljum babies sob stuff that you floored me wit.' Society always falls for it. Society likes to get into the papers; but 'way down underneath the society smile there's a heart. I know. People are all alike. You hit society right and they'll weep over the sob stuff just as hard as you and me; and more than that, they'll come across wit' the money to back up their tears. You watch; this athaletic symposium will go, sure! It'll go like a fat man falling downstairs."

"I—er—I hope so," I said doubtfully. "I—I had been planning to raise money for the little Belgian babies myself. I had thought tentatively of giving a lecture on The Influence of Greek Art Upon the Italian Renaissance."

"Nix, professor—nix, nix!" said my friend earnestly. "You wouldn't have anybody there but the janitor—and chances are he wouldn't know whether you was recitin' the multiplication table or havin' a fit! I hate to make you feel bad—but there ain't any money in poetry and art and all that brow stuff, take it from me. I know. Remember I said all men are alike. They'll pass up a lecture on poetry and art but they'll alough a week's wages to see a good fight!"

"Doubtless," I agreed reluctantly, "some men ——"

"All men!" corrected Professor Kid emphatically. "I know. I been most of my life in the ring; and I got used to seein' the silk hats mixed fifty-fifty wit' the mugs. And believe me, along about the fourteenth round, when the excitement had got away past the boilin' point and the police was wonderin' whether they better butt in and spoil a fine murder, it was always the silk-hat boys that was standin' up in their chairs barkin' like a flock of coon dogs!"

I thought of certain lectures I had known which had been remarkable chiefly for their lack of enthusiasm. I sighed.

"Kid Maguire and Billy Sniffen are both in town now," said the professor thoughtfully. "Both of 'em has been mighty close to the championship—close enough to touch it. Both good little featherweights, but meaner than snakes. Hard to handle. But there hasn't been much doing in the fight line during the war and I'll bet them two li'l' pugs ain't visited wit' a T-bone steak for six months. I'm bettin' that I'll have 'em for my athaletic symposium!"

The professor rose to take his leave. At the door he paused.

"Say, professor," he said bashfully, "I wonder—could I take a good-night slant at li'l' Pick before I go?"

"Pick!" What a sacrilegious nomenclature to be applied to a wonderful child named for illustrious Epictetus, philosopher to the ages! For a moment indignation wrapped me like a red-hot cloak and I was moved to lay violent hands upon my friend. However, a second thought followed swiftly and I realized that this was merely a loving diminutive which the great rough fellow's regenerated heart had bestowed upon my son.

"Certainly," I said. "But he must not be wakened. He might be displeased with us."

III

ON THE day following the events just narrated I took my family and went South, to spend the Christmas vacation with certain of my dear wife's kinsmen. It was two weeks before we returned.

I may mention in passing that during my sojourn in the Southern city I delivered my lecture on The Influence of Greek Art Upon the Italian Renaissance, for the benefit of a fund to be applied to the relief of the Belgian babies. But the Belgian babies did not profit

I Did Not Like the Appearance of the Gentleman in the Horrible Bathrobe, Who, I Apprehended, Was Billy Sniffen. I Disliked Him Instinctively

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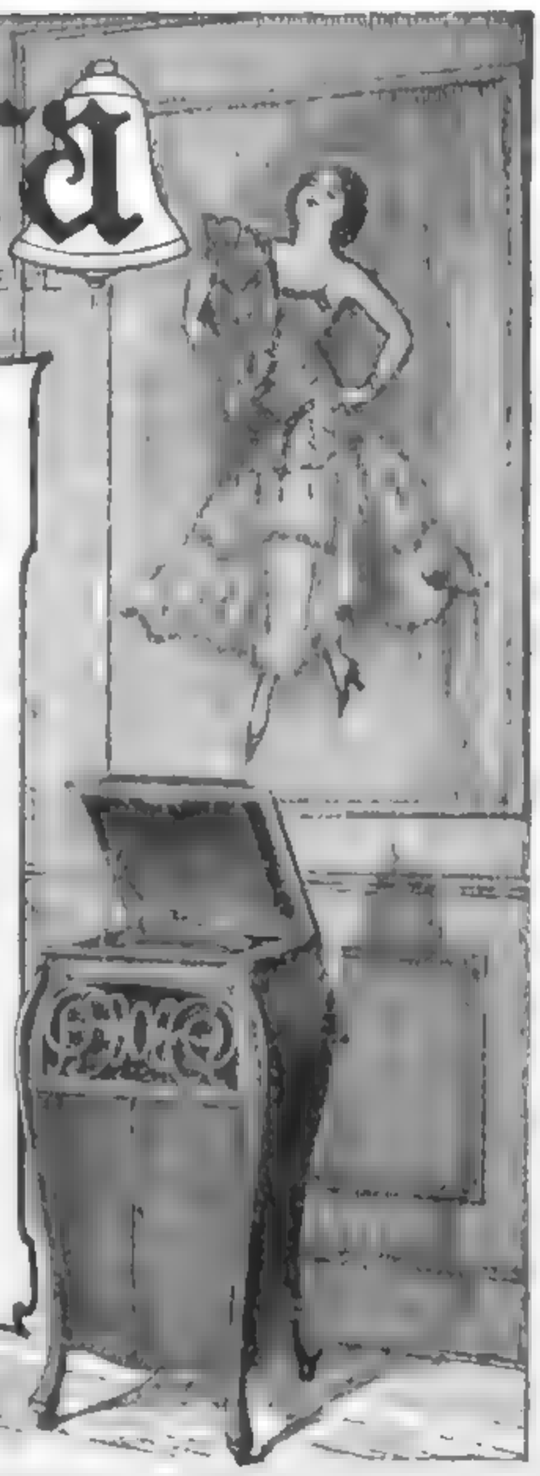

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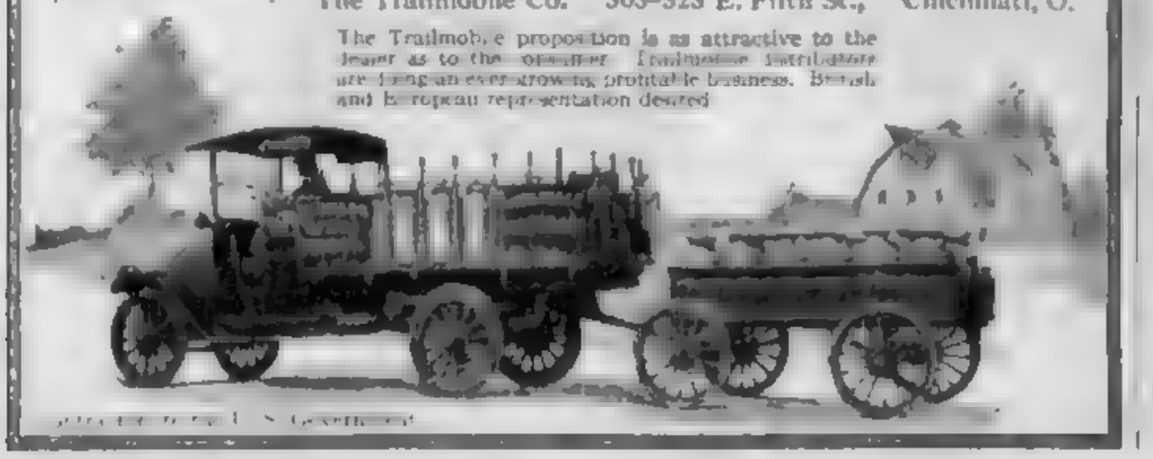

thereby to any notable extent, the attendance being sparse, justifying Professor Kid's prophecy most lamentably. True, the educational journals published flattering notices of the lecture, and in addition I was elected an honorary member of the Hellenic Club and received an invitation to preside at the next annual meeting of the Society for Ancient Research. But these honors, though most gratifying to me as a scholar, bought no milk for the starving Belgian babies. Indeed I was forced to consider the wisdom of a crude old epigram which I once read: "Honor hath a sweet taste, but it putteth no fat on the ribs!"

It was the evening of the New Year when we came back from our vacation, and the automobile met us at the station. As we drove homeward past the city auditorium I noticed that the streets about it were crowded with automobiles, alive with hastening men, and that thousands of excited people were besieging the doors of the great building, which was ablaze with lights. I marveled. It was the evening of the New Year of course; but I could think of no celebration which might draw a crowd like this, even on New Year's Day. I stopped the machine and asked the chauffeur what it meant.

"It's the athletic symposium, sir," he explained. "The papers have been full of it for two weeks. They say it's going to be the biggest crowd that ever assembled in the auditorium. There's to be a four-round match between Kid Maguire, the Bowery Bloodhound, and Billy Sniffen, the Chicago Whirlwind. Excuse me, sir—of course you are not interested in such things! But it is for the Belgian babies, sir."

Ah! Beyond doubt, then, Professor Kid had been successful! I sighed. Truly Professor Kid's acumen had been superior to mine. "They'll pass up a lecture on poetry or art—but they'll slough a week's wages to see a good fight!" I sighed again as I contemplated this sad commentary upon the frail structure of our boasted civilization. I gazed pessimistically at the crowd. Men were fighting to get inside the door to view Professor Kid's entertainment!

Alas! Men had not fought to get inside the hall to listen to The Influence of Greek Art Upon the Italian Renaissance!

"You may drive on, Charles!" I said.

However, a moment later I rejoiced; for as we glided by I observed that the main entrance to the auditorium had been set in the midst of a huge bottle, fashioned of electric lights and bearing the glittering legend:

Drop a penny—
We need many!

A warm glow of sympathy suffused me and the tears sprang to my eyes. Excellent conception! Excellent Professor Kid! At the same moment Epictetus woke in his mother's arms and crowed enthusiastically at the lights. God bless the dear child—he understood!

We had finished dinner and Azalea had gone upstairs to put Epictetus to bed when the telephone shrilled. I took down the receiver and immediately Professor Kid's agonized voice began to tumble half incoherent words into my ear.

"Professor," he began without other preamble, "I just heard you was back. Fer the love o' Gawd, can you come down to the auditorium right away? I'm in trouble!"

"With all my heart!" I exclaimed impulsively, for I was still feeling the warm glow which had followed the discovery of my big fighting friend's generous effort in behalf of the Belgian babies.

"How soon can you get here?"

"In five minutes!" I cried and crashed the receiver back upon the hook.

I did not wait to summon the chauffeur. Still wearing my house shoes I hurried out to the garage, catching up my hat and overcoat as I passed through the outer hallway. Upon reaching the auditorium I left the car at the curb and ran to the stage entrance. Professor Kid was waiting for me and I saw by his face that some tragedy had indeed overtaken him. Without troubling to salute me he began speaking in a hoarse excited whisper. From the interior of the auditorium a deep sustained roar came to me, the roar of thousands of impatient voices.

"Listen to it!" said Professor Kid. "Fifteen t'ousand fight fans inside there—and some of them paid as high as twenty dollars for ring seats! Silk hats and roughnecks sittin' side by side and all growlin' for blood! T'irty-one t'ousand dollars in the box office—and here at the very last minute Kid Maguire falls off the wagon and gets pickled!"

"Is it possible?"

I was terribly shocked, for pickling must be a hideous disease.

"It's a fact!" said Professor Kid. "Pickled to the eyebrows! Everything was goin' smooth as skunk oil. Society was out in force; the wrestlin' made a big hit, and the Jap jiujitsu stuff, and finally the preliminary boxin'. Then just as Peck de Sabla was about to step out in front and announce the big event here comes the word that Maguire's gone and got hisself paralyzed!"

"But I thought you said pickled," I reminded him.

"You'd say that too if you could see him."

"But are you sure it is that?" I asked desperately. "Is the man quite incurable?"

"Incurable—hell!" half wept the professor. "He's layin' over in Gridley's livery stable, stewed like a prune! And me wit' fifteen t'ousand hungry fight hounds lickin' their chops and wonderin' why we don't bring on the raw meat! Professor ——"

He was interrupted by a frenzied attendant who came running down from the dressing room.

"Billy Sniffen's spilled de beans again!" panted the messenger. "He says he won't box before a crowd as big as dis unless we come across wit' two t'ousand bones! Worse dan dat, he says we got to plant de two t'ousand wit' his manager before he'll step a foot in de ring!"

Speechless because of this new calamity Professor Kid bounded upstairs to the dressing room just back of the stage. I followed, for the excitement was in my own blood now. Arrived in the dressing room I saw a sullen individual of about my own size and weight, wrapped in an ornate bathrobe—a pink-and-red bathrobe with horseshoes figured all over it. About this man were gathered a group of frantic men, among them Professor Kid, all shaking their fists and conversing profanely. I did not like the appearance of the gentleman in the horrible bathrobe, who, I apprehended, was Billy Sniffen. I disliked him instinctively, for it is not in my nature to like anyone who would wear a garment of pink figured with red horseshoes.

For several minutes the argument was violent, but in the end Sniffen's attitude still proclaimed his ambition to acquire two thousand dollars belonging to the Belgian babies. At last Professor Kid abandoned the useless enterprise and came back to where I stood. His face was convulsed and he could hardly speak.

"He shook us down," he stuttered in his rage. "For two t'ousand bucks! But will we give up any of that t'irty-one t'ousand in the box office? We will not! Peck de Sabla has sent a flock out among the society bunch to raise the graft money. Peck de Sabla is one gilt-edge sport! Sniffen held us up, of course. He agreed to box for a hundred dollars. But he sees he's got us in a jam now. If he lays down—why, there's no fight. If there's no fight we got to give back the t'irty-one t'ousand. See? But what good will that do if we can't find a good substitute for Maguire? Professor, we got to save this fight!"

He was looking at me steadily, his face full of anguished pleading. Suddenly it reached my apprehension that he was begging me to fill the place of the poor pickled Maguire! Merciful heavens! A cold wave of horror started at my toes and crawled to my very brain. The hoarse roar of the impatient crowd was rising stronger with every passing moment. It sounded as the roaring of the hungry lions must have sounded to the early Christians. Again I became sensible of the professor's voice.

"I don't know of another man in this town that could do it," he was saying. "Just a few minutes in the ring—stallin', you know, steppin' round and keepin' out of the way ——"

"Absurd!" I said, struggling desperately to keep above the surface of my demoralization. "Professor, I am surprised at you! How d-dare you even propose so preposterous a thing! Pooh-pooh ——"

"T'irty-one t'ousand dollars!" Professor Kid was beseeching me. "T'ink how many li'l' lives it will save! Ten bottles of milk to the dollar! Ten times t'irty-one t'ousand—t'ree hundred and ten t'ousand bottles—enough to keep over five hundred li'l' Beljums alive for a whole year—I figured it all out a while ago!"

(Concluded on Page 45)

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"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"

(Concluded from Page 42)

I opened my mouth, but my tongue seemed paralyzed. Again Professor Kid's anguished monologue:

"T'ink of li'l' Pick! It was him that put this idea in me nut! It's his party, professor! T'ink of li'l' Pick sendin' t'irty-one t'ousand dollars' wort' of milk to the starvin' li'l' Beljums ——"

My eyes misted as he spoke of my incomparable son. I forgot my position in society, my dignified place as a member of the faculty—all! I was a man, preparing to go forth to do battle for the weak. Dimly, as Professor Kid struggled to endue me with the fighting raiment which had been intended for the unhappy Maguire, I heard Peck de Sabla's voice proclaiming to the multitude:

"Gentlemen, I regret to inform you that Kid Maguire, who was to act as one of the principals in the next feature of our program, has been stricken suddenly with locomotor ataxia and is at this moment lying at the point of death!"

This announcement was greeted by a roar of different quality. In it I seemed to discern disappointment, anger, and perhaps a modicum of sympathy. Again De Sabla lifted his voice:

"Gentlemen, I am happy to state that we have a substitute for Kid Maguire; a man of our own city, who, while laying no pretensions to being a professional, yet undertakes to give a good account of himself. I may add that if you are not satisfied with this exhibition you are at liberty to call at the box office, where your money will be refunded to you. I thank you!"

Sniffen laid aside the pink-and-red bathrobe monstrosity and went out upon the stage. A hoarse outcry of thousands of masculine voices greeted him and his handlers. As suddenly the noise died and I knew the crowd waited expectantly for me. A cold horror lay at the pit of my stomach.

"Come along," said Professor Kid. "Me and Belty Corrigan is going to second you. Don't be scared of the crowd and don't let Sniffen get your goat. He'll say things and try to get you mad—but you keep your head."

Again I felt as the early Christians must have felt as I stepped forth upon the stage within the range of those thousands of eyes. For a moment I stood and gazed out over the sea of faces. For a moment the sea of faces stared back. I could feel the gasping amazement and hear an astounded whisper passing about, for many of those sitting there must have known me for a professor of ancient languages at the university. Then a hurricane of shouts shook the air and I turned toward my own corner.

"Who's de piece of cheese, Kid?" bawled Sniffen across the ring.

"A better man than you, you four-flusher!" Professor Kid shot back.

"Wait and we'll see!" Sniffen retorted. His face had taken on a mean, angry look at Professor Kid's repartee.

The referee called us to the middle of the ring and instructed us. Once more we went back to our corners and waited. De Sabla was to act as referee. The young society man turned to the audience and held up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he bellowed, "this is to be a four-round exhibition match. No decision." He turned. "Are you ready?" he called. "LET HER GO!"

I was quite calm now as I sprang from my seat and advanced toward my adversary. We met in the middle of the ring and I extended my hand. Professor Kid had always explained to me that ring ethics demanded that boxers shake hands before beginning hostilities. It was not compulsory, he said, but a matter of ring etiquette only.

But Sniffen did not take my hand. Instead he swung a mighty blow which, had it reached me fairly, might have ended the matter at its inception. Quite fortunately, however, I dodged mechanically and the glove glanced from the side of my head, staggering me but nothing more. A tremendous hooting rose from the vast audience. "Boo-oo-ooo!" It is impossible to reproduce the uncanny effect of thousands of voices raised in a sustained "Boo." Sniffen's face set in a meaner look. A moment later I managed to smite his nose, and it bled. Another storm came from the audience, but this was a storm of delighted applause, high above which one masculine falsetto kept cutting like a knife in shrieks of "Kill him, kill him, kill him!" When we went to our corners at the end of this round Sniffen was in a rage and his face was a smear of blood.

"I am sorry," I said. "I fear I struck too hard! I—I was excited."

Professor Kid was dancing with joy.

"Don't you be afraid of hurting that baby robber!" he said. "But you keep away from him. He's dangerous. I got a hunch he's goin' to try to knock you out! Keep away!"

Following this advice I opened the next round by practicing the footwork which I had learned from Professor Kid. I flatter myself I did it very well, for the Sniffen person was unable to damage me to any marked extent. Again he lost his temper.

"Dey told me you was a school-teacher," he sneered. "It's a lie. You're a dancin' master!"

I was nettled.

"Pardon me," I said as we struggled in a clinch, while Peck de Sabla strove earnestly to make us break away, "you are entirely at error, Mr. Sniffen. I am Professor of Ancient Languages in the university ——"

The bell interrupted me. But all through the interim devoted to preparations for the third round that invidious remark kept fermenting in my mind. I was really quite angry when I rose to resume our exercise. Professor Kid had exhorted me to eschew all conversation with my antagonist, but I could not forbear at least one remark to acquaint Sniffen of my displeasure.

"I may be a school-teacher, in your estimation," I said stiffly as I blocked a shrewd buffet aimed for my submaxillary, "but I assure you I am not and never have been a dancing master. Pray be so good as to confine your future remarks to subjects less personal—and approximately near the truth!"

"Is that so!"

Now there is a way of uttering this phrase that is a dire insult. It may seem innocuous when viewed upon the printed page; and indeed it is quite impossible for the imagination to conceive in any degree the insult, derision, contempt, sneering scorn—all the hateful things that may be implied by the proper enunciation of "Is that so!"

We conversed no more during that round, for the interchange of blows was so fast and the crowd was climbing up on chairs and making so much noise that it was quite impossible to hear one speak.

But the phrase "Is that so!" worked upon me until the bell rang. I walked to my corner, seething with rage. Clearly the man was no gentleman! I confided as much to Professor Kid, who was at that moment working upon one of my eyes, which had been slightly damaged. Professor Kid was worried.

"He's gettin' you mad!" he said. "For the love of Mike, professor, don't let 'm get you mad! Stall along one more round and we're safe! You're cuttin' him to ribbons all right—but you got to remember he's a tricky ole-timer in the ring. Stay away from him. And whatever you do—don't get mad!"

Nevertheless, as I rose to participate in the last round of our encounter I was in a trembling rage. Almost immediately we went into a clinch; and as we stood there waiting for the break I took occasion to set Sniffen right in regard to my presence in the ring.

"I am merely substituting for Mr. Maguire," I said. "Mr. Maguire was so unfortunate as to meet with an accident which resulted in pickling him badly. I would under no circumstances have lent my presence to this entertainment but for the fact that we were boxing for the saving of the lives of the little Belgian babies ——"

We broke away and Sniffen tried a whizzing uppercut. He met with discouraging nonsuccess in this endeavor, however, and a moment later I struck him once more upon his sadly afflicted nose. The organ bled copiously, making his unhandsome face more unattractive still. I think—now that I look back upon the occasion with cooler blood and a benevolent forbearance which time alone enables one to feel—I think that it was the ache of his persecuted nose that caused him to utter such ungenerous sentiments. I yearn to believe so, at least.

"To hell wit' you!" he snarled, dashing his glove across his swollen nose and bringing it away all smeared with blood. "And to hell wit' the Beljum babies!"

I do not know exactly what ensued At this sacrilegious observation I seemed to see a nation of starved little ones, their lives crushed in the mud beneath the heel of hideous war. I seemed to feel my heart burst with the composite injustice visited upon ten thousand innocents. And it seemed that in some mysterious way all that hellishness crystallized and manifested itself in the person of a gross creature before me—a creature with a bloody nose and a mean, cruel grin; a thing which must be exterminated.

Vaguely I recall the impact of my gloves upon that sneering countenance; the thump of gloves upon my own visage—thumps which I did not even feel. Indistinctly I heard the anguished shouts of Professor Kid urging me to stay away. But I would not stay away. I had gone back to the primitive. I had tasted my enemy's blood and this was no longer a boxing contest; it was a fight—though I did not at the time realize it. Careless of punishment my only urge now was to kill; to crush with my hands this unclean thing.

"Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

That high falsetto voice persisting above the sustained uproar cut through my madness at last and cleared my mind, even as a scalpel lifts away a cataract. As I hung for a moment in a clinch with my chin resting upon my enemy's shoulder I looked toward the audience; and there, standing precariously upon a chair in the middle of the frenzied howling throng, I saw the owner of the bloodthirsty voice; and—could I believe my eyes?—it was Professor Chandler!

I broke suddenly out of the clinch and sprang backward. As that mean bloody face, abruptly released, lurched toward me I swung at it with all my strength. My closed hand collided with the Sniffen person's prognathous jaw and an instant later my stricken opponent fell through the ropes and into the crowd—inert, senseless; and the referee and I were left quite alone in the ring.

While these latter events were transpiring the clamor of the audience had been rising and taking on a cumulative frenzy; and coördinating with that last savage blow it mounted to the peak of vocal chaos, a strange, inchoate bedlam, above which rose Professor Chandler's hysterical squeal of ferocious animal joy.

In that one supreme moment of triumph my exaltation fell away from me and I realized what I had done. I had been fighting! There was no use in trying to delude myself—I had gone upon the stage to box a dignified four-round exhibition. And I had done at least one round of fighting! Before fifteen thousand citizens of my home city!

How much one can think of in a second of time! I saw the blood upon my hands—blood from the battered Sniffen nose. I saw my name bandied about through the columns of the newspapers, made the vehicle for the paragrapher's cheap wit. I saw my wife's tragic face, also the face of the president of our university, awful in its righteous wrath. I saw myself ruined, expelled from the Faculty Club, cast out of society—lost!

As I have said, all in that pregnant second of time! And then as though it had been a tidal wave suddenly released the fifteen thousand of that vast audience rolled down and engulfed the stage. I fled before the onslaught of the acclaiming host, sped through the dressing room ahead of Professor Kid, who strove to stop me, caught up a bathrobe in my flight, and did not stop until I was in my automobile, flying homeward, the pandemonium rocking the auditorium behind me growing fainter and fainter in my ears.

As I neared my own house I slowed the machine and gave myself over to dreadful anticipation of the morrow. A cold wet fog was creeping in from the sea. I was chilled, for I wore nothing but the bathrobe above my ring costume. My nose was sore and one eye was swollen shut. I was very miserable.

When I reached home I left the automobile in the garage and crept upstairs to my room, shivering most remarkably. I did not switch on the light, but cast my meager garb upon the floor and sought the water basin in the bathroom, to wash the blood from my hands and face—an enterprise which I achieved with difficulty because of the darkness. Still shivering, I then dragged my aching body into bed.

It was broad day when I woke. The house was very still. The sunlight upon the foot of my bed indicated that it must be nearly nine o'clock. I wondered why I had not been called to breakfast.

I was very stiff and sore as I sat up in bed and moved my limbs tentatively. My eyes fell to the floor and encountered a horrible pink-and-red bathrobe figured with offensive horseshoes—the property of the unspeakable Sniffen! Evidently I had seized it in my flight through the dressing room last night, mistaking it for my own property.

Presently I rose and dressed. Later I summoned all my courage and went down to the breakfast room. How I dreaded to meet my dear wife! How still the house was! How my nose ached!

Beside my plate lay a newspaper extra. Shrieking from the first page was this announcement in great black letters:

SNIFFEN KNOCKED OUT!

Featherweight's Chances of Becoming Champion Gone Forever. Knocked out in Fourth Round by COLLEGE PROFESSOR!

ATHLETIC SYMPOSIUM GREAT SUCCESS!

EXHIBITION

Four-Round Match Between Billy Sniffen and Professor Wendling Said by Kid Meloney Greatest Featherweight Battle Ever Staged! Fans Go Crazy!

PRESIDENT PIXLEY TALKS

Half stunned I glanced down the long column devoted to a description of last night's awful happenings. Halfway down the page my eye caught another headline:

PROFESSOR PIXLEY INTERVIEWED

"Early this morning a representative of this paper called on Doctor Pixley, president of the University. When asked as to his attitude toward last night's affair of the athletic symposium Doctor Pixley said:

"'The great war showed us the need of strong men. It emphasized the excellence of cultivating the muscles along with the mind. As a rule our universities and other educational institutions develop the brain at the expense of the body, evidently regarding the body as a vulgar thing and sacrificing health and manly accomplishment to the upbuilding of the selfish mental processes.

"'As a result of this system we see a man mighty of brain and pitifully insignificant of body; a forceless creature, too weak to support his own mentality. The really strong man in my estimation is the well-balanced man, equally virile in mind and body. The ancient Greeks built their world-famous civilization upon this conception. They revered learning; but just as wonderful in their sight was the perfect human body, which they considered the most marvelous work of the gods.

"'This institution wishes to go on record as upholding all battles for the right and the protection of the weak. The athletic symposium was promoted by some of our best people and proved a tremendous financial success, sending a substantial sum for the relief of the starving infants of Belgium. I am glad that the university was represented. The university has always been proud of Professor William Wendling, the scholar. It is equally proud of William Wendling, the man!'"

Dazed and incredulous I sat and stared at the words. President Pixley approved! The thing could not be possible! I was saved——

Through the open window came the moist earth smells from my garden. Sparrows twittered joyously and the world seemed suddenly new to me.

Behind me I heard a soft footfall. A moment later my dear wife's hand was upon my throbbing brow and Epictetus was placed within the circle of my arms. Tenderly Azalea kissed me upon my discolored eye.

"My man!" she whispered proudly.

It was then that I broke down and wept. The cumulative excitements of the long night and morning, no longer to be repressed, burst forth from my tortured soul in tears. I clung to my wife and my son with convulsive arms. These were safe. But I had thought them lost, whelmed beneath the flood of my disgrace. The revulsion made me weak and pitiful. A hysterical man is like a babe.

"He—he called me a piece of cheese!" I sobbed, scarce knowing what I said. My wife soothed me. "And a school-teacher!" I hiccuped

"Ga!" said Epictetus, and clutched my swollen nose.

"My man!" whispered Azalea again.

It was not much; but ah, God of the Hearthstone—how it comforted me!

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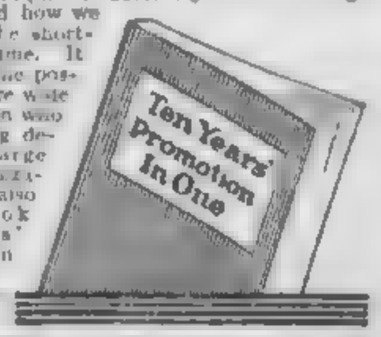

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Keeping Fit for Success

THE three or four million men of our Army who, within the next two or three years, return for reabsorption into civil life will not be the same men they were before the war; and they will return to a country that is no longer the same. They made perhaps the best body of soldiers who ever marched under any flag. They were not the average but the top cut of our American physical manhood, and they represented not only special physical fitness but special physical training. When these men come back they will bring with them a certain red-blood doctrine that will be sure to spread to civilian life and perhaps may be slow to pass away. They will show us all that the glory of a perfect body is one of the most practically valuable possessions possible in human life.

All roads are open to the man who is strong and fit—the roads to social, commercial and military preferment; even the road to personal success itself. It is all very well to have earned a few million dollars; but if, as the price for that, we have paid the ability to eat ham shank and greens, then our millions have cost us too much and can buy us too little. The start and finish of a man's life depend very largely upon his physical fitness. If he has not that he has not much. If he does have that he can get about as much out of life as he properly has coming to him; and so he ought not to kick.

It is because of the war that the perfect physical man has all at once become the idol of the world. We fit and feed him, pet and pamper him to encourage him in the good work of standing between us and drum fire. But this new man brings back with him certain problems that may even become political problems.

For instance, thinking of the tremendous risk into which the war precipitated us, some men say we must never again allow ourselves to be found so unprepared. These believe in universal military training, some even believing that such training should begin as early as the high school, though few or none indorse any military-service idea for America so strong as that of the European nations.

Other men, with equal honesty and equal vehemence, declare that the world is now done with war; that deliberate military preparedness has reached its logical climax in ruin; that the war now ending is the last war; and that we should plan for an indefinite peace, assured under the police powers of a league of nations. These fear that Americans may become militaristic under universal service, as other nations have done to their sorrow. They have yet another and still stronger argument, which is that universal military training might dull and dwarf the initiative of the American character.

Before and After

Not a very wise man myself, surely I should not like to see the waste of a great standing army in America, or see America make a business of war, as Germany has done. This, though I personally fear there will be war latent or dormant in the world as long as there are human beings, and sex, and property, and hunger and self-interest in human life. As far as the question herein is concerned, I should be indifferent as to whether physical fitness came with military training or not, provided only it became a general thing among our young men and also our old men.

The nearest I ever came to being converted to universal military training was through seeing a set of before-and-after photographs taken of a hundred boys who for a term of a few months had been put through the setting-up exercises, the school of the soldier, the manual of arms and the simpler marching formations.

A zealous young army officer had taken those slab-sided, stooped, hollow-chested and meager-muscled youths, many of them from the ghetto districts, and had made of them vigorous, well-set-up, well-developed and self-respecting young men. That company of boys had not far to go before they would have been soldiers. Turned out in thousands or hundreds of thousands annually, their like would soon provide us with a vast army *in posse*.

One thinker finds that a national menace. Another thinks the system producing such good results must be a good thing. I cannot pass on the wisdom of either point of view. All I can do or want to do is to pass on the photographs.

How can we get at the good of such facts as these and leave the evil at one side? How can we hold to the idea of physical fitness and leave unconsidered the matter of military fitness? Certainly, now that the war is over, the personal and business side of this question is of more importance than the military side in America.

Physical fitness is all a question of discipline. That may be discipline en masse or it may be plain self-discipline. You can take your boy and out of him make anything you like if you can get him under good self-discipline. You can make of yourself, perhaps even rather late in life, almost anything you like if you can furnish the authoritative power of will to push yourself into it.

Army-Fit at Sixty-Two

Unhappy Germany had a ruling class to furnish the brains for her people and to furnish them discipline. Her Turnvereins had the army in view all along and her compulsory military training did the rest. She made war her national business literally from the cradle to the grave; and because of that she failed as a nation. But these straight-backed, clear-eyed boys of our own—they are quite another matter. How can we keep our sons—and our fathers—physically fit, not so much for war as for business and everyday life, and for the enjoyment of everyday life?

Actual personal experience may give us data more valuable than any theories; so perhaps I may venture to mention a certain late experience of my own that may be helpful to other men. It has reference to the physical examination for the Army—no matter for what rank or in what capacity in this instance. Certainly, no man is going to get past an old-time, iron-faced regular army surgeon and have left any secrets from Uncle Sam. They know all about you in the Army—a lot more than your father and mother and your family doctor ever knew.

This particular surgeon took this particular writer over all the jumps; and, much to his surprise and my own, he felt obliged to write down twenty-twenty in a couple of places—which is army for perfect—and followed that with a series of negatives and normals, leading up to a final very heartening climax of "fit for active service."

Now, some five million other men recently have been declared fit for active service; so there would not be much point to the foregoing unless certain personal details were added. Few, if any, of these five million men admitted to active service were sixty-two years of age, and perhaps most of them may be said to have started out in life with very good physical capital, because not one of them was over forty-five at the time he was admitted, and most were under thirty-one; and they were "selects." This latter was not my case, for I started out in life neither an Adonis nor a Hercules, and was far past the draft age. Yet I got by the army surgeon at sixty-two.

This result was perhaps largely due to a life spent in great part outdoors, and to a lively and lifelong interest in the sports of the field; but I do not believe that this was the main reason. That reason I trace to an old and well-worn pair of five-pound dumb-bells, which look at me malevolently from under the bureau about the first thing every morning. I really believe those dumb-bells foiled the surgeon.

The examination by a heartless army surgeon is a good stiff test for any man. But any man can buy a pair of five-pound dumb-bells, and can—if he has the proper spirit—force himself to use them. If he does use them intelligently, moderately and regularly up to middle age he can get himself and keep himself fit enough to get into anybody's army. He can do that at a very small cost of time. Thirty minutes a day—twenty, fifteen, or even ten minutes—may not be enough to put a man into hard condition, or even to reduce his weight very much; but it will make him fit enough to get through a good day's work, even as a middle-aged business man.

Every man must furnish his own discipline, however. If you have not that God help you! If you have you can keep fit. If you keep fit you will be able to enjoy life; and that really is what you are here for. Granted that, we can leave quite at one side the question of your being a soldier some day, either as volunteer or drafted man.

There may be a certain value in the description of even one man's personal system of keeping fairly fit. The next man may have quite a different plan. Almost any system is good if you only stick to it. It may be said with absolute confidence that any man, up to forty, fifty or even sixty years of age, can get himself fit and keep himself fit if he really wants to do so. It is only this last part of it that counts. The discipline must come from somewhere. If you can furnish that you may perhaps find in the following simple exercises about all you need. Perhaps they may sometime put you into the army at sixty-two.

You wake in the morning feeling seedy, perhaps feeling a trifle old. You don't want any breakfast. You dread the bath. You don't want to get up. Some men take a drink and go to sleep again. Don't—please don't! It is a crime, not so much against the law as it is against your own body.

Of course every man thinks his own habits are the best in the world and that they ought to apply to everyone else. Sometimes I think a small cup of coffee the first thing in the morning—a practice more general in the South than elsewhere—is a most Christian custom if it be possible in the household. Others may condemn that. A glass of hot water, or even of cold water, is not bad. But, whatever you do, do not try to evade the glassy baneful stare of the heartless dumb-bells lying under the bureau. Look them straight in the eye. If you feel very seedy spread your arms out wide and breathe deeply a few times as you lie in bed. Then perhaps you'll have courage enough to groan and roll out.

A Morning Prescription

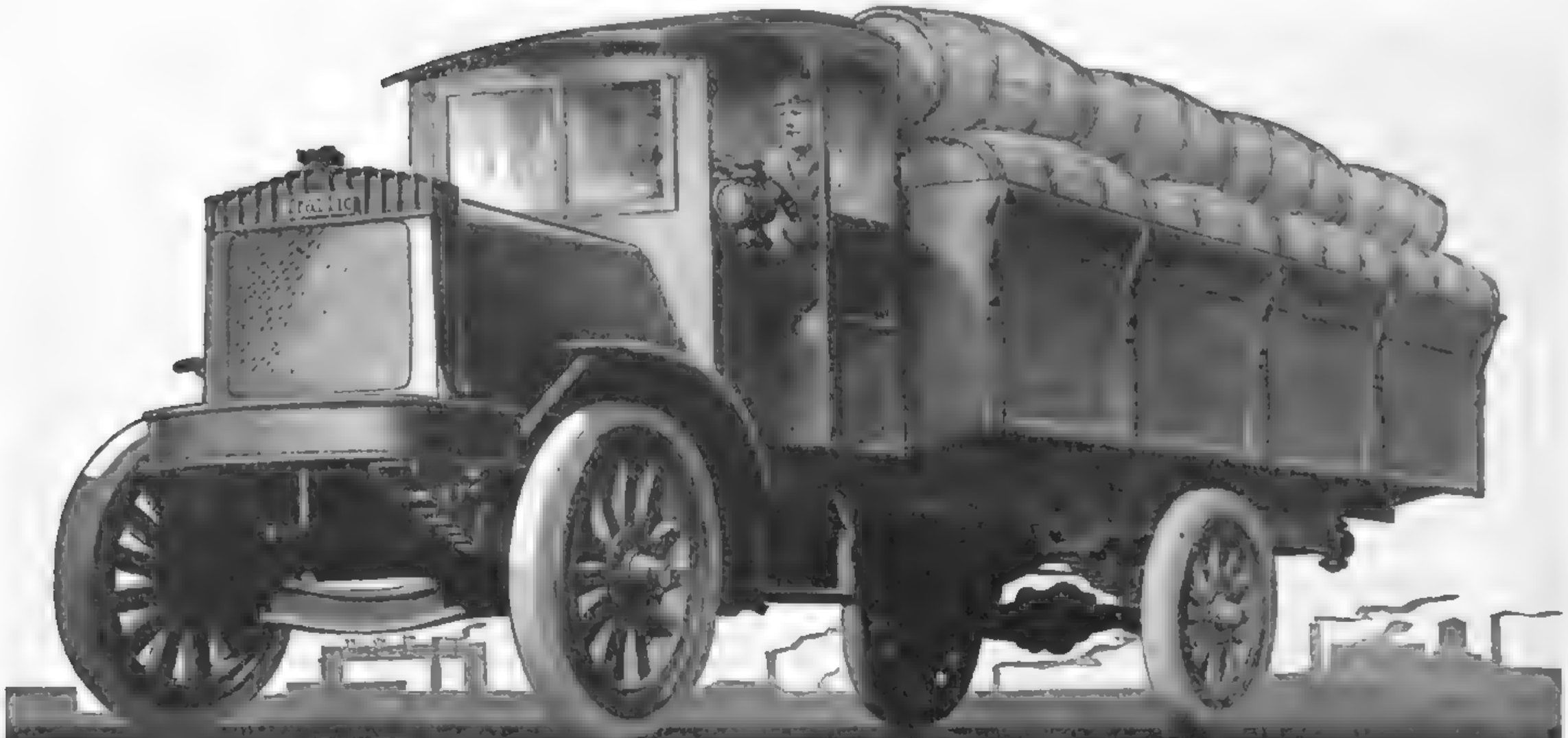
Get out of bed, seedy though you be, and fish out the dumb-bells from under the bureau. They are only cast iron, but they are going to be worth fifty times their weight in gold to you, because they are going to make you fit for war—or, what is more important, fit for work.

Be sure of one thing—you are not going to get fit in one morning, in one week, or perhaps in one year. You've got a daily, lifetime job ahead of you. But, also, you have ahead of you a daily, lifetime job of bathing, shaving, combing your hair and buttoning your waistcoat. You do not dread these things; so why be frightened at the dumb-bells? It is not an exercise you are going to take, but a habit you are going to form. Once you do form that habit, you will miss it very keenly should you by chance be deprived of the opportunity to indulge in it. Any man who exercises regularly will tell you that.

What you want to do is not to become an athlete, not to grow boastfully strong, but to get plain fit. You don't need a lot of big muscles, but you do need a good circulation; and if you have not got it you can't be either a good office man or a good street man. You feel seedy because your circulation is low. These simple exercises are intended simply to set you going and keep you going for the day's work and the work of to-morrow—and, above all, for the work of middle age or old age. It is strictly up to you whether or not the dumb-bells will bring you benefit.

Take the bells, one in each hand, arms straight down. Raise them ten times from

(Continued on Page 49)



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One Traffic Truck will do the work of three teams—do it better—quicker—for less money and with one-third the help. *It costs nothing when not running.*

How much does it cost to keep your teams on the job and off the job? Figure it, right now, against the Traffic, which will carry a 4,000-lb. load 14 miles in one hour for 30 cents' worth of gasoline.

A Traffic means dollars and cents in your pocket—the bigger your hauling problem, the bigger the profit with a Traffic on the job.

Built strong—powered to meet every demand—handles four out of every five loads known to the commercial world.

A quality truck cheap only in price—quantity production has made the Traffic low price possible. There's a Traffic produced every 45 minutes.

Can you afford to do your hauling without a Traffic?

Write for Catalog today.

Chassis $1395—f. o. b. St. Louis

Traffic Specifications

4-cylinder, valve-in-head, 40-h. p motor; Covert transmission; Borg & Beck disc clutch; Kingston magneto with impulse starter; 4-piece cast shell; cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with roller bearings; Russel rear axle, internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires; 133-inch wheelbase, 122 inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's seat and cushion regular equipment.

We want a Traffic dealer in every city, town and village in America. Wire for the territory you want.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Why There Is a Scarcity of Hudson Super-Sixes

No Open Cars to Be Built for Months—Hudson Closed Car Demand Exceeds Production

No automobiles were to have been built after January 1st.

Then, all of a sudden, the ban was lifted.

It produced a confusion the trade had never experienced. For months all makers had been turning out all the cars they could, regardless of the immediate market for them. By spring it was believed automobiles would be so scarce that buyers would accept less wanted makes if they could not get the car of their choice.

Then cars that had not sold freely during the summer and fall would have a ready market when the more desirable makes were out of the way. For one thing—

There Would Be No Hudsons Then

That was one of the expected conditions. Super-Six sales all season, just as they have for three years, absorbed the factory output. Hudson dealers were not able to get cars for future needs. It looked as though they either would have to close up shop or take on one of the less wanted lines.

But withdrawal of manufacturing restrictions assured a limited quantity of Hudsons. Less wanted cars after all, would have to meet Super-Six competition.

Hudson production is now concentrated on closed models, for which there is an excess demand. Some dealers have a limited number of open models—though not enough to meet early spring requirements.

You either must take one of the open cars they now have or wait until late spring if you get a Super-Six Phaeton.

Note Why Hudson Is so Popular

For three years the Super-Six has held undisputed leadership among fine cars.

Remember how it first established itself on the speedway and in countless endurance tests. Rivals refused to admit Hudson had developed a new type motor with greater power and endurance.

Yet those amazing records were made commonplace by later Super-Sixes. Thousands of owners made just as wonderful demonstrations with their own cars, when you consider the conditions, as were those under official test. Every car made converts to the Super-Six. Today 60,000 are in service.

It Created Styles that Others Followed

Hudson created the Sedan and the Touring Limousine. Now more expensive cars have followed and cheaper cars, too, are affecting models of Hudson type.

The seven- and the four-passenger Phaetons are pattern cars for so many other makes, that if it were not that the Super-Six is always a year or more in advance of others, one might be confused in recognizing the true arbiter. Two new types are now ready—the Coupé—a four-passenger—and the Cabriolet for three.

Why Delivery Is Possible Just Now

The Super-Sixes now available in open car types are all that can be had for several months. It will be June before full factory production can be resumed.

With the first promise of spring open cars become the favorite type. If you delay, and an open Super-Six is your choice, you will probably find all have been sold. Then you may have to wait until late spring.

The demand for all closed model Super-Sixes is so great that you must speak promptly and await your turn for delivery. With some models this may mean quite a while.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

Its White Triangle and Price are Two of Motordom's Most Distinctive Marks of Value
The Seven-Passenger Phaeton sells at $2200

(Continued from Page 46)

hip to chest. It is very easy and you should do this with snap—or as much snap as you have at that time of day and at that stage of this little game.

Raise the arms from hips, horizontal, even with shoulders, arms full length, knuckles up. Do this ten times. This position brings the weight on the underarm, and you may find some muscles you did not know you had, if you keep on trying this movement with your hands loaded.

Turn the knuckles down now, arms full length, palms upward. Flex the arms, raising the bells to your head and easing them back, arms full length, ten times. This is good for the biceps, as you will see in a year or so.

Raise the bells, both arms in unison, full length above the head from the shoulders ten times, smart and snappy. Not a hard movement. Good for biceps.

Strike out ten times, both hands together, straight in front of the shoulders. Alternate, ten times, with each hand. In all this work stand straight and don't let your feet shift on the floor. Don't drop your head forward at all. Don't sway, but stand firm. This makes all the trunk muscles work also. Don't fudge your work. Get into it. Have some military click about you.

Now take both bells, cross them on the back of your neck, and lean forward as far front and down as you can go. Pull down, helping the weight to drag your head down. This stretches the spine well. Once or twice will be enough. Take a breath and rest for an instant. Then put first one foot and then the other on a chair or the rim of the bathtub, standing back with the leg straight. In that position cross the bells at the back of your head again and bend forward, with the leg tense, as far as you can, using force to pull your head forward.

This is good for the hip joints and for the spine. Do it two or three times, hard, in earnest. An osteopath might tell you that it would give the nerves a chance for relief from the pressure of the settled spine.

Certainly your spine has a lot to do with your circulation; and suppleness, which goes with a good circulation, will be of much more value to you than a set of bulging arm or leg muscles. These exercises are intended to produce suppleness and fitness. Beyond that they will produce as much muscular development as you like if you care to extend them sufficiently. I believe your spine condition has something to do with keeping you young. Perhaps it has something to do with your blood pressure, though I always thought there was more or less nonsense about this blood-pressure thing.

Work for Trunk Muscles

My own blood pressure, as taken officially by the army surgeon, was only one hundred and forty; it has been as low as one hundred and thirty, and even lower at an age past sixty. Twenty points higher than that would be quite allowable. But don't let any doctor scare you with talk about high blood pressure—if you happen to be one of the high ones. Go after the dumb-bells and they will keep you supple and fit enough in your bones and your arteries. Then your blood pressure will take care of itself. Like enough you wouldn't know you had any if you didn't pay your doctor five dollars to shake his head and look sad over it.

Put a bell on each side of your neck and bend ten times sidewise, as far as you can on each side. Bend backward ten times, the bells still at the sides of your neck. You don't feel so seedy now. You have forgotten all about the cocktail. I certainly hope you did not need a morning cigarette.

Now take a bell in each hand—one held at the waist, the other at the full length of the arm above your head. Let that upper bell drop over the head. Bend over sidewise as far as you can, over the bell held tight at your waist. This gives the trunk muscles much more work. Do this ten times; then reverse and go over in the opposite direction. Keep your feet on the floor and don't shift to favor the side muscles. Do it in earnest, as though you meant to break yourself plumb in two. You can't.

Now use the bells as Indian clubs. They take less room in a bedroom. Do the Mill with both hands at once. It is done thus: From a point above the head drop the bells to the left, both hands together, arms parallel, and make a full-arm circle in front of you. When this circle is completed at the top, carry through into another circle back of the head, to do which you must bend the arms. When this back circle is completed it flows into the forward circle again. Learn this movement, for it is very important, being fine for the arms, back and shoulders, and fine to get up circulation. It is perhaps the best of all exercises mentioned herein to give you a general loosening up and to get you going.

If you do not understand this movement from this description ask a gymnasium man to show you. Do it ten times from right to left; then ten times from left to right, the circles flowing into each other with no pause between. Be careful not to strike the back of your head and not to strike any bric-a-brac, for a cast-iron bell is very hard to stop. You are going strong now and putting considerable ginger into this. You may also, if you like, repeat this movement, arms not parallel, but one arm following the other through.

Now bend forward, legs stiff, bells in hand, and touch the floor in front of you ten times. This is one of the army exercises. You can find much profit by getting an army manual with cuts showing the different positions of the physical drill of the soldier. You will find shown there a score or more of splendid exercises for the trunk, back and shoulders. They make for an erect carriage and for a thin flank. Nothing is better for man making.

The Fight of Middle Age

The flying rings and a lot of other gymnasium exercises are good for you also. I do not suggest these things here, however, because they take more time than the average busy man can afford each morning, and because I know that the habit of almost any kind of exercise is the imperative thing. The average man has no place for much apparatus in his room. The simpler and more accessible the form of the daily exercise, therefore, the more apt it is to be of lasting benefit.

Perhaps you have paid a physical culturist a hundred dollars to tell you to bend forward and touch the floor. He says it will reduce your abdomen. It won't! Less food and more exercise will. But this forward bend will do you ten times as much good in the way of hardening your tummy if, when you come up, arms straight before you, bells in hand, you rise up on your toes and do not stand flat-footed. No physical culturist ever told you that, but it is worth more than a hundred dollars to you, for it will bring those stomach muscles strongly into play; and in time it will show you there is still hope for you and your tailor. We will say that ten times is all you need of this forward bend. A drill sergeant would not let you off so easy.

In all these exercises get the habit of tucking up the abdomen and the flanks as much as you can; this is the most important part for a middle-aged man who is going soft. It is an awful fight—that of the business man with his growing tummy. You can win that fight—or postpone the issue—by taking these few exercises as a daily habit. If you have special need for abdominal reduction you may want to go a little further with them. In any case you need some regular exercise for the lower body.

You will note that by this time you have used pretty much all the muscles in the shop except in one limited area in front of you, low down, where lies that lamentable landscape which does not seem to be getting any work. All the work seems to be above or round the lower part of the abdomen, but not in or upon it. How shall we harden and lessen that unused part of the trunk, the muscles of which never seem to get any work, no matter what we do?

The answer is very easy to read and very hard to do. Lie down on the floor on your back, bells in hand, stretched out above and back of your head as you lie. Now raise your legs in unison with your arms, spreading both legs and arms out into a Y at the same time. Do it ten times if you can.

Don't overdo in any of these exercises. The idea is to go to breakfast perfectly fresh and not to feel tired or sore at any time during the day. It is a great mistake to overexercise and so detract from that vitality which is the very thing you are trying to build up. You can work so hard before breakfast that you won't feel like working after breakfast.

The physical culturist probably did not tell you to use dumb-bells in this prone exercise, but their weight on the arms will give the body muscles more tension.

Put the feet together and again raise the legs ten times—or as long as you can do so easily. If it gets too hard drop the bells on the floor and fold your hands on the back of your head, and work that way a while. If you put your hands on your stomach as you raise your legs you will feel the ridge of muscles that is thrown up lengthwise of the lower body. The use of the legs in this way is almost the only way in which you can get those muscles into action. Dumb-bells in your hands will give them more action.

Now rest a while and breathe deeply as you lie on the floor. Cross the bells on top of the body and steady them so they won't roll off your stomach as you lie. Flick them up and down, using the abdominal muscles alone. This flicking of the muscles of the body or of the limbs is something you can do almost any time you think of it during the day. It is good practice and you can learn it with patience.

Sandow, the strong man, did not use much of any system of exercise outside of this to keep in trim. Prize fighters use very light dumb-bells. But all of these specialists have plenty of time for exercise. The five-pound dumb-bells will give you about what you need in the ten or fifteen minutes you can afford.

A friend of mine was operated on for double hernia. His doctor had told him to put a fifty-pound sack of shot on his abdomen and flick it up and down—precisely as described above—to strengthen those muscles. Instead of doing that it broke apart the inner muscles; in an elderly man not used to exercise they are apt to be thin and flabby. That is what hernia is—a split in those lower inside trunk muscles. Therefore, be careful! Don't be too strenuous at first, especially if you start late in life.

These exercises on the floor are hateful, and they are what drive most men into quitting their daily practice. It gets easier every day, however, as the muscles strengthen. But now if you have nerve and time you can go a little further: Put your feet against the baseboard and sit up. It may be hard for you to do this ten times, even without the dumb-bells at the back of your head. If you have some straps on the baseboard to put your feet in you will not slip back and will get a better purchase.

Twelve Minutes Enough

At one stage of my own experiments, when I was about forty-five years old, I began this sit-up movement on ten and increased it one each day to one hundred, with very few pauses between; at the end of which time I was as hard as nails—and sometimes late at the office. I did not use the bells in that instance; indeed, I am not sure anyone could do the hundred with bells straight through.

I suppose ten times of this movement is enough for the average man, with the ten pounds added to the size of his morning head. The idea in all this is not to be stunty, but to be entirely practical. You want to go to breakfast feeling brisk.

All this takes a long time to write or to read, but not so long to do. You can do all the foregoing series, have a fast bath of three minutes and a shave of four minutes, and get dressed, at least enough for breakfast—all inside of half an hour. If you can spare for the exercises themselves as much as twelve or fifteen minutes you can keep quite fit. If you want to train hard, or to reduce, you can also do them at night before you go to bed, as I myself did for many years.

Of course you can extend them in repetition all you like. Of course, too, you can invent a system of your own and vary and expand all you like. The essential thing is the daily habit of exercise of some sort—until it is actually a habit and not an ordeal.

If you have to reach for a cigarette or a cocktail as soon as you get out of bed no one can do much for you. At sixty perhaps you may have weak muscles, weak heart and lungs, weak decision, weak business judgment. Do as you like and pay the price if you care to; that is none of my affair. It is hard to kill a man and the wonderful human body will stand quite a lot of bad habits for quite a long time.

I don't preach any morals at all and don't think these things can ever go by precept

The Field of Dishonor

SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so.

But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace.

It is a story so startling and curious, with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

Richard Harding DAVIS

Whether it be the blinding heat of an African desert—a lonesome island in the Pacific—or the deep mystery of a London fog—Davis always had a breathless story to tell. He knew that Romance was not dead. No man ever knew so many different kinds of people. No man ever visited so many strange lands or saw so many wars in so many different places. He was at the Boer War—he was in Cuba—he saw the Russo-Japanese War—he was in Mexico—he was in the World War. More than ever before Americans love him. His heart thrilled against cruelty and injustice—he typifies the spirit with which America went to war.

[illegible] it is most dramatic—when it moves most rapidly—that is what he loved. It is what he has woven into his masterful stories of sinning romance. With swift [illegible] he carries you away from yourself across seas—above mountains and sets you down face to face with startling adventure.

And his stories are like him. They are filled with all the charm of his personality. That personality which made him a national figure at twenty-three, which made him famous and loved all over the world. "The world knew him as one of the most vivid and versatile and picturesque writers that ever [illegible] but his friends knew him as one of the kindest and most honest of men."—Irvin S. Cobb.

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Personal Narratives from the Front by

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To gather this story three Americans were arrested as spies. Three great famous writers were under fire. Two articles are told in the words [illegible] in the set these six men and women tell you, [illegible] as under the [illegible] a white light, the human story of people at war. To [illegible] PERSONAL NARRATIVES FROM THE FRONT in 5 [illegible] This is a wonderful [illegible] get the DAVIS in [illegible] at a reduced price and the Narratives FREE.

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Send me at once prepaid complete set of Richard Harding Davis in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely FREE, the set of Personal Narratives from the Front in 5 volumes. If these books are not entirely satisfactory I will return them within 5 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $2 at once and $1 a month for 15 months.
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Ask Again for Your Favorite

During the war we stopped making several hundred varieties of Huyler's candies. Sugar had to be conserved.

But now we are back to a before-the-war basis. Our stores and agents once more have generous stocks of all varieties.

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67 Stores — Agencies almost everywhere

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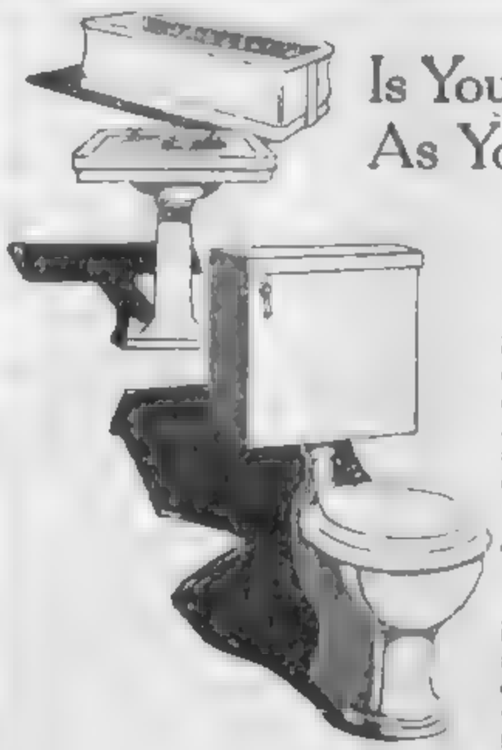

Is Your Bathroom As You Would Like It?

IF good judgment led you to install "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing, you are learning to your satisfaction that you made a wise and permanent investment. But if you were misled by a sense of economy to buy slightly cheaper and inferior plumbing, you are probably now wondering what is the matter with your bathroom and how you can make it last until such time as you can have it renovated.

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is most sanitary, beautiful, practical and permanent. Permanency is not denoted by a white surface, but by what material is beneath that surface. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become uninviting—the piece lose its usefulness.

"Tepeco" Plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. A wise investment—a beautiful one.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character" P-5.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.
Makers of the Silent Sl-wel-clo Closet

or by law; but I do preach the personal good sense of not spending all of one's capital. That means temperance and moderation, even in exercise. A man ought to have reverence for his own body. When he knows he is hurting it by excess he ought to have sense enough to cut out the excess, or at least to cut it down.

For these reasons I believe the love of outdoor air and outdoor sports makes for good morals and good living. The soldier's religion of fitness is not at all a bad religion. Some of the best business men I know have very poor morals, because they think they can always go the pace without taking any trouble to keep fit. They can't! We pay for all we get, one way or another. One man fancies one thing; another, another; but we all pay. Sometimes, maybe after fifty, we find we have been paying too much for something not of much use after all.

The personal equation—individual tolerance—is a variable thing. Some men need more exercise than others, some more food than others; it being with men much as it is with horses or other animals. But for all of us moderation seems to be a pretty good sort of religion. Self-denial seems to enter into the price we pay for a lot of good things in life.

Thus, a while ago I took on, as one of my own fool notions, the idea that I would not use any sugar or butter, because our men in France were not doing so. Probably they went right along; but I did not. Within a year I found I was easily below weight and did not need so much exercise. I believe that Mr. Hoover has done American men a lot of good.

Of course exercise in the open air is better than the room exercise. But what busy man can assure himself such privileges, and what open-air exercise is there that we can make a daily habit? I don't think much of golf as an exercise, because the golf man is too apt to put off his week's exercise until the week-end, and to rest all his physical salvation on a day's work. Ten minutes night and morning with our cast-iron friends would keep a man in better trim, would cost him nothing, and would be easier for him. There is no reason why he could not have both.

These exercises may be as direct and positive as you care to make them, and are much more useful than, say, the exercise of walking for the same length of time. As a daily habit they are far better than the weekly or biweekly practice of sitting on a board and watching a baseball game. If Mr. Hoover should cut down our allowance of commercial baseball he would do us yet more good as a nation.

Discipline and regularity are all you need to keep fit at fifty, or even later. By being fit I do not mean being an athlete or an Apollo; but I do mean owning the clear-headed vital quality that goes with a good circulation and a normally developed body.

If you keep these things up you will come to be rather strong—much stronger than the man of your weight who does not take daily exercise. Your waist will be smaller and your salary larger.

I should be very averse to being called boastful in this frank description of one man's system, which is offered quite impersonally; but as proof of the pudding I may say that I am fond of ham shank and greens, and suchlike fare, at sixty-two years of age, and have just been rated as fit for active service in the Army—though, to repeat, the Lord never laid me out originally as either an Adonis or a Hercules. I simply knew what I wanted and was willing to pay for it.

Surely you yourself—in all likelihood far better endowed—may do as much or more, or all you like. You ought to frame up your system of exercises to suit yourself, perhaps using this one as a rough model. But you will never be able to get away from the essentialness of self-discipline, temperance and moderation, as well as persistence. Ask that thin-flanked boy of yours, back from the war, what it was that kept him so fit.

If America shall come to care a little less for business and a little more for individual ability to enjoy life, then the war ultimately will have helped to pay its own share of its own awful cost. If our splendid soldiers stimulate us to be fit for a sensible civilian life, then I don't think it makes much difference whether we have universal military training or not. The desideratum in military fitness is simply ability to stand hard work. Fitness for hard work is an industrial asset, and a moral asset as well.

Disclaiming any right or intent to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, and quite aware that nothing herein is more than the story of a very plain and very average man, I should be most happy to believe I have caused two ham shanks to be eaten where one was eaten before.

Preparing America To Rebuild the World

NOW that Liberty has triumphed; now that the forces of Right have begun their reconstruction of humanity's morals; the world faces a material task of equal magnitude.

In this task American muscle and brain, and the products of American mines and forests, are already playing a leading part.

American industry, which responded so promptly and so effectively to the sudden demands of war, is rallying to the greater demands of Peace.

The call which now comes to every citizen of the United States is a call to produce, to expand, to develop, to lead the way in the rebuilding of the world.

American shipbuilders are planning a world-reaching American marine; American railroad builders are laying trunk lines on the other side of the earth; American motor vehicles are setting world standards of luxury and efficient transportation; American farmers plant that women and children in countries beyond the sea may be fed. And hundreds of new industries are springing up, with men of wide vision at their head, in answer to this same call for American leadership.

Nor is this urge in any way limited to our larger organizations. The demand for efficiency in plants of all sizes and kinds is the same demand which calls upon the civilized world for its supreme efforts in these days of restoration.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows typify the spirit and need of these brighter days. Owing their existence to a call for increased manufacturing efficiency before war wrecked the world, their place, permanency and opportunities are now fixed by a condition that bids for every possible degree of effort and equipment of the most superior type.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows in commercial structures of every sort, bringing daylight and fresh air and wholesome conditions to the armies of American workers, will help to increase the output and quality of our textiles and machinery, of our foodstuffs and clothing, our cars and trucks and tractors and implements of every description.

In this way will they contribute to the magnificent accomplishments of Peace. In this way, by serving American labor, will they contribute to the most glorious undertaking that men have ever faced—the Rebuilding of the World.

Detroit Steel Products Company, 2111 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Fenestra

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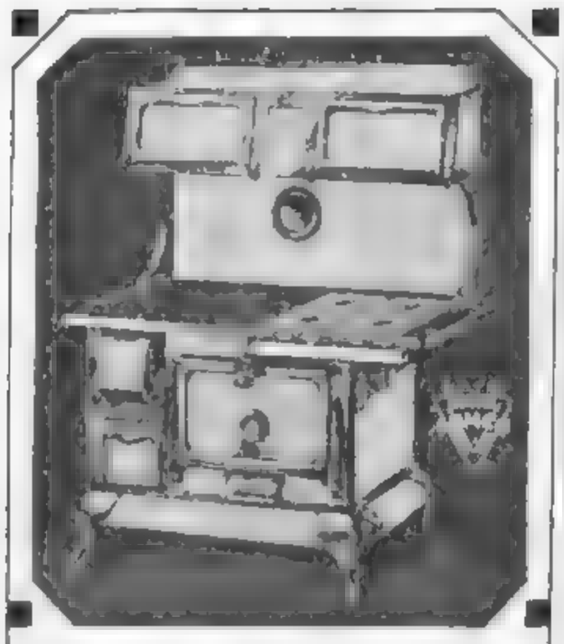

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Everlasting, unbreakable, non-rustable porcelain inside and out, fused to ARMCO Iron
Burns natural or artificial gas, coal, wood, etc. Bakes perfectly with any fuel. 4 full-size gas burners. Patented automatic oven and self lighter. 4-8 in. lids.
Also made with Reservoir and High Closet for coal and wood only
A wonder for beauty. Finished in either Azure Blue, SNOW White, Dark Blue or Black trimmed with White. All trimmed in heavy nickel.
No blacking. Simply wipe clean with a damp cloth. No corners to catch dirt and grease. Makes you glad to invite company into the kitchen
Write for catalog and sample of this wonderful new material. Name your dealer.

25 Year Guarantee
Dealers and Jobbers—Write for terms.
Ask about Our Profit Sharing Plan.

Manufactured by the
MINNESOTA STOVE CO.
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"SANITARY CORAL"
SANICO
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Master-Primer

Starts Your Car Instantly in Bitterest Zero Weather

That's what a Master Primer will do for your car! *It's not a pump.* It operates by electricity—you simply pull a button on the dash. It takes the gasoline directly from the carburetor, *vaporizes* it by heat, and turns it into the manifold—a rich hot gas that ignites on the first spark—No Matter How Poor The Gasoline.

Absolutely Guaranteed—30 Days' Trial
Money Back If Not Satisfactory

If your Master Primer doesn't absolutely satisfy—if it fails to eliminate delays—heating the carburetor with hot water—back-breaking cranking—We Gladly Return Your Money. You won't be out a penny.

30,000 Master Primers in use. Standard equipment on Franklin cars. Trouble proof—it not only does not drain the battery, but saves battery energy.

Easily installed—costs only $12.50. The Master Primer comes ready for your car. Eliminates need of the high test gasoline tank. You owe it to yourself—to your car, to give the Master Primer a 30 days' trial. Send check or money order today—give name and model of car, and your name and address. Money back if not satisfied.

Bank Reference: Central Savings Bank, Detroit
MASTER PRIMER COMPANY
34 East Larned Street Detroit, Michigan

AS TO HERMAN WAGNER

(Continued from Page 4)

That's what he looked like. These things fell like portières each side of his face, leaving his chin as naked as the day he was born. He didn't have any too much under his mouth either; so I guess the whiskers was really a mercy to his face.

He admitted he didn't know too much about the cow business, but said he was willing to learn; so I put him on the pay roll. We found he was willing to try anything that looked easy; for instance, like setting on colts for the first time. The first morning he went to work it was rainy, with the ground pretty wet, and he was out to the corral watching Sandy Sawtelle break a colt. That's the best time to handle colts that has never been set on. They start to act up and pour someone out of the saddle; then they slip and slide, helpless, and get the idea a regler demon of a rider is up there, and give in. So the boys give Herman a fuesy two-year-old, and Herman got away with it not so bad.

Of course he was set off a few times, but not hard; and the colt, slicking over this wet ground, must of thought another star rider had come to town. Two days later, though, when the ground was dry, Herman got on the same wild animal again, and it wasn't there when he come down from his first trip aloft. It traded ends with him neatly and was off in a corner saying: "Well, looks like that German ain't such a dandy rider after all! I couldn't pull that old one with him yesterday, but I certainly done it good to-day."

I wasn't near enough to hear what Herman said when he picked himself up; but I'm a good lip reader since I been going to these moving pictures, and I'm way mistaken if he hadn't learned two or three good things in English to call a horse at certain times.

He walked for several days with trench feet, and his morale was low indeed. He was just that simple. He'd try things that sane punchers wouldn't go looking for, if sober; in fact, he was so simple you might call him simple-minded and not get took up for malicious slander.

So it come to where we seen he wasn't good for anything on this ranch but chore boy. And naturally we needed a chore boy, like we needed everything else. He could get up wood, and feed the pigs we was fattening, and milk the three dairy cows, and make butter, and help in the kitchen. But as for being a cow hand, he wasn't even the first joint on your little finger. He was willing, but his Maker had stopped right at that point with him. And he had a right happy time being chore boy.

Of course the boys kidded him a lot after they found out he could positively not be enraged by the foulest aspersions on the character of the Kaiser and his oldest son. They seen he was just an innocent dreamer, mooning round the place at his humble tasks. They spent a lot of good time thinking up things for him.

He'd brought a German shotgun with silver trimmings with him, which he called a fowling piece, and he wanted to hunt in his few leisure moments; so the boys told him all the kinds of game that run wild on the place.

There was the cross-feathered snee, I remember, which was said by the bird books to be really the same as the sidehill mooney. It has one leg shorter than the other and can be captured by hand if driven to level ground, where it falls over on its side in a foolish manner when it tries to run. Herman looked forward to having one of these that he could stuff and send to his uncle in Cincinnati, who wrote that he had never seen such a bird.

Also, he spent a lot of time down on the crick flat looking for a mu, which is the same as a sneeze-duck, except for the parallel stripes. It has but one foot webbed; so it swims in a circle and can be easy shot by the sportsman, who first baits it with snuff that it will go miles to get. Another wild beast they had him hunting was the filo, which is like the ruffle snake, except that it has a thing like a table leg in its ear. It gets up on a hill and peeks over at you, but will never come in to lunch. The boys said they nearly had one over on Grizzly Peak one time, but it swallowed its tail and become invisible to the human eye, though they could still hear its low note of pleading. Also, they had Herman looking for a mated couple of the spinach bug for which the Smithsonian Institute had offered a reward of five hundred dollars cash. Herman fell for it all—all this old stuff I had kicked the slats out of my trundle-bed laughing at. And in between exciting adventures with his fowling piece he'd write himself some pieces of poetry in a notebook, all about the cows and the clouds and other natural objects. He would also recite poetry written by other Germans, if let. And at night he'd play on a native instrument shaped like a potato, by blowing into one cavity and stopping up other cavities to make the notes. It would be slow music and make you think of the quiet old churchyard where your troubles would be o'er; and why not get there as soon as possible? Sad music!

So Herman was looked on as a harmless imbecile by one and all till Eloise Plummer come over to help in the kitchen while the haying crew was here last summer. And Eloise looked on him as something else. She looked on Herman as one of them that make it unsafe for girls to leave home. She had good reason to.

Eloise is in the prime of young womanhood; but this is just exactly as fur as any fair-minded judge would go to say of her as a spectacle. Her warmest adherents couldn't hardly get any warmer than that if put under oath. She has a heart of gold undoubtedly, but a large and powerful face that would belong rightly to the head director of a steel corporation that's worked his way up from the bottom.

It is not a face that has ever got Eloise pestered with odious attentions from the men. Instead of making 'em smirk and act rough but playful, it made 'em think that life, after all, is more serious than most of us suspect in our idle moments. It certainly is a face to make men think. And inspiring this black mood in men had kind of reacted on Eloise till she couldn't quite see what they was ever intended for. It was natural.

I don't say the girl could of cooked all winter in a lumber camp and not been insulted a time or two; but it wasn't fur from that with her.

So you can imagine how bitter she was when this Herman nut tried to make up to her. Herman was a whirlwind wooer; I'll say that for him. He told her right off that she was beautiful as the morning star and tried to kiss her hand. None of these foolish preliminaries for Herman, like "Lovely weather we're having!" or "What's your favorite flower?"

Eloise was quick-natured too. She put him out of the kitchen with a coal shovel, after which Herman told her through a crack of the door that she was a Lorelei.

Eloise, at first, misunderstood this term entirely, and wasn't much less insulted when she found it meant one of these German hussies that hang round creeks for no good purpose. Not that her attitude discouraged Herman any; he played under her window that night, and also sang a rich custard sort of tenor in his native tongue, till I had to threaten him with the bastile to get any sleep myself.

Next day he fetched her regal gifts, consisting of two polished abalone shells, a picture of the Crown Prince in a brass frame, and a polished-wood paper knife with Greetings from Reno! on it.

Eloise was now like an enraged goddess or something; and if Herman hadn't been a quick bender and light on his feet she wouldn't of missed him with his gifts. As it was, he ducked in time and went out to the spring house to write a poem on her beauty, which he later read to her in German through a kitchen window that was raised. The window was screened; so he read it all. Later he gets Sandy Sawtelle to tell her this poem is all about how coy she is. Every once in a while you could get an idea part way over on Herman. He was almost certain Eloise was coy.

By the end of that second day, after Herman threw kisses to her for ten minutes from on top of the woodshed, where he was safe, she telephoned her brother to come over here quick, if he had the soul of a man in his frame, and kill Herman like he would a mad dog.

But Eloise left the next morning, without waiting for anything suitable to be pulled off by her family. It was because, when she went to bed that night, she found a letter from Herman pinned to her pillow. It had a red heart on it, pierced by a dagger that was dropping red drops very sentimentally; and it said would she not hasten to take her vast beauty out in the moonlight, to walk with Herman under the quiet trees while the nightingale warbled and the snee, or sidehill mooney, called to its lovemate? And here, as they walked, they could plan their beautiful future together.

This was beyond Eloise even with a full battery of kitchen utensils at hand. She left before breakfast; and Herman had to come in and wash dishes.

The next excitement was Herman committing suicide, out in the woodshed, with a rope he'd took off a new packsaddle. Something interrupted him after he got the noose adjusted and was ready to step off the chopping block he stood on. I believe it was one more farewell note to the woman that sent him to his grave. Only he got interested in it and put in a lot more of his own poetry and run out of paper, and had to get more from the house; and he must of forgot what he went to the woodshed for, because an hour after that he committed an entirely new suicide with his fowling piece.

Near as I could gather, he was all ready to pull the trigger, looking down into this here frowning muzzle before a mirror; and then something about his whiskers in the mirror must of caught his eye. Anyway, another work of self-destruction was off. So he come in and helped with lunch. Then he told me he'd like to take some time off, because he was going up to the deep pool to drown himself.

I said was he really bent on it? He said it was requisite, because away from this beautiful lady, who had torn his heart out and danced on it, he could not continue to live, even for one day. So I come down on Herman. I told him that, hard up as I was for help, I positively would not have a man on the place who was always knocking off work to kill himself. It et into his time, and also it took the attention of others who longed to see him do it.

I said I might stand for a suicide or two—say once a month, on a quiet Sunday—but I couldn't stand this here German thoroughness that kept it up continual. At least, if he hoped to keep on drawing pay from me, he'd have to make way with himself in his own leisure moments and not on my time.

Herman says I don't know the depths of the human heart. I says I know what I pay him a month, and that's all I'm needing to know in this emergency. I thought, of course, he'd calm down and forget his nonsense; but not so. He moped and mooned, and muttered German poetry to himself for another day, without ever laying a violent hand on himself; but then he come and said it was no good. He says, however, he will no longer commit suicide at this place, where none have sympathy with him and many jeer. Instead, he will take his fowling piece to some far place in the great still mountains and there, at last, do the right thing by himself.

I felt quite snubbed, but my patience was wore out; so I give Herman the money that was coming to him, wished him every success in his undertaking, and let him go.

The boys scouted round quite a bit the next few days, listening for the shot and hoping to come on what was left; but they soon forgot it. Me? I knew one side of Herman by that time. I knew he would be the most careful boy in every suicide he committed. If I'd been a life-insurance company it wouldn't have counted against him so much as the coffee habit or going without rubbers.

And—sure enough—about two months later the dead one come to life. Herman rollicked in one night with news that he had wandered far into the hills till he found the fairest spot on earth; that quickly made him forget his great sorrow. His fairest spot was a half section of bad land a hopeful nester had took up back in the hills. It had a little two-by-four lake on it and a grove of spruce round the lake; and Herman had fell in love with it like with Eloise.

He'd stayed with the nester, who was half dead with lonesomeness, so that even a German looked good to him, and wrote to his uncle in Cincinnati for money to buy the place. And now I'd better hurry over and see it, because it was Wagner's Sylvan Glen, with rowing, bathing, fishing and basket parties welcome. Yes, sir! It goes to show you can't judge a German like you would a human.

(Concluded on Page 55)

Can you have Style without Quality in your Shoes

MOST everyone is conscious of wearing better style today than a year ago. Thoughtful men and women have settled the thrift-question by going after *sound values*.

Style assurance depends largely on quality back of the style. The only shoe that can look well on the foot is the shoe that holds its shape.

This Colonial Pump is the Regal *Mode* for Spring. The very best of Black Patent Leather—so finely patterned that the top fits snugly to the foot. Satin bow to match. Turned sole effects. Covered Louis heel.

As an example of style based on quality, compare the *Mode* with any other pump selling at $9.50.

* * *

In these days of shifting values, it will pay you to keep the Regal concentration principle in mind —*style based on quality*.

The War Industries Board has done away with price restrictions. You can be asked most any price you feel like paying.

But good leather is no more plentiful than it was.

Concentration in the Regal business has demonstrated that if your low shoe costs you more than $11.00, you are paying for costs that *cannot* show in the value of the shoe.

It has also proved that a sound, serviceable low shoe can be sold for $6.00—*but not less*.

(Canadian prices are slightly higher, because of *import duty*.)

As a buyer of shoes, you will be glad to know that concentration is the *permanent Regal program:*

To concentrate on the wanted leathers—the assured styles—sound, serviceable shoes, with only a conservative profit on each pair. Your sure reliance, whatever the times and the tendencies.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities and over a thousand Regal Agency Stores in other cities and towns

REGAL SHOE COMPANY, 268 Summer Street, Boston

Body that hides

Certain-teed Paint has exceptional hiding power because it has body. This is due to the use of the best quality materials, scientifically proportioned, finely ground and evenly and thoroughly mixed by modern machinery.

Due to its high quality, *Certain-teed* Paint covers more surface per gallon, and wears longer than ordinary paint.

The Certain-teed Policy:

To make every *Certain-teed* product from the best quality of materials to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing, to employ skilled experts, to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs and to sell in such volume that *Certain-teed* prices are possible. Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make *Certain-teed* Roofing. And under this policy *Certain-teed* Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices. Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. Some colors cost less to manufacture than others. *Certain-teed* prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost. You therefore obtain in *Certain-teed* Paints the very highest quality at a worth while saving in cost.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America. Manufacturers of

Certain-teed Paints—Varnishes—Roofing

(Concluded from Page 52)

I laughed at first; but no one ever got to Herman that way. He was firm and delighted. That Sylvan Glen was just the finest resort anywhere round! Why if it was within five miles of Cincinnati or Munich it would be worth a million dollars! And so on. It done no good to tell him it was not within five miles of these towns and never would be. And it done less good to ask him where his customers was coming from, there not being a soul nearer him than twenty miles, and then only scattered ranchers that has got their own idea of a good time after the day's work is over, which positively is not riding off to anybody's glen, no matter how sylvan.

"The good people will come soon enough. You'll see!" says Herman. "They soon find out the only place for miles round where they can get a good pig's knuckle, or blood sausage, and a glass Rhine wine—or maybe beer—after a hard day's work. I got a fine boat on the lake—they can row and push all round over the water; and I'm getting a house put up with vines on it, like a fairy palace, and little tables outside! You see! The people will come when they hear!"

That was Herman. He never stopped to ask where they was coming from. He'd make the place look like a Dutch beer garden and they'd just have to come from somewhere, because what German ever saw a beer garden that didn't have people coming to it? I reckoned up that Herman would have enough custom to make the place pay, the quick rate our country is growing, in about two hundred and forty-five or fifty years.

So that's Wagner's Sylvan Glen you seen advertised. It's there all right; and Herman is there, waiting for trade, with a card back of his little bar that says, in big letters: Keep Smiling! I bet if you dropped in this minute you'd find him in a black jacket and white apron, with a bill of fare wrote in purple ink. He thinks people will soon drop in from twenty miles off to get a cheese sandwich or a dill pickle, or something.

Two of the boys was over this last June when he had his grand opening. They was the only persons there except a man from Surprise Valley that was looking for stock and got lost. Buck Devine says the place looked as swell as something you'd see round Chicago.

Herman has a scow on the pond, and a dozen little green tables outside under the spruce trees, with all the trees whitewashed neatly round the bottoms, and whitewashed stones along the driveway, and a rustic gate with Welcome to Wagner's Sylvan Glen! over it. And he's got some green tubs with young spruces planted in 'em, standing under the big spruces, and everything as neat as a pin.

Everyone thinks he's plumb crazy now, even if they didn't when he said Eloise Plummer was as beautiful as the morning star.

But you can't tell. He's getting money every month from his uncle in Cincinnati to improve the place. He's sent the uncle a photo of it and it must look good back in Cincinnati, where you can't see the surrounding country.

Maybe Herman merely wants to lead a quiet life with the German poets, and has thought up something to make the uncle come through. On the other hand, mebbe he's a spy. Of course he's got a brain. He's either kidding the uncle, or else Wagner's Sylvan Glen now covers a concrete gun foundation.

In either case he's due for harsh words some day—either from the uncle when he finds there ain't any road-house patrons for twenty miles round, or from the German War Office when they find out there ain't even anything to shoot at.

The lady paused; then remarked that, even at a church sociable, Uncle Henry's idee of wine would probably make trouble to a police extent. Here it had made her talkative long after bedtime, and she hadn't yet found out just how few dollars stood between her and the poorhouse.

I allowed her to sort papers for a moment. As she scanned them under drawn brows beside a lamp that was dimming, she again rumbled into song. She now sang: "What fierce diseases wait around to hurry mortals home!" It is, musically, the crudest sort of thing. And it clashed with my mood; for I now wished to know how Herman had revealed Prussian guile by his manner of leaving Reno. Only after another verse of the hymn could I be told. It seems worth setting down here:

Well, Herman is working on a sheep ranch out of Reno, as I'm telling you, and has trouble with a fellow outcast named Manuel Romares. Herman was vague about what started the trouble, except that they didn't understand each other's talk very well and one of 'em thought the other was making fun of him. Anyway, it resulted in a brutal fist affray, greatly to Herman's surprise. He had supposed that no man, Mexican or otherwise, would dare to attack a German single-handed, because he would of heard all about Germans being invincible, that nation having licked two nations—Serbia and Belgium—at once.

So, not suspecting any such cowardly attack, Herman was took unprepared by Manuel Romares, who did a lot of things to him in the way of ruthless devastation. Furthermore, Herman was clear-minded enough to see that Manuel could do these things to him any time he wanted to. In that coarse kind of fighting with the fists he was Herman's superior. So Herman drawed off and planned a strategic coop.

First thing he done was to make a peace offer, at which the trouble should be discussed on a basis fair to both sides. Manuel not being one to nurse a grudge after he'd licked a man in jig time, and being of a sunny nature anyway, I judge, met him halfway. Then, at this peace conference, Herman acted much unlike a German, if he was honest. He said he had been all to blame in this disturbance and his conscience hurt him; so he couldn't rest till he had paid Manuel an indemnity.

Manuel is tickled and says what does Herman think of paying him? Herman shows up his month's pay and says how would it suit Manuel if they go in to Reno that night and spend every cent of this money in all the lovely ways which could be thought up by a Mexican sheep herder that had just come in from a six weeks' cross-country tour with two thousand of the horrible animals?

Manuel wanted to kiss Herman. Herman says he did cry large tears of gladness. And they started for town.

So they got to Reno, and did not proceed to the Public Library, or the Metallurgical Institute, or the Historical Museum. They proceeded to the Railroad Exchange Saloon, where they loitered and loitered and loitered before the bar, at Herman's expense, telling how much they thought of each other and eating of salt fish from time to time, which is intended to make even sheep herders more thirsty than normal.

Herman sipped only a little beer; but Manuel thought of many new beverages that had heretofore been beyond his humble purse, and every new one he took made him think of another new one. It was a grand moment for Manuel—having anything he could think of set before him in this beautiful café or saloon, crowded with other men who were also having grand moments.

After a while Herman says to Manuel to come outside, because he wants to tell him something good he has thought of. So he leads him outside by an arm and can hardly tell what he has to say because it's so funny he has to laugh when he thinks of it. They go up an alley where they won't be overheard, and Herman at last manages to keep his laughter down long enough to tell it. It's a comical antic he wants Manuel to commit.

Manuel don't get the idea at first, but Herman laughs so hard that at last Manuel thinks it's just got to be funny and pretty soon he's laughing at it as hard as Herman is.

So they go back to the saloon to do this funny thing, which is to be a joke on the big crowd of men in there. Herman says he won't be able to do it good himself, because he's got a bad cold and can't yell loud; but Manuel's voice is getting better with every new drink. Manuel is just busting with mirth, thinking of this good joke he's going to play on the Americanos.

They have one more drink, Manuel taking peach brandy with honey, which Herman says cost thirty cents; then he looks over the men standing there and he yells good and loud: "To hell with the President! Hurrah for the Kaiser!"

You know, when Herman told me that, I wondered right off if he hadn't been educated in some school for German secret agents. Didn't it show guile of their kind? I'll never be amazed if he does turn out to be a spy that's simply went wrong on detail.

Of course he was safe out of town long before Manuel limped from the hospital looking for him with a knife. And yet Herman seemed so silly! First thing when he got on the place he wanted to know where the engine was that pumped the windmill.

Furthermore, if you ask me, that there wine won't be made safe for democracy until Uncle Henry has been years and years laid away to rest.

Comment on the Week

Clip the Coupon

IT SEEMS that many holders of Liberty Bonds are not collecting the interest when it falls due. If it is a small bond the half-yearly interest is a small sum. Perhaps it does not seem to the holder worth bothering with. Perhaps he does not know how to do it.

Every six months an interest coupon, attached to the bond, falls due. It is as good as money at any respectable bank. Cut it off and hand it in at the bank. Then put the amount into War Savings Stamps or into another Liberty Bond subscription.

We have found bondholders who failed to clip coupons with the idea that by letting the Government keep the interest money they were helping on with the war. But that is not the way to do it. When interest falls due the Treasurer must hold in readiness a sum sufficient to pay it all. By collecting the interest and investing the proceeds in stamps you take it off the Treasury's hands and clean up the books.

Take your Liberty Bond investment seriously. Clip the coupons when they fall due.

The Criminals

THE figures that have so far been made up put the number of dead in the war above nine millions. Probably the blind and permanently crippled are nine millions more. At least a hundred millions have been beggared, driven from home or made to grieve over the death of a beloved person. Satan surveys his domain in humiliation and confesses himself an amateur.

There was a time when a few men, certainly no greater in number than could be comfortably disposed in a moderate-size room, deliberated upon the situation and deliberately took a gambler's chance on all this measureless woe.

Truly a monstrous crime, one almost beyond the reach of imagination. It is natural that a demand rises for trial of the personal criminals—that at least the puny little machinery of legal justice, designed to deal with the mere murderer of one, be set in motion against them.

But, after all, there is something incomparably more important than that—namely, to see to it that no small set of men ever have the chance to do it again. They got their chance through a theory of the state and of international relations to which nearly every one of us tacitly subscribed—a theory which put all the emphasis on size, power, and "honor" in the old chivalrous sense, which means that it is far more honorable to fight even when you are wrong than to apologize; which, above all, taught that every self-respecting state must be the judge of its own actions.

Forty-four years before, two small sets of men, in Paris and Berlin, had precipitated a war. History explained that the true purpose of the war was to determine whether France or Germany should exert the greater power in Europe. Broadly speaking we all accepted that explanation as adequate. No great organized body of opinion severely condemned either Napoleon III or Bismarck. One state or the other would be more powerful. They were entitled to fight in order to determine which one it should be.

Democratic Government

THE House of Lords threw out Lloyd George's land-tax bill—quite correctly diagnosing that measure as the beginning of the end of the agreeable privileges its noble members had enjoyed immemorably. In the contest that ensued the noble members were signally beaten and reduced to the hamstrung condition of having only a suspensive veto upon legislation. Their opposition can hold up a bill for three years. At the end of that time, if the Commons insist upon it, the bill becomes law in spite of the Lords.

Theoretically the British Government is now the most democratic in the world. A House of Commons directly elected by universal suffrage is the sole repository of governmental power, except that a hereditary upper chamber, which enjoys rather slight consideration or influence with the public, can hold up a measure for three years.

But Lloyd George intends to supplant the hamstrung House of Lords with an upper chamber composed of leading citizens selected from various walks of life in various ways. Such a chamber would quite certainly enjoy more influence and exert more real power upon legislation than a hamstrung House of Lords, because it could command greater public attention and make much more effective appeals to public opinion. By and large, it would pretty certainly be a conservative chamber. Men who have become leading citizens in any walk of life are pretty sure to have acquired a considerable stock of conservatism. They are pretty sure to be inclined to check up legislative projects by their experience of actual affairs, and to want to know as early as possible how a scheme is going to work in practice before they assent to it.

On the whole, therefore, a reformed and reinvigorated upper chamber would very likely make the British Government less democratic in theory than it now is—in the sense that it would sometimes be less responsive to current opinion than a government in which a popularly elected House of Commons possessed almost unrestricted power. Probably there would be times when such an upper chamber would believe that current opinion was wrong, and would effectually resist it.

Three Ways

BROADLY there are three ways of dealing with the railroads—first, unrestrained private ownership and management; second, outright government ownership and management; third, private management under government regulation.

We have never really tried out the first way, for as soon as our railroad plant was fairly developed the Government began to intervene—over thirty years ago—by forbidding railroads to pool; though the first thing the Government did when it took charge was to compel them to pool, that being its chief object in taking charge. And we never shall try out the first way, for the public would never consent to it.

We are getting a brief experience, under abnormal conditions, of the second way. Our experience of the third way is rather brief, too, for government regulation as we now understand it dates only from the Hepburn Act of 1906, which first gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates. But from the experience of those dozen years, taking state and Federal regulation together, we can say this: Private management under bad public regulation is worse than either unrestrained private management or outright government management.

We can much better afford to overpay an adequate railroad system than to underpay an inadequate one. In other words, low rates and bad service will cost the country more than high rates and good service. It is a reasonable presumption that unrestrained private management, though taking an undue toll of profits, would keep the plant up to the country's needs. Being profitable, it could command, for extensions and betterments, all the capital it could use. It is also a reasonable assumption that government management, with all its pay-roll padding, red tape, pork-barrel extension and station appropriations, and with a heavy infusion of politics, would keep the plant up to the country's needs. Through government credit it, too, could command plenty of capital for extensions and improvements.

Rugged trustworthy Trucks at an actual saving of 40 to 50 per cent

Graham Brothers have injected an almost revolutionary principle into the truck business.

They are producing light and heavy trucks at an actual saving to the buyer of 40 to 50 per cent.

Cadillac, Buick, Dodge Brothers, White and other fine *passenger-car* power plants are being built into rugged, trustworthy trucks.

Graham Brothers are proving beyond question that *good used power plants* contain thousands of miles of truck service.

When built into trucks with Graham Brothers Truck-Builder, they are making amazing records of faithful service everywhere.

Graham Brothers Truck-Builder is a truck rear-system, unmistakably and undeniably sound in principle.

Ninety per cent of a truck load rests on the rear-system which Graham Brothers supply to a truck.

The other essential unit is the power plant; *and every good motor car power plant—when the gear ratio is reduced—is also a good truck power plant.*

Examine any good motor car and a truck; and you will find them both equipped with power plants essentially and intrinsically the same.

The one, the unessential, and the easily adjustable difference, is in the gear ratio.

Examine the *rear-system* of any good truck and compare it with the fine, strong construction of Graham Brothers Truck-Builder.

Graham Brothers use in their rear-system the Torbensen Internal-Gear-Drive axle—an axle so firmly established in truck practice that it is doubtful if it has an equal.

The springs are *truck* springs, the wheels are *truck* wheels, the frame is a *truck* frame—all built to carry *truck* loads.

Truck-Builders are made in 1, 1½ and 2½-ton capacities; special models for Dodge Brothers and Ford cars.

They are furnished complete with cabs and bodies, in styles to meet a wide range of hauling needs.

If you have—or can get—a good used motor car, Graham Brothers guarantee a truck, at a saving of 40 to 50 per cent, which is good for thousands of miles of continuous truck service.

Your dealer can supply you.

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCK-BUILDER AND A MOTOR CAR MAKE A COMPLETE TRUCK

GRAHAM BROTHERS

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Reveille for Mabel Hatson

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L BENSON

AS USUAL the milkman, hurrying in the dimness of early morning up the back stairs of the long yellow-brick apartment building, hit the Billingses' zinc waste-paper receptacle with his zinc bottle container, and wakened Mabel Hatson next the side back window of the bedroom.

As usual she half blinked open her round brown eyes, and half raised her brown head, which showed a sprinkling of gray over each plump temple.

But whereas usually after such wakening Mabel blinked uncertainly a few times and then turned comfortably on the other plump cheek, pushing her pillow a little closer Wood's, and promptly slept again, this morning a return to the sweetness of two more hours' slumber eluded her. Something hindered

For several heavy minutes she wondered slowly, inertly, what it was that lay so oppressively over her, that was thicker, more stifling than the blue-and-white woolen blanket covering her and Wood. Something—something that had happened the day before. Or the week before. Something that had coolly robbed her and Wood Hatson's happy, careless, comfortable married life of happiness, carelessness and comfort.

As the milkman clattered downstairs, upstairs, she could still feel on her cheeks the smear of the tears that she had let dribble into her pillow the night before, after Wood at her side had gone to sleep.

Ah! As the man, clattering up again, thumped Mrs. Krowner's half pint of cream on her back porch the other side of the Hatsons', Mabel suddenly remembered. From the heavy lump of forgetfulness she had pulled the something. Ah, yes! She knew now. The night before her self-respect had been cruelly shrapneled—or her vanity. But vanity's wounded vitals can hurt as painfully as self-respect's—if perhaps not so dignifiedly.

As He Looked at Her Something of Old Affection Seemed to Die Out of His Eyes—He Felt It Die. And She—She Saw It Die

At any rate, the shrapnel charge had been big and wounding. Life, she wretchedly felt, would never again be the same. And again small tears began to dribble pillow-ward as she turned over and dispiritedly regarded her husband sleeping there so unconcernedly. Long before now Wood Hatson's early-morning perceptions had learned to eliminate milkmen and other noises.

As his wife looked at him mildly and calmly snoring there, his closed eyes and full-featured, smooth-shaven face as unfretted as was his short-cut dark hair receding nicely into the accommodating softness of his pillow, a certain resentment gave more salt to her dribbling tears.

Wood had not made that charge of shrapnel. No. Nor fired it. No. Her country and his—the great growing movement for democracy's safety rather—had pressed the fatal trigger. But ——

But she was mournfully sure that in a way Wood in his heart blamed her for being such a good target!

Her tearful eyes rested moodily on his dark, young-looking head. Not a gray hair on it. Not his fault exactly, of course. And of course she did not exactly want her Wood to be an old snowy-pated person. Still —— It must be recorded regrettably that at this point in her morning mourning reflections Mabel Hatson forgot her Methodist ancestry and her thirty-four years of seemly vocabulary, and into her damp and tumbled pillow she mumbled angrily:

"Damn the Kaiser!"

But soon she hastily got out of bed and hurried to bathroom and cold-water faucet. Wood should not see her eyes—shouldn't guess.

Later, over breakfast toast, eggs and coffee, she managed a fair smile with the presentable rims. Wood did not especially notice perhaps. He ate with the methodical haste of the business man to whom eight-thirty is the opening wedge of the day's importance, skimmed the headlines anent the Western Front, and hustled off, saying cheerfully: "Well, so long, old girl! Till evening again."

"So long," returned his wife briefly.

As she continued with her eggs and toast—she ate more leisurely than he, also more—bitterness and resentment again flared into her brown eyes. Old girl! She did not thank Wood Hatson for that sobriquet! She wished, for a change, he would call her something else!

Maybe, some ten or twelve years back, the address had sounded well enough to her ears—when she was decidedly younger and life was a tolerably careless affair! Oh then, anything your husband dubbed you pleased your easy, young-wifely hearing. But now ——

Old girl! It had just been made known to her that that was about all she was in the eyes of most of the busy, capable world. And all round the streets, skipping lightly and enthusiastically up and down the routes of industry and vocation and avocation and duty, were thousands and tens of thousands of young girls! Pert, poise-showing, clever young girls who left no room at all for poor old ones whose husbands were eligible draftees between the ages of thirty-one and forty-five.

In melancholy abstraction Mabel Hatson nibbled a last bit of buttered toast. Then she dabbed handkerchief again at eyes, blew her nose, and declared again, this time with a vicious emphasis—"Damn that Kaiser!"

Quite ignoring the fact that the wretched old Hohenzollern did not need her to do her bit of malediction, being sullenly engaged in counting his days in his own palace.

II

WHEN this patient and long-injured country first began to assemble its needed great Army the Hatsons, in common with many of their fellow citizens, took the mighty matter with more or less emotion and philosophy.

Their emotion—perhaps in common with many other folks'—was, in a way, mostly philosophic.

This possibly was inevitable. They were a childless pair. Wood was thirty-four, seven months older than Mabel. Neither possessed a brother or any relative or friend so near and dear that his involvement in the great jaunt to glory and gunshot would wrench their heart-strings and leave either's life broken of music forever after.

They were able calmly to discuss the war as a war; horrid, terrible, but mayhap in the end gloriously helpful to country and to individual.

But their philosophy was quite emotional.

Wood said candidly that he envied the young devils due to get out and taste big of adventure. But he agreed soberly with Mabel, when she thoughtfully put the point, that after all it was hardly patriotism to leave her and his firm as long as there was a superfluity of younger men. He was head floor man and salesman in a large chinaware shop whose force the first draft cut into heavily. Some had to be the stay-at-home horses. However, he looked discontentedly down at himself several times. His hair held no gray, but—well, he was thirty-four and no one ever guessed him for thirty-three. His shoulders in their neat, custom-made serge were a little rounded, suggesting years right at hand; and his abdomen sagged a bit. Not much—he was not an overweight, but enough to put him clear out of the young-devil class.

Mabel gently patted his hand as she noted one of these discontented looks. She had plunged right into sweater and sock knitting. Board Six was just across the street from their apartment building. The morning the first batch filed off to take the train for cantonment, an eager but self-conscious gathering of youngsters who grinned sheepishly at the spectators, she stood on the curb and cried till her plump nose was red, and waved till her plump shoulder ached.

Coming back on the steps of the building she met Mrs. Krowner, a widow with one lank fourteen-year-old son, Jimsy, who had the apartment just across the hall from her and Wood. With a tearful laugh Mabel deprecated her appearance—she had run down in a washed-ribbon-and-lace breakfast cap over frowzy hair, and raincoat hastily pulled on over her not very clean silkette kimono. Mrs. Krowner, bound officeward, as usual was trimness itself in her street serge suit and small black Milan hat. She was a public stenographer, with a force of five or six girls under her.

"But isn't it a wonderful sight to watch those boys off!" exclaimed Mabel, wiping her eyes unabashed.

Pausing to pull on suède gloves Mrs. Krowner did not reply for a moment. She was a tall, homely woman, with businesslike gray eyes and flat, wide eyebrows that accentuated the largeness of her nose and mouth. Finally she spoke.

"Well, thank God my Jimsy is several years to the good. Otherwise"—she paused deliberately to snap the last glove fastening—"I'm afraid"—pause—"I'd be tempted to try to get him into a swivel chair at Washington."

Disdainfully Mabel told Wood that evening.

"Wasn't it cold-blooded and calculating of her!"

Wood, smoking a cigar, his slippered feet on a hassock, smiled indulgently at Mabel's feeling.

"Mothers are mothers, my dear," he commented kindly.

Neither he nor Mabel exactly loved Jimsy Krowner, who had a habit of tearing upstairs three steps at a time and yelling through closed hall door—"Ma, are you home yet? M-a-a! Do you care if I go to a movie?"

They admitted of course, being not narrow-minded, that a woman who worked downtown every day was handicapped in raising a boy. But they—at least Mabel did—pictured any children they might have had as being different

specimens of the young of the human race. A much shorter, plumper, nicer little boy she was sure theirs would have been.

But they had had none. At times they talked this over regretfully. And Mabel's eyes misted a little whenever she saw a touching picture of a mother and child. But at other times she and Wood had agreed that it was just as well, considering the high cost of living and such matters.

The two of them lived comfortably if not excitingly. True, Wood made no dizzy revolutions on the wheel of modern finance. But his fifty dollars a week took excellent care of their attractive apartment—tastefully furnished during the years by the bargain-knowing Mabel—their tasteful meals, a fair amount of stylish clothes for Mabel, and a regular weekly theater-and-restaurant as whipped cream for their daily tranquil sauce of life.

They had never felt greatly impelled to save, because both had tacitly agreed that it was hardly necessary. Wood carried a fair amount of accident and life insurance; also he had taken out an endowment policy that would mature in time to take nice care of their old age. Worry found few and small vulnerable points in their life.

At times Mabel rather plumed herself on their comfortable routine; even purred audibly. She felt that she could take credit for some of it. She had been a typist—for about two years before her marriage; one of the young, pretty, curly-haired eight-dollars-a-week type to whom existence is half notebooks and clicking keys and the other half beaux with theater tickets and three-pound boxes of candy. She sometimes reminisced gayly over those two years. And she considered that she deserved a large Well Done for making such excellent transition from keys-clicker to salad and broiled-chop maker. Certainly Wood agreed that she was a genius at hearts-of-lettuce-and-nuts salad. And she had indeed created a homy place for them to live and look after each other. She realized that children would have interfered with their comfortable schedule.

As it was, their only real troubles were her occasional indigestion and Ward's two bad teeth and his neurasthenic sister Maud, who with her three children occasionally visited them Sundays. Maud's husband made only twenty-two dollars a week, and Maud had an annoying and ill-mannered habit of enviously comparing their better apartment with her poorer one.

She really was a captious and annoying woman.

When Mabel and Wood bought a First Liberty Bond she said disagreeably:

"I should think you two could afford to pay for one in full—instead of so much a week!"

Mabel was irritated. As a matter of fact, the weekly payment necessitated a certain curtailment in their salads and chops.

Though afterward she did not regret this curtailment, for just as the bond was all paid for it was readily accepted as the hundred dollars asked for a bargain davenport in mulberry velours that she came across. She and Wood were a bit tired of their seven-year-old leather one.

As the days went on and the boards sent more batches of eager, self-conscious men, Mabel gave half a day a week to the Red Cross work. She had abandoned the knitting though. Somehow her knack at concocting salads did not extend to things to wear. When her sweaters and socks were finished they were awry and unacceptable; though she thought the inspectors were too finicky. A sweater was a sweater, whether the shoulders matched or not! Surely the men in the trenches would not mind such little things! She had half a mind to write and ask them! One of the finicky inspecting women reminded her of Mrs. Krowner—the same gray, businesslike eyes.

The days went into weeks, the weeks into months. America, writhing in the effort to cast off her dead skin of shiftlessness and emerge in the lustrous scales of new ways, was a busy place. A Second Loan went; a Third went. Ships went up. Transports went across. Great plans went on—went on so far that the enemies of Columbia sat up on their haunches, not to snap but to gape.

Mabel one evening fretfully told Wood that she wished the war would end. She was tired reading so much. All the news columns that were not startling were depressing. Her head fairly ached. And the squirrel-and-seal scarf for which she had exchanged their Second Bond was not so becoming as she had expected it to be. It seemed to accentuate her growing second chin.

"Women—They Make Me Tired! They Make Me Sick! They Run Off to Run Street Cars and Elevators and Offices and Ammunition Factories and Motor Trucks and Airplanes and—and Derricks! Off to These Places They Run Like Wildcats!"

Irrelevantly Wood said: "They're talking of raising the draft age."

"Oh."

She was indifferent, discontentedly eying the scarf. Mrs. Krowner meeting her in it had mentioned absently that she, Mrs. Krowner, lost six pounds after the sugar edict. Old cat! As if she, Mabel, was fat! "That's just talk of course, Wood. My goodness, they've more men now than they need."

Somehow they found it harder to pay for a Third Bond. Even Wood, usually quiet of comment, said peevishly that it certainly was queer the way fifty dollars didn't reach. After all it was a very fair wage for an ordinary man of family.

"Eggs are sixty-two cents a dozen," complained Mabel. "And lamb chops—I'd think the butchers'd be ashamed to look people in the eye!"

"I should think so too, dear," agreed Wood. "But my insurance—both—is due this week. By the way, I'm rather afraid the draft age will be raised."

"Is that so?" said Mabel inattentively. Her mind was speculatively on the living-room windows. She had planned with the Third Bond to replenish their silver chest. Their coffee spoons were large and passé. Now she wondered if, too, she could manage to get Venise lace shades.

The Third Loan passed into history. The shipbuilding went on. The transports went on. And one evening Wood Hatson came home upset. "Mabel, it's really likely!"

"What's likely?"—carelessly, reaching one plump cheek up sidewise for his kiss, and keeping a forefinger on the North Side column of the evening paper's Motion Picture Directory.

"Dear me, where is Lina Barden in America's Defi tonight? I want to see her dreadfully."

"Raising the draft age. They're determined to include older men."

Wood seemed trying to speak casually.

"Oh, they're just talking. They don't really mean ——"

"I'm pretty sure they mean it."

"But, goodness gracious, the country is overrunning with soldiers! They've got enough to whip Germany ——"

"I don't know anything about that," said Wood testily, "but I know the age is going to be raised. Over forty ——"

"Oh well"—Mabel calmly turned the motion-picture page—"you'd be exempt. You have me." She smiled comfortably. "And being married all these years no one could say you embraced Hymen to escape Mars." She had got the phrase from a recent subtitle.

Wood Hatson drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"I'd just as soon go. It's a big adventure," he began fretfully.

"Of course you would, dear!" said Mabel instantly. "You'd rush right off—except for me. Oh, here's Lina. At the Screeno Garden. We'll hurry through dinner."

They hurried—though it was an excellent dinner. Mabel pridefully explained, too, that the salad was cheaper—evolved to help pay for the bond. Wood said it tasted to him as good as any. His tone was sincere.

The Defi of America exhilarated both.

"Our country certainly can do things when she makes up her mind to hump," enthused Mabel as they emerged.

"She can," heartily agreed Wood. "But I hope ——"

He did not finish the sentence.

But not many nights later when he quietly came home he did.

"Well, I hoped it wouldn't go through; but it has, Mabel."

Mabel Hatson's brown eyes were very wide and glittering. By which her husband knew that when earlier in the day she went out to market she had seen a newspaper.

"Wood! It really has!" she now shrilled in panic.

"Yep."

"Thirty-one to forty-five!"

"Yep. And eighteen to twenty-one."

"Oh." She gestured away that part which did not concern them. "But you don't really think ——"

"Yep."

"Oh, they won't take you!"—hysterically. "You are married!"

Wood said: "See that one paragraph? Married men whose wives are not dependent on them ——"

"But I'm dependent on you! Good gracious, we haven't a cent in bank ——"

He read on in bald tone: "'Any wife who before her marriage was employed is to be classed as capable of earning her own living, therefore not dependent.' You were employed when I married you, Mabel. I can't lie"—curtly—"in my questionnaire."

Her eyes had followed his forefinger to the ominous paragraph, but not startledly; thereby betraying that earlier she had not overlooked it.

And now she shrilled, thereby betraying panicky thought:

"I got eight dollars a week; and paid Aunt Jen only four for board! I—I couldn't do that now, Wood!"

(Continued on Page 61)

Chocolate Pudding Supreme!

This is Special Chocolate Pudding—a chocolate pudding supreme.

You make it with Douglas Corn Starch, by the recipe given on this page. You serve it with pride, it is eaten with joy—the favorite dessert of man, woman and child.

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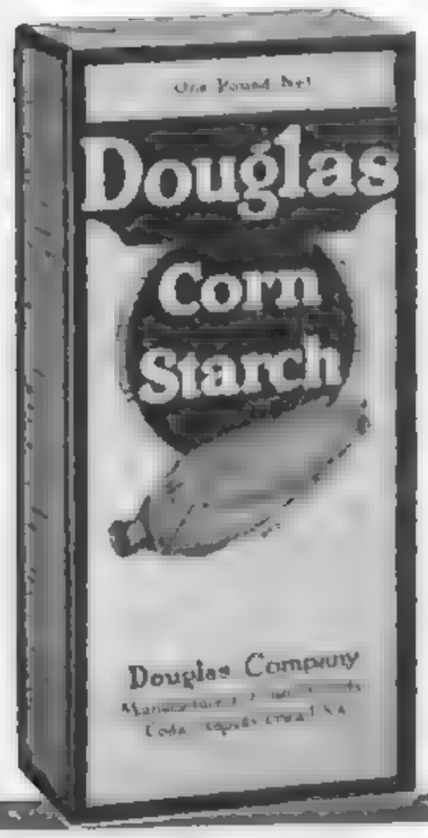

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It makes a wonderful Lemon-Cream Pie.

Douglas Chocolate Pudding

1 square chocolate.	1-4 cup sugar
3 cups milk.	Few grains salt
1-3 cup Douglas Corn Starch.	1-3 cup cold milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate, add scalded milk. Mix corn starch, sugar and salt, dilute with cold milk and add to the scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook fifteen minutes. Add flavoring. Mold. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

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Use it to thicken gravies and to make drawn butter sauce—use it to thicken soups.

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"Now don't move, Daddy—you look so funny!"

Daddy does look "funny," peering over his reading glasses every time he wants to see objects more than a few feet away. His awkward, comical appearance amuses everybody; although others cannot be so outspoken as truth-telling daughter.

Thousands of men and women can sympathize with Daddy. They, too, wear glasses for near vision only. Whenever they want to see things at a distance, they are compelled to peer *over* their glasses—or remove them entirely. It's a continual annoyance.

KRYPTOK Glasses end this annoyance. They combine near and far vision in one lens. Through the lower part, you can read the smallest type clearly; through the upper part you can see distant objects with equal clearness—making it possible to adjust your vision instantly from near to far. KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)* render unnecessary the continual removing and replacing of your glasses, or fussing with two pairs.

KRYPTOK Glasses give you this convenience of near and far vision in one lens without the conspicuous, age-revealing seam or hump of old-style bifocals. The surfaces of KRYPTOKS are clear, smooth and even; in appearance they look just like single vision glasses. That's why they are called "the invisible bifocals." They keep your eyes young in looks as well as in usefulness.

How to tell whether you need KRYPTOK Glasses

If you cannot see distant objects clearly through your reading glasses;

Or

If you fuss with two pairs of glasses (one pair for near vision, the other for far vision);

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If you wear the out-of-date bifocals with the disfiguring seam or hump;

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You need KRYPTOK Glasses.

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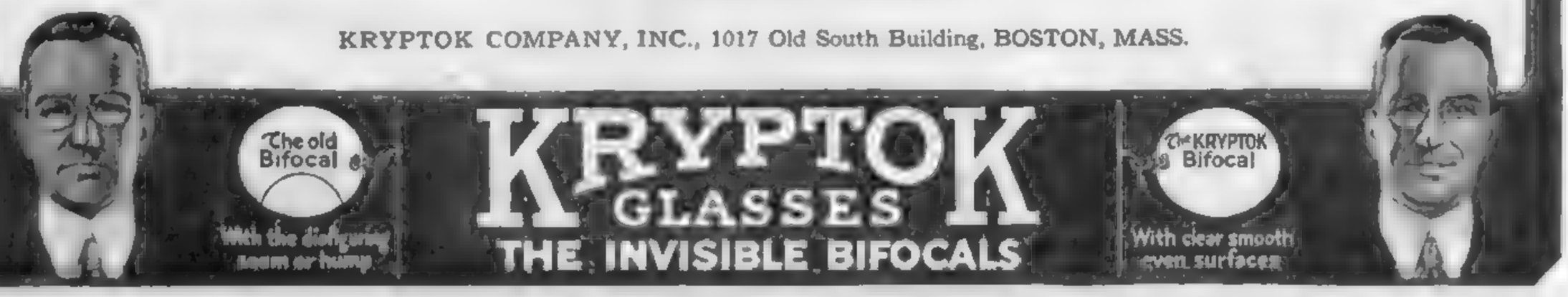

REVEILLE FOR MABEL HATSON

(Continued from Page 58)

His expression was strained and thoughtful. "I was thinking of that coming home. Though you'd get thirty dollars a month from me ——"

"That wouldn't cover the bare rent here! Besides gas and electric lights—and everything."

"Well—of course—maybe you'd have to give this apartment up. Sublease it—or ——"

"Oh, Wood!" Her cry was anguished. "I couldn't give up our home! I'd feel—feel homeless!"

"Well—of course I'd hate like the devil to have you give it up. But ——"

His unhappy eyes went helplessly round the room—from piano to mulberry davenport, to small polished table holding his smoking things, to favorite big cushioned chair—Lares lovingly gathered in the years.

Mabel began to sob. "A—a furnished room ——"

"You might —— Your mother ——"

"Oh, I couldn't go and live off her in that little town. And I couldn't pay her—unless I stayed here in the city and worked in an office!"

He was silent.

"And I simply couldn't live with your sister Maud. Only those two small bedrooms—and she fries things in lard!"

Wood grinned unhappily. "Yes—I've tasted it."

He rose and paced the room restlessly.

Finally he paused. "Well, I haven't gone yet"—trying to register cheerfulness. "No use crossing a bridge until ——"

She sobbed on. "I feel in my bones we'll have to cross it."

After a while she looked up piteously. "Wood, you don't think I'm selfish and egotistical, do you? It's only that I just can't bear to think of breaking up our nice home just for you to go away to some horrid cantonment for a few months—for of course the war'll be all over before you'd get to it."

"I don't think anything of the kind!"—warmly. "Say, it hurts me like the dickens to think of breaking up—as you say, for maybe a year—and you shifting round, working downtown ——"

She lifted a wretched frank face and attempted to register reasonableness.

"I can work, of course, but I'm dreadfully out of practice on the typewriter, I'm afraid. Twelve years, it's been, Wood."

It was then that Wood Hatson turned and looked strangely at Mabel Hatson. Strangely—and critically. Looked at her, not as a loving, consoling husband but as a business man.

She was not at her best, as it happened. The day had been unseasonably warm. On such days Mabel's plump 7-D feet ached, and so now she was in flat, flapping old slippers of his. Her voluminous house dress—which made her seem larger of waistline than she really was—was on its fourth and none too tidy day. Her corsets she had discarded for a comfortable evening at home. Then her tears—well, unluckily for all women, along in the middle thirties tears do not beautify your middle-aging countenance. They seem to "flabbify" it.

Poor Mabel Hatson. Poor Wood!

As he looked at her something of old affection seemed to die out of his eyes—he felt it die. And she—she saw it die. One cannot be married to a man for a number of years without learning to read most of his thoughts—unless one is an unbelievably stupid woman. He was visualizing her—and she saw that he was visualizing her—in a downtown office, side by side with trim, efficient, small-waisted, neat-shod young office women who were in practice on typewriter.

And among them she did not fit. Oh, she had made a comfortable home for him—her lettuce-and-maraschino-cherry salads were palate-tickling. She could clean his pipes expertly. She could match rugs and hangings deftly. She was a cheerful companion for theater or movie. Their life together had been pleasant to the *n*th degree. But ——

A slow, reluctant flush found its way over Wood Hatson's face as he felt the first touch of a shame. Not shame over her—be this to his credit. But shame over his fear that he would feel shame over her. Suppose she applied to, say, his own firm for a position! and failed to give satisfaction! and cried, as to-night, so that her plump face was streaked and flabby, as now! Quite often the women workers cried—he had seen some. Not the efficient ones, of course.

And of course there were many office women—or girls—who were not efficient—or trim. Again his strange, critical eyes went—while her wide eyes affrightedly followed his—to corsetless waist and flapping feet. But such office girls—or women—he was well aware found it hard to corral even eight small dollars a week. He recalled the Mabel of twelve years before—young, slender, alert, but inclined to whimper sadly over old grouchy bosses who simply raised Cain over misspelled words and smeary sentences.

And Mabel, watching hypnotically, read his thoughts, his recollections, understood his look at her dumpy waistline, her tear-flabby cheeks.

"Let's hope I won't have to go in the end," he said with obviously forced assumption of cheeriness.

She assented with a gulp. But it was that night that, when he had gone to sleep, she let the tears dribble into her pillow. After many years she suddenly felt herself a superfluity on earth! For Wood to look at her that way! She recalled, too, that the typewriter had never been a docile machine under her youthful fingers.

III

AND the next day, and forever after, Mabel Hatson forgot the world war, her country's growth in ideals and army, and much other important matters of her globe. Her world was Wood Hatson—when it came down to facts.

Were he to be sent to the fighting line and killed she knew that home or no home, furnished room or Lake Shore castle, would never matter to her. But there was practically no likelihood of his being sent there. And to spend the rest of her life with him, after reading in his eyes that horrible contempt! Oh, there was no evading it—it had been actual contempt.

For several days she cried and brooded by turns—carefully washing her eyes and powdering well before Wood got home.

Her happiness had festered. And a festering thing lets you have no peace. There soon came well-based rumors that older men would never be needed in this war. But that did not obliterate her recollection of the look in Wood's eyes. It had seemed to brand her as a parasite. So finally she decided to work downtown awhile for Mrs. Krowner and show him, and everybody else, that—well, show something! Mrs. Krowner was usually needing another stenographer; she had heard her say so. And though she was not particularly fond of her neighbor she would not mind working for her a while, until she got speed and proficiency enough to choose employers.

So one morning she stepped out into the hall as Mrs. Krowner was starting for her office.

She stepped back into her own hall with compressed lips and reddened face.

"Why, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Krowner sympathetically. "This war has uprooted so many homes. But I can use only stenographic experts, Mrs. Hatson. My clientele is rather fussy."

Experts! In a week Mabel Hatson's perceptions had sharpened. Mrs. Krowner's glance at her plump waist and frilled-capped hair reminded her of Wood's. There was the same tincture of contempt—only more impersonal. But now she felt no inclination to tears. Not over another woman! Her humor took on a grimness that settled steadily into determination. Well, she would show Mrs. Krowner as well as Wood!

It is likely that Mabel Hatson never before scurried as she did that day. The woman who came two days a week to clean was there. Feverishly she helped, so that she could send the woman away at noon. Then she fairly flung herself into street clothes and went forth. She came back barely in time to have dinner ready for Wood. But she had found no position.

She never told what she did the succeeding three days. But the fourth she went out and came back with forty dollars in place of a bond three-fourths paid for. And the next day she paid this forty dollars for tuition at a business college. She knew of no better way to get proficiency and a job at her work of earlier years.

Did she tell Wood? She did not.

The days were over when she told every little thing to Wood. That look of his had ended them. Some day she would tell him—some day when a large corporation had installed her at its right hand at a brand-new typewriter. Then perhaps Wood would apologetically wipe that look out of his eyes and give her the same old careless, uncritical glance. Determination gripped her as furiously as hunger was gripping poor Russia.

It took some mental and physical maneuvering not to tell him though. Her hours down at the business school meant more hours away from home than she was in the habit of spending. She had too long been the excellent housewife not to have her house rest heavy on her mind. Meals and cleaning—the routine had to go on for her own satisfaction and to insure Wood's ignorance.

And at first it must be admitted that she simply scrambled to get dressed after breakfast and Wood's leaving, in order to reach school on time. In easy happy years she had formed the habit of doing her hair and dressing very leisurely. She was accustomed to spend the entire afternoon getting ready for their weekly theater treat. But when necessity prods, you can move faster than you ever believed.

She moved faster; and afternoons she simply tore home to buy and prepare dinner for Wood in the style to which she had accustomed him.

His preoccupation helped her somewhat. He was brooding over ways and means—matters to be adjusted before he went should he have to go; and matters that could not be adjusted. By tacit consent they omitted theater and restaurant supper that first week. Also the next, and the next. He said briefly one night that he simply had to pay up all his insurance at once.

And he was so preoccupied that one night when she substituted delicatessen salad and cold meat for their usual fare he did not know it. She had disliked making the substitution, but all her scrambling that week had not given her sufficient time for regular menu planning.

However, in two weeks or so she began to dovetail her duties better. She got her wardrobe in better order—was careful to keep it mended and wearable at instant notice. She sorted out her waists; she kept on front hangers in the closet those that were most easily hooked mornings and unhooked evenings. She was in no humor for spending money these days, but she loosened her pocketbook enough for a pair of comfortable wide-soled shoes; she had no time to waste on troublesome feet. Too, she chose a neat, quick way of doing her hair; she had no spare minutes to put little curls over ears and temples. And she kept hat, gloves, veil and purse in a handy place—handy to find mornings; handy to reach evenings.

It was hard doing all this—to a woman used for many years to spending all the time she liked on herself. But she either had to do it or give up the business school. The choice was narrow.

As the days went on she got most of her hours into a fair working schedule. If perhaps the living room was not dusted so regularly it did not much matter, because both she and Wood seemed to pay little attention to mere rooms evenings. She was tired and he was obviously worried. Over her she knew. He loved her—would not like to see her wretched. Well, she told herself bitterly that she wished he loved her less and had a higher opinion of her.

She did not cry any more over it, however. She really did not have time. Going to sleep at night she was worriedly thinking of the next day. Awake days she was pressed for minutes. Though she felt that she managed pretty well she could not cook so much as formerly, try as she would. So several spare tag ends of days were spent in scouring the neighborhood for the best delicatessen shop. Some served impossible stuff. However she finally found one that was better than the others. At least Wood seemed to see no apparent difference. However, she knew well enough that if he were in a happier and more observant frame of mind he'd notice the difference in his fare soon enough.

She hoped that he would continue unobservant. It made her course easier. As the days went on and Germany slipped faster and faster to defeat all were agreed that the last war had about run its course. But that little matter, which held the attention of the world, got very little of Mabel Hatson's attention. The important thing to her was that she should regain her importance in one man's eyes. She had about forgotten autocracy, the original cause of her woe. The woe utterly overshadowed the cause. She feared failure for herself as the Allies had more than once feared it.

This fear gave her formerly good-natured mouth a certain tautness and seemed to sharpen her usually soft countenance.

And whether the fear of failure inspired failure, or whether an underlying consciousness that failure was inevitable inspired her incessant fear, is hard to say. As hard to say as whether the egg or the chicken happened into existence first.

But when six hard scrambling weeks had gone by, about all that Mabel Hatson could claim that she had accomplished was the adjustment of her home duties to her business-school hours! She could do her hair and dress herself, and run her house, and spend most of her day away from home at work. Well, it was a good thing she could lay that unction to her straining soul. For as to those hours that she spent at work ——

She hit the keys of her machine steadily and industriously. She listened conscientiously to her instructors. She spent long, patient intervals filling the pages of a new stenographic notebook with pothooks.

But the keys said to her wabbling fingers: "Say, you miss us oftener than you hit us!" And her instructors eyed her peculiarly. And no intervals were long enough for her—or instructor!—to decipher what those pothooks stood for! One night after Wood was asleep she sneaked out of bed to the dining room and spent two wretched, concentrated hours on the next day's deciphery. It seemed that mind and hands had taken on stolidity with the years. And it was inconceivable to her that such easy happy years could have been so cruel!

Most of her class consisted of younger women—girls: slim, pert, chattering things whose limber young brains and facile tongues left her behind, it seemed. Of the older ones there was one especially stout stupid person, in her forties, who seemed to poor Mabel to be her double. Looking at this poor slow old soul she felt that she was looking at herself as she appeared to Wood! And from growing exasperation with the other's obvious misfitness as an office worker she grew exasperated with her own unfitness for any work.

But exasperation does not give you limberness of mind.

She continued not to become captain of her career. And finally she demanded plain talk from a teacher.

"Will I ever, Mr. Huckton, become an expert stenographer?" Her eyes were despairing, her voice was bitter.

Mr. Huckton was a little pedagogic man, all shriveled flesh and shrewd orbs. He looked at her, looked away from her, looked back, looked away.

"I want to know!" She was shrilly insistent.

He said dryly: "Well, ever is a long time, Mrs. Hatson! One can do almost anything—in long enough time."

"And how—how," she quavered—"much time will I need?"

He looked away. He seemed to suppress a small grim smile.

"I—really, Mrs. Hatson, I could not say."

"In a year?" she demanded strongly.

He looked down at the sheet just taken from her machine. She had then been at school just eight weeks. And this was it:

"Ddear S or;

Inrepl y to youys of reccent datte?, w e begj to saym t hat w$_e$ can$_n$o t ——"

Frankly Huckton told her. "In about fourteen years. Maybe!"

"Ah," said she with stiff, colorless lips.

He was not an unkindly man. "Stenography isn't the only kind of work," he told her. "There are other kinds. And it simply doesn't belong to some folks, my dear woman. Why don't you try something else?"

She did not listen to the end of his smug, consolatory advice. Where, pray, was any something else? She knew of nothing for

which she had any talent—executive, artistic, specific or general. At the end of the afternoon session she shut her notebook and went home, knowing that she would not come back.

And as she went her feet were lumps of rock. This the end of her weeks of fierce determination! Well, she had really expected it. Always there had been underlying recollection of those typing years of girlhood. She remembered plainly that in the two years she had held exactly eight positions—and most eagerly had given up the eighth for Wood's arms and support!

Now—she knew stoically that unless somehow she rehabilitated herself in her husband's eyes savor would be forever gone from her life. That suggestion of contempt in his eyes would become more than a suggestion. He would always see her hereafter as a rather helpless old-woman-of-the-sea person. And in time he would come to think of her as old—and dependent.

Dependent! She did not thank the men at Washington who had flung out that belittling, detestable word. Dependent! Once maybe she had rather relished it, had enjoyed leaning on Wood financially and mentally; but that was before he looked at her like—like she was a dependent! Ugh! The word suggested county poorhouses, poverty-stricken relations, old women in shawls by a chimney. Bah!

For the first time in weeks the tears came again. As they dribbled down each discouraged cheek she did not care whether the people in the street car saw them or not. Let 'em look! She reflected cynically that they'd assume she'd lost in the war someone dear to her. Well, she had. She had lost herself, her old happy, comfortable self.

And when she got off the car she only half wiped them off. Whether Wood saw traces of her crying or not mattered little.

Something else! Oh, that man Huckton could talk very smugly, theoretically. There was nothing else whose lines she could grasp. No reins by which she could drive any steed of industry! She was simply one of the great mob of inefficients that magazines and lecturers harped about.

As she walked stolidly down the street she felt branded for all to see. Wood had seen—Mrs. Krowner had seen—Huckton had seen. And one day she had caught a group of young, laughing, chattering things at the school doubling up over her type sheets. Everyone saw.

The little tears made dribbling furrows down cheek again as she turned into a side street to a delicatessen shop. Reaction to the fierce effort of weeks was coming over her. She was descending into the blue swamp of despair.

Then in the delicatessen shop she found that to the big blow of the day Fate had meanly added a smaller one. The shop's counters were bare. Sold out.

She dragged her weary way back two blocks to another shop. When she saw that it, too, had few dishes and those not overly attractive fatigue flamed out in temper.

"Why don't you have stuff for customers?" she demanded angrily.

For psychological reasons which most discouraged folks will understand she had desired dinner that night to be as good as usual.

The proprietor, a small, stooped, weary man, scowled impatiently at her query as he dished out for her some flaccid potato salad and a mold of jam.

"Why don't I?" aggrievedly. "I would if I could!"

He slapped the wooden dish pettishly on the counter and snapped: "I can't get anybody to help me!"

She was listlessly uninterested in his troubles. Her own were preëminent.

But he went on broodingly: "Women—they make me tired! They make me sick! They run off to run street cars and elevators and offices and ammunition factories and motor trucks and airplanes and—and derricks! Off to those places they run like wildcats!"

His vehemence annoyed Mabel.

"Have you any pimiento cheese?" she asked sharply.

He got it, and went on bitterly, with air of having grievance that must be aired:

"Those women! They make me sick! Will any of 'em come and make salad for an honest delicatessen man? No, they won't!"

It was not the bitterness of his tone that made Mabel Hatson jump.

"Why—why, do you want one?" she demanded stammeringly, hastily.

"Do I want one!" He flung out his hands at her, groaned at her. "Does an empty car want gasoline? Madam, I want someone so bad that I'm darn near crazy! Do you think a man likes to see a business that he's been years building up dwindle away?" This with wild violence.

Mabel Hatson leaned her weight against the counter. She was trembling and her eyes had taken on a glitter.

"How much—how much would you pay a good salad maker?" she asked tremulously, weakly.

He took no time to consider. Again he flung out wide, wanting hands. He said instantly, with the desperation that is born of long and acute need: "To any woman who's got just gumption enough to pare and slice boiled potatoes and sprinkle salt and mustard over them I'd pay twelve dollars a week. To a regular salad maker—well, believe me, I'd pay her some pay! Believe me!"

"Ah!" Mabel Hatson drew a long, peculiar breath.

And then, like the authenticated office boy who saw the sign Boy Wanted and took it down and inside, saying simply "I'm here," she leaned all her weight harder on the counter and said simply: "Well, I'm a good one. I'll start in to-morrow morning."

A bit startled, the questing delicateasener drew back cautiously, as is the way of the male when he suddenly gets what he has clamored for.

"Huh?"—doubtfully. "Ah—eh—can you ——"

At the hesitating, skeptical query Mabel Hatson straightened herself, and with assurance gazed calmly at the man. It was that calm assurance known indubitably by the typist who can type, the reporter who can report, the sculptor who can sculpt, the general who can command his men. It is born of innate consciousness of power, that assurance.

"If I can't—you needn't pay me a cent for a week of my time," she coolly declared; and matter-of-factly wiped a last drying tear from her left cheek.

"Oh"—doubt gave quick, obedient way to perception—"all right. Be sure"—eagerly, whimperingly—"to come to-morrow!"

Some time later Wood Hatson, arriving home one evening just as the arc lights lighted the dusk with gold rays, smiled kindly and assuringly at Mabel, who was busily putting the last touches to the pleasant dinner table.

"Well, old girl, we needn't worry any more. Armistice is signed. I'll be right here on the job of taking care of you." Was there a touch of patronage in his earnest voice?

Mabel nodded briefly as she whipped a hot dish from gas oven to dining room.

"Yes—I heard the whistles." From under lowered eyelids she seemed to be casting a peculiar look at her husband, which, however, he did not notice.

"Though I'd sure like to have gone," he regretted, unfolding his napkin. "But ——"

Indubitably there was resignation as well as affection in the kind glance he gave her. And though resignation in its way is one of the most desirable emotions there are occasions when, like asafetida, it is offensive.

Mabel Hatson flushed as she poured the coffee.

"I'm glad, old girl; you needn't feel frightened any longer," he went on gently. "The war is over."

"Oh—the war." Mabel Hatson shrugged that great thing aside as conversation in a manner decidedly slighting to its bulk. "I'm glad it's over. But I might as well tell you at last, Wood, that I'm not—not"—in spite of herself a certain bitterness bubbled into wording—"a dependent! Not any longer!"

Mr. Wood Hatson registered bland non-understanding.

"Dear old girl, you'll always be my chief care"

"Oh, I don't know."

Mrs. Wood Hatson ungratefully tossed tartness of inflection back for gentle kindliness. And then she planted her two plump elbows—though not so plump as some weeks back!—on the table and cupped her face—which was not so plump or so smug as some weeks back!—in her two palms, which likewise belonged to hands not so plump as some time back. Thus conveniently postured, she looked quizzically at her husband staring kindly at her.

"I guess I might as well tell you, Wood, now that I'm sure of myself, that for a good many weeks past I've been making good money—twenty dollars a week. And I'm going pretty soon to ask for a commission too. It's due me—I'm making the business. . . . What doing? Oh, salad making chiefly—with a few other things."

Her look at him became straight, challenging.

As for him he set down his cup of coffee. "Mabel!"

"Yes—and this house has been run just as—well, about as well as ever! At least you, Wood, haven't noticed the difference!" And now in her voice hung a small triumphant taunt.

"Why—no—I haven't," he admitted bewilderedly. But his glance took on incredulity.

Which nettled her. "I'm telling the truth, Wood Hatson!" sharply.

"Why—why—Mabel, I didn't say you aren't"—placation came hastily—"only—only ——"

"Only it's hard for you to visualize me as—as not dependent!" she said cruelly.

At which a small red flush dyed the incredulous countenance of one American husband.

"Why—Mabel, my dear girl ——"

"I'm banking my money," she went on absently. "I'm buying back, too, the bonds we traded. I—I just want 'em."

"But ——"

"I've cut down the table expenses here a lot too. So you—you can bank that if you like."

"But tell me ——"

She went on abstractedly. "It certainly was hard at first to keep this apartment running and not be at home most of the day. But—come to think"—this was being said thoughtfully to herself, not to Wood—"come to think, it was worth that forty dollars I spent for tuition. I got tuition—if not what I thought I was paying for!"

Her husband finally got her self-absorbed ear. "Mabel, for some time I've noticed you were getting thinner, but I thought"—pityingly—"it was worry, and it worried me."

She glanced down with satisfaction at herself. "Yes—I've noticed it. I'm a lot thinner. But not—from worry. From exercise, man! And being too busy to eat so much!"

Her brown eyes snapped with self-satisfaction.

Wood saw them. His incredulity faded. She saw it fade. Whereat more snap appeared in her visual organs. She tossed her head—it was a trick of her far-back pretty girlhood.

Wood stared at her. He continued to stare at her. And little by little his whole manner was changing. His eyes began to kindle—respectfully to kindle!

"Why, Mabel! Why, Mabel, by jiminy, this is wonderful!"

She had seen the kindling light in his eyes. And now she caught, not being an unbelievably stupid wife, that nice tone of startled homage in his voice which is to wifely or maiden ears like peanuts to the elephant.

"Well," she said with a small odd smile, "reveille was sounded for me—and I woke up."

The look that he continued to give her grew in ardency—it was like an admiring lover's. So that she flushed pink. And, luckily for all women, even the middle thirties are softened by a soft pink flush! Wood Hatson got up, came round the table and kissed her as—as he had not kissed her for some years.

She dropped eyelids to hide her eyes.

And then ——

Then Wood said as a matter of course: "But now that the war is over there is no necessity for your keeping on with this work! It is not necessary."

"The war has nothing to do with it," spiritedly she interrupted him. "Wood, I want to tell you something: It isn't good for any human being to be dependent on another human's vigor, mind or circumstances. To be at the mercy of another's health or pocketbook or job! Ah—I could never be that again. I must—must feel able, if necessary, to stand on my own feet."

Wood Hatson stared. He didn't altogether understand—being of the sex that is used to being at the mercy only of its own health, job and pocketbook.

He tried to argue—but his wife said calmly: "We won't discuss it, dear. Let's go to a show. We haven't been to one for weeks."

"Can you get ready?" he hesitated. "It's late."

"I can get ready in ten minutes," she retorted. "My dear man, I've had to learn to hustle—and cut out dilatoriness."

On the way out they met Mrs. Krowner. She nodded rather pityingly at Mabel.

"By the way, I see you're working, Mrs. Hatson. Hard in an office, I suppose?"

Mabel Hatson smiled placidly. "Oh, dear, no—not in an office. I decided that I really didn't care for office work!"

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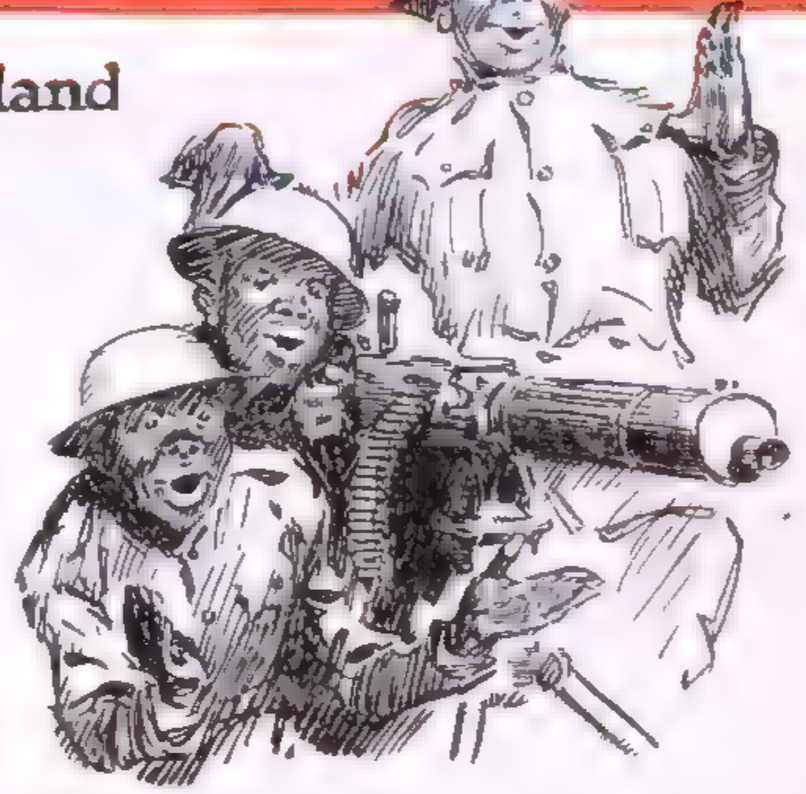

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CASH WYBLE

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Now Yuh've Got It Back—Whatcha Lettin' on Doin' With It? When You Git Home, I Mean. Speak Up, Right Quick!"

WHEN it's all over," announced Private Maclay as he rubbed gruntingly at a stubborn blur on his rifle barrel—"when it's all over I have just one ambition I'm going to satisfy—if it costs me every red cent I've got."

Maclay addressed the world at large; or such part of it as was in earshot, namely, seven fellow privates of his company lounging with him in front of the half-wrecked stucco barn which served as company barracks during the regiment's rest billet at the bomb-bitten Lorraine village.

None of these tired loungers showed any breathless interest in hearing the tale of their comrade's ambition Yet Maclay rubbed the harder at the blurred spot and rambled on.

"I can stand the drill. I can stand the hikes. I can stand being a target. I can stand the whole merry chore. And I kind of like some parts of it. But keeping the gun manicured and shampooed and massaged so it will pass inspection in wet weather—well, maybe there's some who enjoy it, but I'd rather take in back stairs to clean."

He bent again to his task, breathing on the blurred spot and then polishing the surface until the greasy rag in his fist seemed ready to smoke.

After which, scowling at the unresponsive weapon, he proceeded: "Here's my ambition: When this war's over I'm going to scrape together enough cash to buy this rifle. I'm going to take it home with me. I'm going to tie it out under the rain spout in my back yard. Then on wet nights I'm going to snuggle down in my dry bunk and yell out of the window to it: 'Rust, blame ye, rust! Rust till you're black in the face and till your lock and your trigger are stuck and your barrel's chock-full of red! Keep on rusting till doomsday! You've had your last cleaning!' Then I'll ——"

One of his hearers interrupted the gloating fantasy with a chuckle of approbation. Another of them snorted like an angry horse, seemed about to break into violent rebuke, then checked himself and got to his feet. Glowering dourly on the ruminative Maclay he slouched off from the group and down the shell-pocked street.

Cassius Wyble chose this abrupt exit as the one safe retort to Maclay's ballistic blasphemy. If he had answered the ribald, as impulse urged him to, Wyble would have had another miserable session in the guardhouse; while Maclay must needs have shifted his abiding place to the billet hospital.

But Cash Wyble was breaking himself of the guardhouse habit. Months had passed since he had paid his last visit to the hoosgow. And he did not desire further stay in such ignominious quarters—even for the joy of committing mayhem on the man who had just put himself so alluringly within the reach of such punishment.

Urge upon a sculptor the fun of hammering the head of the Venus de Milo into the same battered remnants as her arms. Suggest to a bibliophile that his rarest Elzevir would tear into splendid pipe-lighters. And perhaps you may earn from one of the two devotees some fraction of the enraged contempt which Cash was just then nourishing against the man who planned to ruin his rifle.

To Cassius Wyble a good rifle was sacred—a thing to be guarded and treasured past all else; to be nursed and humored and tended with a care in which love and reverence had equal share. His own army rifle glowed and shone in a way to warm the heart of the most rigid inspector.

Back in the West Virginia mountains, whence Cash had been snared by the draft net and tossed protestingly into the Army, the Wyble family rifle had been treated more like a priceless heirloom than like an old-fashioned design of steel and walnut. Its whims had been indulged. Its barrel, without and within, had been kept speckless. Its lock had fairly bubbled with fatness of oil.

And the wonderful newfangled army rifle apportioned to him had seemed to Cash the apotheosis of perfection. He had learned to love it. He spent three times as much labor on its upkeep as any other man in his company set aside for furbishing his whole equipment.

And now this "foreigner"—this Maclay—this outlander from somewhere in the bottomlands of Virginia, where city folk dwelt—this spindle-legged mocker—had blasphemed the Wyble gods!

"Maybe he ain't the only one that's got 'ambitions,'" mumbled Cash in his wrathful heart. "Maybe I got one too. Maybe I got a 'ambition' to traipse down to where he lives to, arter the war, an' find that pore abused rifle he's stropped to the rain spout, an' clean it up good, an' then shove its muzzle in through the winder an' blow Maclay's fool head off'n his peakin' little body! I reckon I'd only jest need to tell why I done it to make any maountain jury turn me loose; an' maybe pension me too."

Cheered a little by this bright dream Cash pursued his slouching way along the street center. Here and there, as he passed, a French housewife at door or window would stop her work to cast a curious glance at the mountaineer's lankily long figure and leathern face. But of their glances Cash was all unaware. He was not interested in these foreigners. Since he had proved by personal test that they had never so much as learned to speak, and that they communicated with one another by means of a funny jumble of sounds that could not possibly contain real words—since then Wyble had regarded them as hopelessly ignorant if not really insane. And in either case he had no further interest in them, classing them with army mules and Germans and other creatures beneath the social notice of a man of his mental caliber.

He passed on, beyond the end of the short street and out into the road which was its continuation. Wyble was going nowhere in particular. Hence his slouch had not the mile-eating swing to it that a year in the army had taught him. All he wanted to do just now was to compose his mind to an extent that would keep him safe from thrashing Maclay on his return to barracks. He yearned to hammer the desecrater of his rifle idols. And he knew that an ordinary stand-up fight between two well-matched privates was usually winked at by company commanders; providing always that such a fight was waged in official privacy.

But he and little Maclay were anything but well-matched. Moreover, Cash's knowledge of fights had been acquired in his native mountains, where tactics had been handed down from generation to generation of the hill folk. Such contests were marvelously liberal in the matter of rules. Every offensive portion of the body from teeth to toenails might lawfully be brought into action. And the mere fact that one man was down served as incentive rather than a deterrent to his foe.

Fights of this kind were discouraged right rigidly in the Army; as more than one exiled West Virginian mountaineer had learned to his sorrow. And Wyble's angry brain pictured what Maclay would look like after such a go; also the grindingly harsh guardhouse term that would confront the victor.

Cash had fought that way once, and once only, since his arrival in France. That one fight had left a Prussian colonel dead in his own dugout. Wyble knew no other way of fighting. At least he knew no other way well enough to trust his wildcat temper to follow it once his blood should be afire with the joy of conflict.

Hence, he must forgo his yearnings.

Just the same, the grievance rankled; and it rankled deep and deeper. Blessed with cinemic imagination—and wholly devoid of any sense of humor—he visualized a beautiful army rifle rusting and rotting beneath a rain spout, while slackers should be brought by the grinning Maclay to chuckle at the weapon's degradation.

Not for an instant did it occur to him to question the genuineness of Maclay's loudly proclaimed ambition; or that the man would try to fulfill it. In a squirm of indignation Cash yearned that the war might block the scheme by lasting forever; or at any rate until Maclay should be shot.

Wyble came to a halt, blinking dazedly. Something, apparently, had happened. Cash did not know what it was. But it was something that gave his tough nerves a torturing yank and brought him abruptly to a standstill in the middle of the rutty road.

Then all at once he realized. And the realization increased instead of lessening his bewilderment. Nothing had happened. But something had stopped happening.

For weeks, fifteen miles to northeastward, day and night, the air had shaken unceasingly to the roar of guns. Sometimes louder, sometimes lower, the jarring rumble had not once been still. Sometimes it had come from one point, sometimes from another, sometimes from everywhere—but always from somewhere.

And now, at eleven o'clock on this November morning, every gun, as by common consent, ceased its clangor. Not gradually, but instantly, from all directions, the racket ended. And the strange quiet smote upon Wyble's bombardment-keyed senses as smites upon the nerves of an ocean voyager the sudden stoppage of the propeller.

"Suthin's happened!" declared Cash aloud and with great positiveness.

To his regiment—as to many another body billeted in out-of-the-way nooks back of the Front—no word had come heralding the armistice. Or if such word had been received by officers it had not become known to the enlisted men. *(Continued on Page 70)*

BOSTON to BOSTON

TWO Goodyear motor transports, equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, recently crossed the continent twice, carrying full loads from Boston to San Francisco and returning by way of Los Angeles.

Before starting this 7,763-mile journey, they had delivered thousands of miles of hard service on their regular Akron-to-Boston route.

And they were given no special preparation for the coast-to-coast haul.

Yet traveling 71.5 per cent of the distance over unimproved roads and in wagon trails, they completed the round trip in 24 days, 1 hour and 55 minutes of actual running, as shown by the recordograph.

Here, then, is a remarkable demonstration of the ability of motor trucks, equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, to negotiate the worst kinds of going found anywhere.

The traction of these tires enabled the heavily burdened trucks to roll through hub-deep mud in places where most passenger cars did not attempt the grind.

Indeed, the trucks actually made better time over rocky stretches and in deep sand than the passenger car that accompanied them.

Then, on wide detours across fields and creek beds, the pneumatics helped the transports to pull out of places that would have mired solid tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

via San Francisco and Los Angeles

On top of that, they enabled the trucks, in crossing many mountains, to climb grades up to 22 per cent. On these, solid tires would have stalled because of lack of traction.

In making this long jaunt, which would have been positively impossible with solid-tire-equipped trucks, the Goodyear drivers averaged 13½ miles per hour for the entire circuit.

Three of their tires ran all the way to San Francisco on original air.

Unquestionably due to the cushioning power of the big Goodyear Pneumatics, the huge motor freighters remained remarkably free from breakage and vibration troubles. Only two broken parts, a spring and a brake rod, were recorded and these snapped during an accident.

In total, this memorable performance of these pioneering tires points to their immense advantages for either highway hauling or off-the-road work.

It particularly calls attention to the way Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires protect trucks and loads, and to their very tough construction.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 67)

Up the bumpy roadway toward the village chugged a most disreputable little motor car with the muffler cut out. One man in muddy khaki was the car's sole occupant. As he drew near Cash recognized the chauffeur as a correspondent who had visited the regiment's quarters from time to time. Wyble did not at all know what might be the duties of correspondents, apart from asking nosy questions of bored West Virginia mountaineers who had no desire to talk to them. But he knew such men were not hedged in by the mysterious dignity which encompasses an officer, and that they might be hailed familiarly without the risk of a call-down. Wherefore he now stopped the car by the simple expedient of stepping into the very center of the narrow byroad and standing there.

The sharp application of the emergency brake and a rock ridge in the bed of the road combined to save Cash from accident. At the same time it did queer things to the gears and other inner workings of the long-suffering little car.

"Say!" hailed Wyble, forestalling turgid oratory from the jarred driver. "Say! What's all the guns quittin' for? What's th' idee?" The correspondent forgot his indignation in the zest for spreading news.

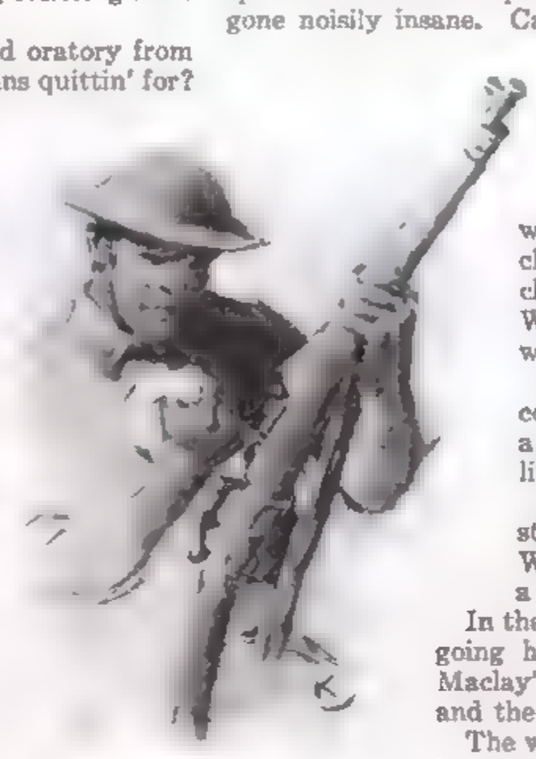
"Haven't you boys heard?" he asked in surprise. "The armistice went into effect at eleven. I thought everybody ——"

"What happened at eleven?" demanded Cash, to whom the word "armistice" was as strange as French itself.

He did not like to have his very natural curiosity balked by a stuck-up foreign word in the mouth of a stuck-up automobile jockey. "What happened?" he repeated crossly. "Speak United States, can't yuh?"

The correspondent had forgathered more than once with the mountaineers. He thus had an inkling of their resentment at words they do not understand, and he proceeded to simplify. In super-direct language he explained that fought-out Germany had asked for a breathing space wherein to talk peace; and that the Allies had consented—first arranging matters so that their foes could not resume fighting. The truce had gone into effect a few minutes earlier.

"That means the war is over!" finished the correspondent.



"Keeping the Gun Manicured and Shampooed and Massaged So It Will Pass Inspection in Wet Weather—Well, Maybe There's Some Who Enjoy It"

If he had expected Cassius Wyble to leap high in air and whoop in ecstasy and stamp on his hat at such glad tidings, the correspondent was doomed to bitter disappointment. Not a muscle in Cash's glum leathern face twitched. For a moment he did not speak.

Then he said in patronizing approval: "That's all right. Let it be over if it's a mind to. I ain't kickin' none."

He turned about and strolled back toward camp. The correspondent was so disgusted with the lout's reception of the greatest news the world had ever known that he did not offer Wyble a lift in his car, but sped bumpily along at top speed to carry his golden tidings to more appreciative hearers.

Cash meantime plodded along in a shimmering dream. Being a mountaineer and a Wyble, nothing short of a quart of moonshine or a swirl of maniac rage had the power to stir him to outward semblance of enthusiasm. But inwardly he was in the seventh paradise.

The war was over! That meant—if it meant anything—that he could go home. And the man thrilled to the very quick.

He had spent more than a year in inexpressible cravings to return to the slab shack on his stony mountain farm, thirty-odd miles from the nearest railroad, in the uttermost hinterland of the West Virginia mountains.

In the long nights, in the longer marches, in battle, in billet, in bivouac, his longing for home had gnawed incessantly into the very soul of him. Here in the army, it is true, he wore better clothes, ate more and better food and had more ready money than he or any of his neighbors had enjoyed for countless generations. Here too he had had a sight of the great world, the society of wiser and better-bred men than himself, and a rôle in history's mightiest cosmic drama. All of which meant nothing—and less than nothing—to the flint-eyed man, who was as homesick as a lost child.

He was now leaving a life which to him spelled undreamed-of luxury. He was going back to a starve-crow rock farm and to squalor and to corn pone and to discomfort and to a frequently empty stomach. He was going to a region where life had always been and always must be a meagerly sordid struggle, where the future held nothing but toil and poverty.

And Cash Wyble rejoiced thereat as never in all his thirty lean years he had rejoiced. Just now he would not have changed places with the King of England; not even with the governor of West Virginia himself.

Mildly he was glad his side had won the war, for a belated sense of patriotism had long ago found its way into his soul. But his pride in the victory was as nothing, in that first flush, compared to the bliss of knowing he was going home.

Given a bare pint of fiery moonshine whisky at that moment, Cassius Wyble would have lifted his voice in song—an effeminate weakness which, as all folk know, is beneath the dignity of any grown man, unless he be very drunk indeed or in attendance at camp meeting or singing school.

Cash's slouching gait involuntarily quickened to a stride. Mentally he was already packing his kit and marching to the homebound steamboat. He wondered whether the boys were to start for America that day or whether official red tape would keep them in exile until sometime later in the week.

He had reëntered the village. But it was not the same somnolent place he had left a half hour earlier. The correspondent's news had spread. The regiment thereupon had gone noisily insane. Cash looked on in tolerant amusement at the antics of his fellow soldiers as they danced madly in the open street and swatted one another on the back and filled the air with a raucous jubilation which those in authority were wise enough to leave unchecked. The insane rejoicing chimed in pleasantly enough with Wyble's mood. And he viewed it with calm approval.

But suddenly his relaxed mouth corners tightened. In the center of a group of howling privates capered little Maclay.

The sight of him was enough to stem the first silent flood of Cash Wyble's ecstasy and to bring back a bad-tasting memory.

In the rapture of learning that he was going home Cash had quite forgotten Maclay's jocund plans for the disposal and the despoiling of a sacred army rifle.

The war was over. Maclay too would be going home. Nothing could possibly prevent the little desecrater now from executing his threat of buying his rifle and ruining its glorious efficiency.

The thought turned Wyble sick. It brought back to him the recently banished flame of righteous anger. It brought also a grimly adamant resolve, a resolve whose details needed working out. So dodging the revelers and going to his own bunk Cash proceeded to these details.

In his hot thoughts he saw Maclay going to the company commander or to the quartermaster or to whomsoever had power to grant the boon—and begging hypocritically for the privilege of buying his own rifle. He heard the favor granted, perhaps with a word of approval for such praiseworthy sentiment.

And presently that gallant weapon would be in the power of the man who would defile its sheen and destroy its mysteriously exquisite mechanism.

Cash turned from tan to an ugly purple at the picture he conjured up. Of course he knew he could go to headquarters himself and lodge there his information as to the base use which Maclay designed for the rifle. That would put an instant stop to any danger of the sale; and it might even bring heavy punishment on the buyer. But Wyble belonged to a clan and to a race to whom the betrayal of a foe to the authorities is the Unpardonable Sin. The mountaineers will carry on blithely a murderous family feud into the second and the third generations. But as rare as a white crow is the feudist who takes to the law any information that can harm his enemy. He pays his own bills, even as Cash Wyble now decided he must pay his.

And again Cash pondered as to ways and means.

An hour later he sought and obtained audience with his company commander. Speaking slowly his hard-rehearsed speech Wyble began:

"Seein' the war is done I'd like to tote home suthin', cap. Will you-all stop enough money out of my pay to let me buy me a army rifle with?"

"You mean, when you're mustered out you would like to buy your rifle from the Government, to take home as a souvenir?" asked the captain, who thought he was beginning to understand mountaineer nature and who prided himself a bit on the achievement. "Is that it?"

"Yes, suh. No, suh," returned Cash, his rehearsed speech somewhat thrown out by the question. "That is, cap, I'm here to ask leave to buy—to buy—to trade in a month's pay for Private Maclay's rifle, cap."

The company commander stared in dense amaze. His vaunted knowledge of mountaineer nature was sent flying to all points of the compass.

Mistaking the captain's blank gaze for a mask wherein was hidden the shrewdness of a bargainer, Cash went on: "I ain't haggling over the price, cap. If my offer ain't enough, jes' you-all banter me up to the right sum. I'll pay it if I c'n raise the money. An' most like I can. I ——"

"What in blue blazes do you want of Private Maclay's rifle?" exploded the captain. "It's of the same make as your own. Besides, how do you know Maclay may not want to buy it—if such a thing is allowed when the army is mustered out? Perhaps he ——"

"Yes, suh," Wyble made stiff answer.

And in full and cold realization of his own breach of etiquette he saluted and marched away while his captain was in the very middle of a sentence. The captain did not recall or reprove him, but stood gaping after the departing ramrod figure and wondering gloomily if ever he could boast again of having the remotest grasp of mountaineer nature.

Cash had cut short the interview for two very good reasons: First, because he foresaw a collapse of his ill-held temper; second, because his experience in crossroads dickering had given him a translation of the captain's cryptic query: "How do you know Maclay may not want to buy it?"

That explained everything. Maclay had got to the captain ahead of him. He had bought his rifle or the promise of it. Hence the captain's question and his open uneasiness.

Yes, Maclay had been ahead of him. It was too late to save the beautiful weapon from mutilation. At least ——

Next morning Private Maclay was in sad tribulation. His rifle had vanished. It had been in its place, he averred loud and often, on the preceding night. And now it was gone. If any Smart Aleck was playing a measly joke on him the said Smart Aleck was liable to do a hoosgow stretch, besides a nice spell of kitchen police.

In transit, in battle, especially in retreat, a soldier's rifle may readily be lost. But in billet the thing is practically unheard of. Wherefore the loss caused a decided stir in company barracks and a report of it must soon be duly forwarded to those higher up—a fact which vexed the company commander past belief.

The captain took the affair to heart as reflecting on his own power of discipline. He poured his annoyance into the sympathizing ear of Top Sergeant Mahan—formerly of the Regular Army and a veteran whose wisdom equaled his length of service.

Mahan, however, threw no light on the mystery, even when the captain chanced to mention as an odd coincidence Wyble's desire to buy the rifle.

Yet that very day Mahan unearthed the stock of the lost weapon from a cunningly devised hiding place in Cash Wyble's kit. Further brief search revealed the rifle's barrel, deep-buried in Cash's bunk.

Both sections of the stolen gun were beautifully oiled; in fact, were in far better condition than ever Maclay had kept them. Not that that could count in any way in the thief's favor.

Mahan in duty bound carried the recovered booty to the captain. He did so by stealth. And he found the company commander bemusedly pondering over a dirty wad of money—thirty dollars in all—which he had just found lying in a still dirtier envelope on his table when he had returned from regimental headquarters.

No word of writing had been inclosed with the money; which was not strange, since reading and writing were occult arts to Cash Wyble, as to all his mountain ancestors.

Cash meanwhile was receiving a second setback to the happiness that had been his at prospect of going home. No sooner had he salvaged Maclay's rifle from peril of destruction than he ran into fresh distress. He had sauntered up to a clump of doughboys who were scanning a printed notice newly posted on a blank wall.

For the benefit of those who, like Cash, could not read, someone was proclaiming aloud the bulletin's message. The paper was a copy of a general order issued broadcast on the previous day. Wyble's careless footsteps brought him within earshot just as the reader finished a paragraph whose last words were "headquarters under guard."

This savored of hoosgow memories and Cash listened more interestedly as the reading continued.

"Fifth: Every emphasis will be laid on the fact that the arrangement is an armistice only, and not a peace.

"Sixth: There must not be the slightest relaxation of vigilance. Troops must be prepared at any moment for further operations."

Cassius Wyble did not wait to hear more. He stamped back to barracks and sat down on the edge of his bunk. Half of the order's verbiage had been unintelligible to him by reason of its long and unfamiliar words. But he had grasped the news that he and the others must be prepared to go back into the slime of the trenches at a moment's notice; and that peace had not really arrived at all. This jolt gave the final wrecking impetus to Wyble's harrowed nerves and self-control. It gave him vaguely delirious cravings toward homicide.

What a liar that correspondent must have been! And his yarn about the war's being over had fooled not Cash alone, but the whole command!

(Concluded on Page 74)

Juvenile Shoe System Standard of the World

THE JUVENILE SHOE CORPORATION OF AMERICA IS THE FOOTWEAR SPECIALIST TO THE CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS.

THE GREAT FACTORIES OF THIS CORPORATION ARE ORGANIZED, EQUIPPED AND OPERATED WITH BUT A SINGLE IDEAL: TO MANUFACTURE THE VERY BEST SHOES IN ALL THE WORLD, FOR THE CHILDREN OF ALL THE WORLD.

QUALITY, STYLE FIT AND THE LAW OF ORTHOPAEDICS ARE BUILT INTO FINE LEATHER FOOTWEAR THAT GIVES COMFORT AND SHAPELY CONTOUR TO THE GROWING FOOT.

GOODYEAR WELTED AND GOODYEAR STITCHED FOR GIRLS AND BOYS OF ALL AGES.

BLACK KID BLACK AND MAHOGANY CALF, PATENT LEATHER AND WHITE BUCK

SPECIAL FEATURES

THE ORTHOPAEDIC LAST GIVES FULL TOE ROOM AND PREVENTS ANY POSSIBLE BLEMISH TO GROWING FEET.

TRIM, NOISELESS, FLEXIBLE VELVET OAK ANTI-SLIP SOLES, WITH EVEN BOTTOM SURFACE THAT INSURES UNIFORM WEAR

GOODYEAR STITCHED SHOES ARE FREE FROM WAX, THREADS OR TACKS ON THE INSIDE, PREVENTING INJURY TO TENDER FEET AND MINIMIZING WEAR ON STOCKINGS

THE WOODEN PEGS ON TOP LIFTS OF HEELED SHOES PREVENT SCRATCHING OF POLISHED FLOORS.

LEATHER IN BOX TOES IS FLESH SIDE UP—IF IT GETS WET IT CANNOT CURL DOWN AND HURT THE FOOT. SOLE LEATHER COUNTERS. FAST COLOR HOOKS AND EYELETS

THREE TO TWELVE DOLLARS
"THE QUALITY IS HIGHER THAN THE PRICE"

THE JUVENILE SHOE CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

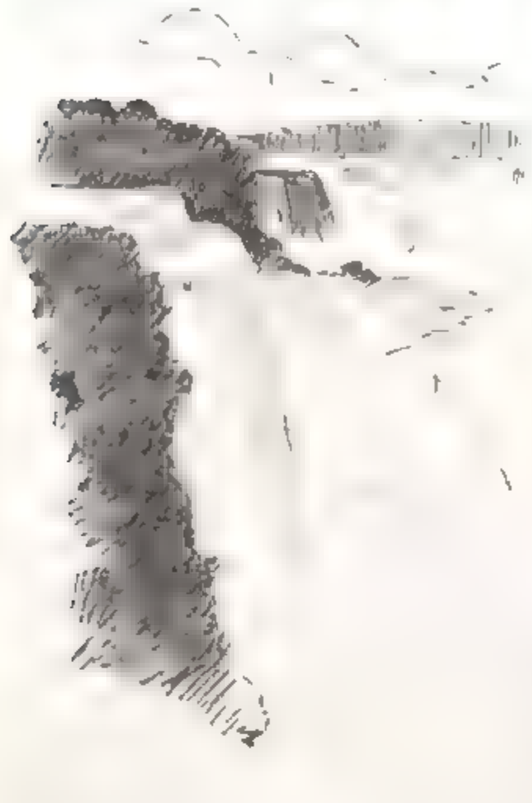
NEW YORK CITY SAINT LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO

ONE ENTIRE FACTORY IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE MANUFACTURE OF GOODYEAR WELTED TEXTILE FABRIC TOPPED SHOES AS MADE IN ALL STYLES FOR ANY BUT IN MEN AND BOYS IN FOUR THESE BRANDS KEWPIE TWINS PLAYHOUSE PUNCH & JUDY FAIRY TALE AND LITTLE JACK HORNER PLAY SHOE

GENUINE JUVENILE SHOE SYSTEM FOOTWEAR IS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD UNDER THE FOLLOWING TRADE-MARKS:

PLAYHOUSE SHOE
Fairy Tale Shoes
LITTLE JACK HORNER SHOES
KEWPIE TWINS
Seminary Girl Boots
THE BIXIE GOODYEAR WELT
FOSTER
MADE IN AMERICA
SPORTWAIS
PUNCH & JUDY PLAY SHOE

CARBORUNDUM IN THE SERVICE



TWENTY-FIVE years ago in a tiny electric furnace the first Carborundum crystals were produced, and the story of modern abrasives began.

Up to that time grinding wheels and other abrasive materials were the product of the stone quarry and the mine.

Today the modern abrasive is born in great electric furnaces at the almost unbelievable temperature of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature made possible commercially only through the use of the tremendous power generated by Niagara Falls.

The grindstone of our boyhood days has undergone a marvelous development.

Grinding has become an essential in modern industry.

Side by side with high speed steel and automatic machine tools the grinding wheel has made possible modern standards of precision and production.

And in all this remarkable development Carborundum has led the way.

Carborundum was the first artificial abrasive.

Like most new products it was ridiculed in the early days.

Many Scientists and Engineers declared that no manufactured abrasive could ever equal nature's product.

Today nearly ninety per cent of all abrasives are products of the electric furnace and the use of abrasive materials has increased a thousand fold.

Hundreds of operations formerly performed by steel tools are now done better, more quickly and more economically by grinding wheels.

And hundreds of other operations that could not have been successfully executed by steel tools are now made possible by the hard, fast cutting, accurately graded products of the electric furnace.

Today Carborundum products grind, finish, shape, sharpen, sand or polish every manufactured article—or they grind into shape the tools that fashion these articles.

Carborundum Products in the Foundry

Grinding and Finishing Rolls

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY

PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY

Carborundum and its twin product Aloxite have developed into mighty factors in modern industry.

From snagging the roughest castings to grinding and polishing gems; from grinding car wheels to buffing leather or moulding marble; from cutting glass to sharpening a razor or performing the delicate operations of the dentist they are broadening the scope of industry and increasing its efficiency.

In fact so intimately and vitally do Carborundum products enter into the affairs of industrial, commercial and even family life that we have decided upon this series of advertisements illustrating and describing their service to mankind.

This might almost be called the abrasive age and we, who are living in it, ought to know and appreciate what a large part abrasives play in our affairs.

In future issues we expect to illustrate the use of Carborundum products in a few of the more important industries.

The Tiny Wheels are Used in Dental Work

Discs for Surfacing Metal Parts

Cutting Intricate Designs in Cut Glass

Buffing and Scouring Soles and Heels of Shoes

Carborundum Products have Revolutionized the Work of Cutting, Surfacing and Shaping Marble and Stone

Carborundum Stones Sharpen the Tools of the World

Rubbing Down Automobile Bodies

Sanding Wood

Carborundum Products are Among the Vital Essentials in the Automobile Plant

Shaping and Sharpening Saws

NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y. U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

Here was the truth at last. Cash knew it must be true, because it was printed. It announced that peace had not yet come. That meant Cash was no nearer home than he had been a year ago. It meant his thrills at prospect of going back to his ramshackle hovel must give place once more to the old gnawing homesickness. It meant too that he had wantonly thrown away thirty precious dollars in buying Maclay's rifle. The weapon had been in no danger of desecration.

Wyble reached morosely down into his bunk for the oiled barrel of his two-piece plunder. It was not there. Before he could fully grasp the sense of his loss someone came into the long room and advanced toward him.

It was Top Sergeant Mahan.

The top sergeant had been spending an excessively talkative—not to say argumentatively eloquent—half hour with his company commander. The captain had spoken largely and warmly of court-martial and of military prison and of disenfranchisement for the rifle thief.

And Mahan had let him talk himself out before venturing to point out the thief's crude ideas of honesty in paying thirty dollars, anonymously, for a rifle that was worth far less. The top sergeant had expatiated on the unreadableness of mountaineer character, and had touched on the fact that Cash Wyble was not only the best shot in the brigade but kept his rifle in a condition that was the despairing envy of the rest of the company.

He went on to mention the theme of company honor, and to dilate on the affair's basis for mirth should the tale of the theft become known. Respectfully, yet with infinite wisdom, Mahan labored with his sulkily listening superior; and at last came away with the sweet knowledge that he had won an unconfessed victory. It was an hour for relaxation of discipline—despite the wording of the general order. Moreover, the captain had boundless faith in his elderly top sergeant's judgment—a faith that had been justified in a hundred company complications.

One feature of the affair puzzled even wise old Mahan. He could not for the life of him guess why Cash had risked prison and had squandered a month's pay in order to possess himself of another man's rifle which was not one whit better than his own, and with which he could have no personal associations.

The more Mahan mulled over it the less sense did it make to him. And yet there must be some logical reason for the seeming freak. Wyble was not a fool. He did nothing without cause, though the cause might often be obscure to a nonmountaineer mind.

As Mahan approached him Cash hastily withdrew his exploring hand from the recesses of his bunk.

"If you're looking for the barrel of Maclay's rifle," said the top sergeant offhandedly, "I can save you the bother. It isn't there. I've just turned it over to Maclay, along with its stock. And the thing I'm wondering about now is whether to report that it was mislaid by accident and found again or to report that it was stolen. You see," he went on confidingly, "it either means that Maclay must be reprimanded for carelessness or—or that someone else must take a term in a military prison for theft. Quite a problem, isn't it?"

Cash made no answer. His leathern face began very slowly to turn brick color. His mouth contracted to a flat line; and he gazed on the pleasantly voluble top sergeant from between lids so narrowed that his veiled eyes glinted from behind them like slitted glass.

Mahan waited patiently for the reply that did not come. Then he drew forth a wad of crumpled and unsavory-looking money.

"I found that lying on your bunk, a while back, Wyble," he remarked shamelessly. "Better take it. A month's pay comes in handy sometimes."

Craftily Wyble put his tight-gripped fists behind his back, shaking his head.

"I didn't lose no month's pay anywheres," he muttered, his throat dry and contracted. "Keep it. 'Tain't mine."

"I wonder," mused the top sergeant, laying the money on the bunk, "I really wonder now which of us two would yank in the blue ribbon in a Pedigreed Liars show."

Cash snarled noiselessly, a yellowish eyetooth coming momentarily into sight from behind his hard line of upper lip. Mahan did not notice the sneer. He was squinting, inspectorwise, adown the cheerlessly orderly double line of cots. Presently Wyble's nerves buckled under the tension.

"Whatcha want?" he snapped. "Whatcha aimin' to do? Huh?"

Still Mahan did not speak but continued his study of the bunks. He observed the nerve strain of his opponent and hoped to lure Wyble into a flurry of wrathful words, during whose course some fragment of the mystery's solution would out.

"Peace ain't come, arter all," grunted Cash in desperate effort to change the subject. "Gin'r'l orders says so. Hell's luck, ain't it?"

Patiently Mahan explained the new status of the war. But he could see Wyble was not half heeding. And he himself fell silent.

The top sergeant longed to know why the mountaineer had risked so much for Maclay's rifle. And he felt that a single direct question would dam permanently the fountain of information.

Cassius Wyble of a sudden lurched to his feet and bolted from the dormitory. In the outer doorway leading to the street he collided with three fellow doughboys of his company. One of them was Maclay. Cash was for passing the trio without speaking. The sight of Maclay was sending hot surges through his overtaxed brain.

But Maclay halted him, remarking: "I got my rifle back again. Sergeant Mahan found it and turned it back to me. Funny, wasn't it? He wouldn't say where he came across it."

"Now yuh've got it back," said Cash, speaking in a droning monotone that was not sweet to hear—"now yuh've got it back—whatcha lottin' on doin' with it? When you-all git home, I mean. Speak up, right quick! 'Cause I want to know. Are you-all still projectin' to put it under the rain spout an' spoil it up? 'Cause, if yuh are ——"

Top Sergeant Mahan whistled low and meditatively. Following from the barracks at Cash's heels he caught the query; and it told him everything a sagacious man needed to know.

Maclay was laughing far too loudly to hear the whistle; and his sonorous mirth drowned it for the others. Perhaps nothing else gives a man more true joy than to have some choice morsel of his wit treasured in the memory of another and cast appreciatively back at him after many days. That the glum mountaineer should have remembered his quip about the rifle and the rain spout tickled Maclay's vanity to the point of cachinnation.

The hearty laugh ended, he said: "Oh, I've changed my mind about rusting the old pest. That's too easy a death. I'm going to chop up its butt for kindling, and use the barrel for a fire poker. Then I'll knock off the lock and ——"

He got no farther in his windily humorous program, for something between a whirlwind and a wildcat had pounced upon him.

A second or so later two husky privates and Top Sergeant Mahan were seeking frantically to pry Cash Wyble loose from something on the ground beneath him, something that fought as futilely in his maniac clutches as a sick mouse in the jaws of a trench terrier.

Mouthing, snarling, wholly beside himself, Cash Wyble was torn away from his fiercely mauled victim.

The entire onslaught had taken less than ten seconds; and it had been accompanied by so little noise that no crowd had gathered.

"Bring him in here!" ordered Mahan, pointing to the empty barrack room. "Wyble, I mean. Maclay will stand without hitching."

The two privates, in whose practiced grip the mountaineer was writhing, propelled their captive through the doorway. Maclay staggered to his feet dizzy, bleeding, agasp, scarce realizing what had happened to him. Confronting the tousled victim was Top Sergeant Mahan.

"Go and wash up!" sternly ordered the top sergeant. "And be thankful you weren't alone with that man when you sprung your fool joke! Be thankful, too, if word doesn't get to headquarters that you were planning to destroy government property."

"I was—I was only just joking!" sputtered Maclay. "I never ——"

"It's a bum joke," retorted Mahan. "And with so many witnesses it was a dangerous one too. Go and wash up!"

Leaving the much-scared Maclay he followed the privates and their prisoner into the bunk room. There he found the two, making a none-too-successful struggle to hold Wyble down on a cot.

"Let go of him," Mahan tersely bade them, "and get out. Keep your mouths shut too!"

Cautiously the men released their hold on the mountaineer. Cash started for the door. Mahan stood in his path. The top sergeant's hands were down and there was a grin on his face.

Cash paused, irresolute, as the two others wonderingly departed and left him alone with the top sergeant.

"What do you think of Maclay?" asked Mahan pleasantly.

Wyble told him. Not only was it a congenial theme but probably it was the only one whereon Cash could have brought his mind to bear just then. He talked for nearly two minutes; and he did not repeat himself once.

Mahan listened in open admiration. He had served on the plains with the Regular Army in the more or less good old days. He had heard muleteers talk to their teams when the caisson wheels bogged down in a river bed. He had heard the language of cavalry commanders through whose fingers an elusive band of reservation-jumping Sioux had just slipped.

But from the squirming lips of this West Virginia mountaineer he was now listening to verbal pyrotechnics that made him feel as uncomfortable as might a shy schoolgirl who comes unexpectedly on a bunch of swimming boys. Yet he felt he was being educated.

When Cash at last stopped to draw breath and to reënforce his overtaxed vocabulary Mahan inquired: "What do you think of the Germans?"

Perplexed as to the trend of such queries, yet having strong ideas on both subjects—ideas which just now his temper reveled in airing—Cash proceeded with his lingual fireworks at an even more lurid gait than before. It was made very clear by him that if there was anything on earth which he deemed more blasphemable than Private Maclay that one thing was the German nation at large.

A wound or two, as well as things he had seen and things he had undergone, had given Cash an ardent personal hatred of his Teuton foes. And this hatred was one of the few themes on which he was always glad to dilate. His present wrath made him warm up to his subject with unwonted vigor.

Mahan heard him out, then spake:

"The Germans had more strength than the men they tackled—or they thought they had. They didn't fight fair. They used tactics that white men had always despised. They didn't like the way little Belgium regarded things, for instance. Belgium's ideas about neutrals' rights, and all that, made the boches blazing mad. They tore into Belgium—a plucky little fighter that was no match for them—and they pretty near tore it to pieces. They ——"

"They sure did!" fiercely denounced Wyble. "The dog-eating swine! They ——"

"In short," cut in Mahan, "they behaved to little Belgium exactly the same way you just behaved to little Maclay."

Wyble jumped forward, his jaw outthrust.

Mahan went on evenly: "Maclay tried to be funny. He pretended he wanted to spoil his rifle: a thing he or any other decent soldier would sooner cut off his hand than do. Because his ideas seemed to be different from yours and because theft didn't solve the matter you sailed into him in exactly the same rotten way the boches sailed into the helpless little Belgians. You used the same foul line of tactics; and you took him by surprise too. He hadn't a ghost of a chance against you. And his wrong toward you was just imaginary. On the level, Wyble, is there a whole lot of difference between you and a boche? Is there?"

Cash gaped dully. Once or twice he made as though to speak; at first in black rage, then, as the simile began to seep through his mind, more confusedly than angrily. Presently he lapsed into bewildered silence, evidently reviewing Mahan's charge and seeking to find a flaw in the analogy.

The mountaineer mind under its callouses is the mind of a child—queerly impulsive and docile when it finds an argument it may follow, as camp-meeting preachers can testify.

Mahan waited a minute, then continued: "You've done a lot more than that. You've made me turn my back on my duty. By rights I ought to be escorting you to the hoosgow right now. And instead I'm wasting good talk on you."

Wyble tried again to speak; but Mahan resumed, unheeding: "We've been hustling pretty hard in this war to make the world safe for democracy. That means, as I take it, to give the Little Fellow a fair show. We've done it. And we're mighty happy. And here in the very start-off of our jubilating you bring a smirch like this on the company; and you show how little you've learned of our Army's aim in the war. You've shown it by giving a little fellow the beating of his life. I've had a kind of an idea all along that we boys would go back home with a new notion of weaker folks' rights, after all we've been through; and that there'd be a time coming of fair play and whiteness and self-control that'd make our country a cleaner place to live in.

"If the war's taught us anything I figured it had taught us that. That seemed to me to be what peace really means. The peace we fought for. The way I see it peace means that. And it means 'Live and let live.' Just as this war has meant to us: 'Let live—even if you've got to stop living to do it.'

"Well, if we're all like you we're going back as rank as we came out here. We're going home to whale the stuffing out of the chaps who can't hit back; and to go crazy mad every time anything riles us. It kind of seems as if a lot of our work out here had gone for nothing, doesn't it?"

Wyble listened, not realizing he listened. At the word "peace" his thoughts, as ever, flew back to the shack and to the mountains he called home. But in place of the old exultance in the thought he was astoundedly aware of a queer sense of shame—a sense he had no wish or power to analyze.

With a grunt he turned impulsively to the top sergeant, who was watching him with such outward indifference.

"I reckon," said Wyble heavily—"I reckon I'll go repo't myself under arrest now. That's better'n any Dutchman ever did till he was licked to a standstill. But—maybe I'm licked to a standstill too. So maybe I ain't much better'n a Dutchman, arter all. Like you said. I—I reckon there's been a whole passel too much *me* about me; and too little reel folks. I'll tell 'em 'bout swipin' Maclay's rifle too. I reckon I may's well squar the hull bill at one crack. So long, sarge. An'—thanks. You sure got one cuttin' tongue, though. So long."

"You'll stay where you are!" rasped Mahan. "Do you mean to say you're going to get me into a hole for not having you arrested? You'll stay where you are and ——"

Maclay, washed, but swollen of visage, limped into the bunk room to repair his costume ravages. At sight of Cash he came to a quick and apprehensive stop. Wyble eyed him shamefacedly a second, then picked up the wad of money from the cot and said almost with timidity:

"If—if you-all is honin' for—for indemity—here's thutty dollars, Mistuh Belgium. An'"—in a burst of self-abnegation—"fo' all I care, when you-all git home yuh c'n *eat* yo' rifle!"

Top Sergeant Mahan sneaked out. His work was done; or if it was not he was moderately content. For as he left the room he overheard Cash Wyble expounding further to the dumb-stricken Maclay:

"You see, peace don't only jest mean goin' home—the way a ignorant cuss like you most likely 'lowed it did. It means a hull heap more. It means 'Live an' let live.' That's what peace means. 'Live an' let live!' Even if the man who is let to live is such a ornery shote he c'n crack jokes 'bout sp'ilin' his grand good rifle."

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SERVANTS OF PEACE

The Trees That Had Marched Beside Him Fell Suddenly Away Like Soldiers Deploying Right and Left

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE man in the gray golfing cap and the gray tweed suit stood regarding with a certain degree of hesitation the small unkempt road that straggled off through the bare New Hampshire woods. Straight ahead ran the brisk and well-traveled highway that he had been following since daybreak. It was a familiar route. He had tramped it many times in past rambles about the countryside.

But to-day a spirit of adventure was upon him, a spirit of restlessness and exploration born, no doubt, of the struggle going on within himself. Suddenly he decided upon his course. With a flourish of his gnarled walking stick, as though to celebrate his departure from the trend of conventional traffic, he swung about and turned almost joyously into the woods road.

It led him through a pine forest whose natural architecture rose about him with the cavernous grace and dignity of a cathedral. Upon the floor of this cathedral the November sunlight was engaged in putting down a mosaic of purest gold. The air was filled with the fragrance of the pines.

Now the road curved over a gentle rise and down into a shadowy ravine, where a brook ran gossiping under a shabby wooden bridge. Here the man in the golfing cap paused for a moment, resting his arms upon the railing of the bridge and staring down into the shallow, swirling stream, upon whose current dead leaves spun like little boats without a purpose. The stillness was absolute except for a few impromptu bird notes tossed upon the air. The man drew a deep breath and was glad that he had chosen the unfamiliar road. He was glad for the stillness, the solitude, the tremendous simplicity of this unpremeditated moment. He was glad to be nothing but a man leaning upon the worn rails of an old bridge. In the lost world that lay somewhere over his shoulder he was counted an important personage. It was seldom indeed that he could slip off like this and be nothing but himself.

"It is very peaceful here," he thought as he proceeded. "Peaceful!" he repeated absent-mindedly, a few seconds later.

The word echoed in his ears; awoke certain vivid reflections in his brain. He thought of the peace that had fallen only recently upon the scarred battle fields of France and Belgium. Three days before, on November 11, 1918, the armistice agreement had been signed at Senlis, and the world war had come dramatically to its close. The situation thus created had wrought a crisis in the affairs of this man tramping the New Hampshire woods. He had staked a great deal upon the war—and he had won. Now he must stake everything upon the peace.

The trees that had marched beside him fell suddenly away like soldiers deploying right and left. He emerged into a sunlit clearing, in the center of which stood a small yellow house with attendant outbuildings. From the front door of this house a brief path ran down to meet the road.

A woman was in the dooryard hanging out a voluminous washing. She stood with bare arms upraised, and the blowing sheet that she had lifted to the line was like a banner in her hands.

There was something so clean, so wholesome, so strong about the momentary picture that the man smiled for the first time that day, and let his glance sweep appreciatively over the entire scene. It was then that he saw in the front window of the house a homemade service flag, in the center of which gleamed a single gold star.

He halted abruptly and the smile faded from his eyes. The beauty of the setting, the dazzle of sunlight overhead, the solemn grandeur of the forests in the background made infinitely more poignant the tragedy of the lonely little house. Grimly the man realized that though the war was over its shadow still rested upon the earth, upon the hearts of men and women—upon the heart of this woman hanging out clean linen in the light of the autumn day.

He took off his cap and turned toward her. She, hearing his footsteps, had abandoned her work and was standing with her hands at her sides, looking at him.

"Good morning," he said.

"Mornin'," returned the woman in a calm and dignified voice. She had hair streaked with white, clear, gray eyes and a fine, brown, wrinkled face upon which toil and grief had stamped a double nobility.

The man went up the path into the dooryard.

"I've been walking a good way," he said. "Could you give me a drink of water?"

"Guess I kin," she answered.

Going to the house she took a tin dipper from a nail on the wall, thrust it into a wooden bucket and returned it to the stranger.

He drank. The water was clear and cold and tasted slightly of the rock that it had sprung out of. Somehow it awoke in the man's mind faint reminiscences of his boyhood.

He thanked the woman and returned the dipper to her hands. But he did not go. He stood a while regarding her almost awkwardly.

Then he said: "You have lost someone in the war?"

The woman's eyes filled slowly with tears, which she made no attempt to disguise or wipe away.

"My son," she said.

"Was he all you had?"

"No," said the woman, "but he was the youngest."

The man continued to look at her; and there was that in his gaze which invited not only confidence but the sharing of a burden.

"Do you mind talking about him?"

She shook her head in dumb negation.

"What was his name?"

"John," she said; then twisting her hands in her apron: "Maybe you'd like to see his picture?"

"I would; very much!"

She turned at once, with a sort of shy pride, and led him into the house; into the prim and pathetic best parlor with its braided rugs, its framed mottoes, its hair flowers, its glass cabinet and polished heater standing upon a spotless sheet-iron base at one end of the room. There was a sweet air in this quaint institutional chamber; a fragrance of vanished wood smoke, an aroma of bygone dinners, a perfume of clean and simple living cast amid natural surroundings.

"That's him," said the woman, pointing to a framed photograph over the mantelpiece.

It was an enlarged and rather badly tinted likeness of a boy in uniform. Beneath it was a glass vase filled with late wild flowers and autumn leaves.

"He had it taken in Boston just before he went to France," added the woman in a voice that was like a caress.

The man studied it at some length.

"Would you care to tell me about him?" he said finally. "I've been very much interested in war work, but it isn't always possible to realize the actual meaning of war."

For a moment she did not reply, but stood with her arms folded upon her broad bosom, considering his words. Then she motioned him to sit down upon an ancient hair sofa placed stiffly against the wall. She herself took a chair, a severe little rocker adorned with an embroidered tidy. Her eyes fixed themselves upon the man's face. He looked kind and friendly and in some insistent way familiar. She felt at ease with him, as though he were someone whom she had known.

"Our name's Hopkins," she said. "There's been a Hopkins in this valley ever since the Revolution. Our buryin' ground's just across the road there; you kin see it from the window. John'll be the first to lie outside his own soil.

"I had five children; three boys and two girls. John was the youngest. He lived home with me. The rest was married and had homes o' their own. John and I was always pretty close. He took after his father a lot. His father died when he was nine years old.

"Well, when the war broke out John wanted to go right off. 'Ma,' he says, 'I've got to go sometime. If it wasn't

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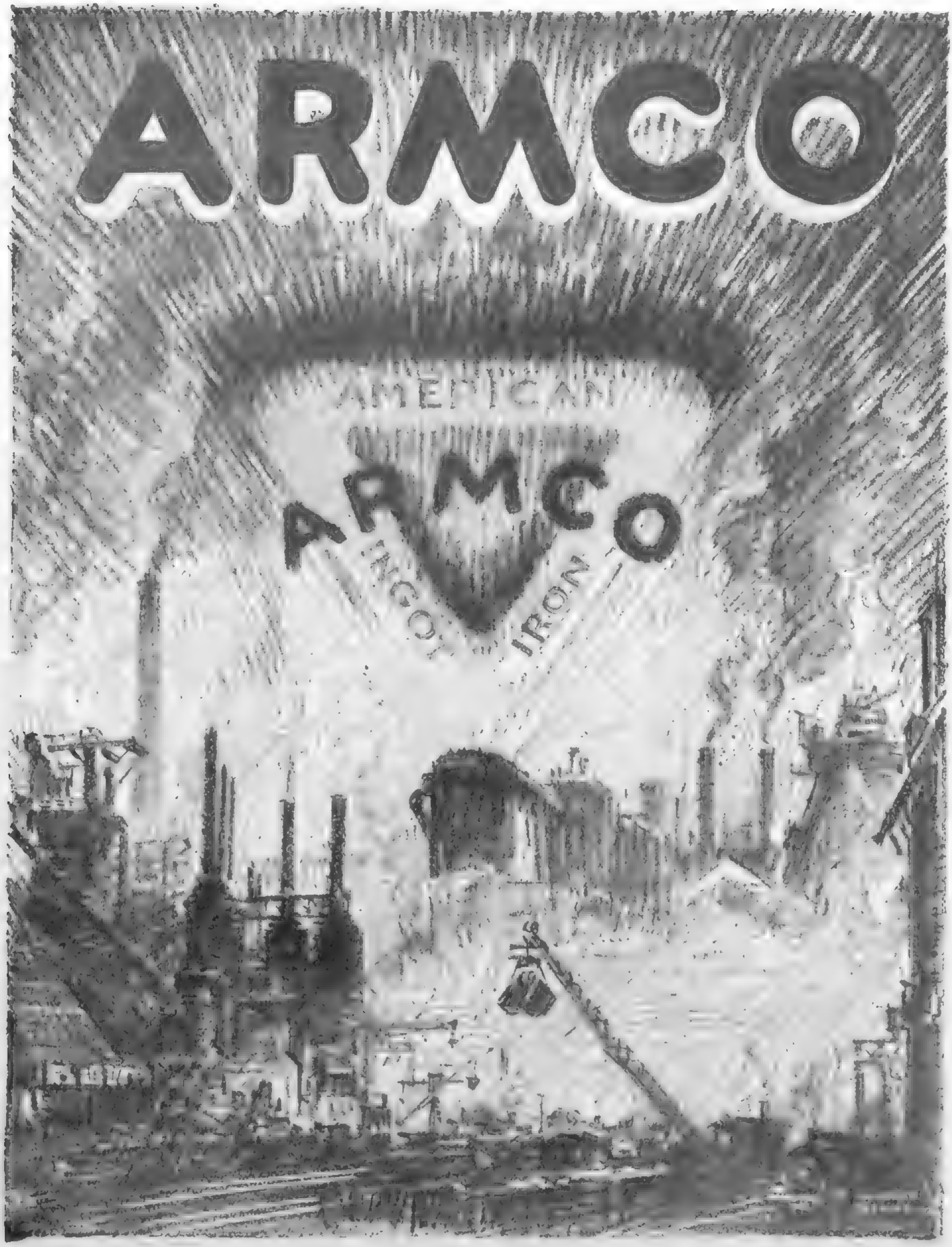
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Although the Government still has need of the products of some manufacturers, the most patriotic service that the average manufacturer can now perform is to "*start doing business at the old stand*" with that added understanding of the World's needs to which the war has educated him. If American business can combine sensible optimism with scientific methods so as to avert a depression period, it will fulfill a duty to the country quite as valuable as anything it did to help win the war. It is now just as important to have trade prosperity as it was once important to thrust the Germans out of France and Belgium.

On that basis, the whole Armco Organization — officials, employees, machinery and products — is now bending every effort to restore the service of Armco Iron to the uses of peace as quickly and completely as possible.

During 1919 it is our intention in so far as it is possible to at once produce Armco Iron in desired quantities for all recognized uses on a more satisfactory service basis even than before. Armco standards of careful manufacture will continue to prevail. The *purity and evenness* of Armco Iron, which has made it of unequalled value for the following purposes, will be maintained.

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Leading manufacturers of stoves, refrigerators, kitchen-cabinets, table-tops, and other enameled specialties use Armco Iron exclusively as the enameling base because its *purity and evenness* and freedom from gases make possible smooth, beautiful enameled surfaces that are remarkably free from scales, scars, spots, pinholes or other defects.

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Armco Iron makes a uniform weld because it is *pure and even.* It welds more quickly, more smoothly and more strongly than any other material. It is used extensively for making repairs on steel castings for industrial and marine construction; in railroad construction and repair shops for welding cracks in locomotive fire-boxes, welding in place new side-sheets, repairing worn engine wheels; in the manufacture of iron and steel barrels, grave vaults, pressure tanks, and innumerable other products; for making various welded articles. Several leading manufacturers use Armco Iron polished sheets for stoves, welded throughout.

Armco Iron as Electrical Conductor

Armco Iron has high electrical conductivity because of its *purity and evenness.* It can be successfully and economically used for telephone wire, telegraph wire, cable wire, bond wire and high and low tension transmission wire.

Armco Iron also has low residual magnetism and high permeability. It takes hold and lets go of its magnetization more rapidly than any kindred material. Hence it can be utilized in the manufacture of magnet cores for motors for all kinds of small electric machines, and for pole-pieces for self-starting motors.

Armco Iron for Ship Building

During the war, The American Rolling Mill Company was very active in the fabrication of ship parts either made of Armco Iron or in our Forging and Casting Departments. Sheet products of Armco Iron include Boiler Cases, Boiler-Breaching, Smoke-Stacks, Ceilings, Side-Walls, Ship-Cowls, Ventilators. Forged parts include Solid or Built-Up Crank Shafts, Thrust Shafts, Tunnel Shafts, Propellor Shafts, Tail Shafts, Rudder Posts, Stem-Frames, Piston Rods, Inboard Coupling Sleeves. Castings include Rudder Posts, Davits, Stems, Pin Boxes, Stem Frames, Shoe Sections, Anchor Stocks, Crank Webs, Propellor Hubs and Bosses.

Armco Iron for Railroad Purposes

Armco Iron is widely utilized in the construction of hopper cars, polished boiler jackets, coal-chutes, water tanks, culverts, oil storage tanks, metal passenger, freight and mine cars, smoke-stacks, third rails, car roofing, boiler tubes, fences, tie-plates, equalizer bars, metal lath, window frames and ventilating ducts. Here again its *purity and evenness* are of immense advantage.

Armco Iron Building Products

When the building market is normally active, there is a steady demand for *pure, even,* rust-resisting, weather-defying Armco Iron. It takes the form of many metal building products, including roofing, lath, window frames and sashes, skylights, grills, ventilator-ducts, "gutters," cornices and conductor-pipes. Armco Iron insures long service. Its unusual *purity and evenness* allow it to take on an extremely pure galvanized coating free from contaminating and weakening impurities.

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Armco Iron culverts are certain to figure prominently in the vast highway program of both state and nation. Practically 75% of all metal culverts built today, are built of rust-resisting Armco Iron, and they are giving complete satisfaction — meeting severe and important drainage service in every part of the country. The great irrigation problems of the far west also call for a vast use of Armco Iron flumes. Their use gives 100% irrigation efficiency.

Our laboratory services are at the disposal of all manufacturers whose metallurgical problems lie within our particular field. Printed data and information specifically applied to your needs will be sent on request.

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron, bearing that mark, is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Dept. 935, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

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for leavin' you I'd go to-morrow.' 'John,' I says, 'give me to-night to think it over. I'll let you know in the mornin'.'

"So I lay awake all that night thinkin' about it, and next day I says to him, 'John,' I says, 'you kin go. I've got my housework and my washin', and if I get lonesome I'll send for one of the girls.'

"He went that afternoon and 'listed. For a while he was in a camp near Boston. Then I got a letter sayin' he'd joined the aviation.

"It made me kind of faint at first. Temptin' Providence, it seemed like to me. But John, he didn't think nothin' of it. 'I'm a good deal safer in an airyplane,' he wrote me, 'than I used to be slidin' down the roof o' the barn.' Still I couldn't get used to his goin' up into the air.

"Seems as though I knew all along he'd never come back to me."

Her eyes grew moist again with that slow welling of tears; but she went on steadily: "He was in trainin' for six months; then I didn't hear for a long time. Then I heard he'd arrived in France.

"After that his letters began to come again. He always tried to make out that flyin' was as safe as walkin', and kept tellin' me not to worry about him. But I never opened a newspaper without feelin' kind o' sick.

"He got his commission on Christmas Day. We had a cable from him sayin' that he'd been made a lieutenant, and wishin' us all a merry Christmas.

"Then before we knew it he was at the Front, fightin'. I used to dream of it nights. I used to see him soarin' like a hawk away up in the sky, and once I saw him fall. I didn't sleep much after that.

"It got along toward spring. One April evenin'—I can smell the lilacs now—I opened my letter box and took out the Pine Valley Journal. There on the front page was John's name in big letters. He had shot down a German airyplane. There was a long piece in the paper tellin' about it, and tellin' about John.

"Well, I sat right down on the steps of the house and read the article. I was still readin' it, and cryin' over it, and tryin' to take it in, when a boy rode up on a bicycle and gave me a telegram from Washington sayin' that John had been killed.

"I stopped cryin', I remember, and went into the house, and got a dime for the boy and gave it to him. He said: 'Thanks, Mis' Hopkins. It's fine about John, ain't it?' I said: 'John's dead.' He looked at me for a minute kind of scared-like, then he jumped on his wheel and rode away as fast as he could go.

"By and by the neighbors began to come. They was mighty kind; but I didn't want pity; and told them so. I guess I hurt their feelin's some. All I wanted, I said, was to be left alone. I said: 'I want to think this thing out. I want to get to the bottom of it. I want to ask God to his face what purpose he had in takin' John's life, and if it ain't a great purpose I want to tell him to his face what I think of him.'

"That shocked them. They told me it was wicked to be so bitter. But they didn't understand. I wasn't bitter at all. I just wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"I went upstairs to my room and prayed. I prayed God to let me know the truth about the war, and about this business of young men dyin'. But God didn't answer. I'm a good churchwoman, and all that, but the plain fact o' the matter is that God didn't answer.

"So I got up from my knees and began to think it out for myself. I thought of all the things that folks say the boys is dyin' for, and I tell you straight out, sir, they wasn't enough!

"They wasn't enough. I know. I've carried the real burden of war—and I know.

"I'm an American. I love the land that I was born in, and I love the flag. It's a beautiful flag. But if they was to shoot me for a traitor to-morrow I'd still tell you that there's no flag, there's no country, there's no glory on earth worth the agony I've gone through.

"Nor it ain't the agony, either. It's the awful emptiness. It's the feelin' that you've borne children for nothin'! It's the ghastly fear that God may be sittin' out there in the shadows laughin' at you!"

The man with the strangely familiar face leaned forward, an intense and burning curiosity in his eyes.

"You think, then, that your son's life was wasted? You think there's nothing worthy of such sacrifice?"

"There's one thing," said the woman.

A moment of deep silence ensued. Then the man said: "Tell me."

Instead of replying the woman rose and walking to the table in the center of the room opened an old album lying there. From beneath its cover she took a folded letter, which she gave to him, saying:

"It came two months after John was killed. It's from a woman in France. You'll understand when you read it."

The letter was as follows:

"VILLERS-SUR-MEUSE,

"Département de la Meuse, France.

"MME. SUSAN HOPKINS,

"Pine Valley, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

"*Chère Madame Hopkins:* I write in my so imperfect English to inform you that I have received the permission from the Military to keep always renewed the flowers upon the grave of your son, *mort pour l'humanité*.

"I have lost my own son since two years. He lies buried upon a hillside at Verdun with six thousand others. I shall never know just where. So I request you, *chère madame*, to permit me the deep and sacred joy to keep fresh the grave of one who has fallen almost, it seems, at my door. In thus caring for the memory of your son I serve also the memory of my own.

"The grave is in a beautiful, a so quiet little cemetery on the border of our village. I pray you not to think of it as foreign soil, madame. Those who die in France sleep upon the bosom of a friend!

"One does not speak of sympathy in these days; one speaks only of understanding. Though an ocean lies between us I feel that I know your heart. Will you not accept, then, a word of hope from one who is old in sorrow?

"There are many phrases for which the talkers say our sons have died. But there is one thing which is not a phrase. There is one thing which, if it can be realized, will justify all.

"It is this, madame: If the flesh of our flesh has perished in order that never again shall there exist upon the face of the earth this hell called war, then it will not have been in vain. All else is futile. All else is sacrilege.

"God be with your great country, and with all great and good peoples who strive for the lasting peace our sons have died for.

"Believe me, madame, your servant and your sister, [MME.] MARIE CARRÉ."

The man finished reading the letter, folded it reverently and gave it back to the woman. They both rose. The man's gaze rested once more upon the photograph of the boy in uniform. The woman was staring out of the window, across the road, to the little burying ground.

"One thing!" she said; then looked round at him with a transfigured face. "One thing! My son ——"

"You are right," said the man. "You mothers —— We should have listened to you long ago."

He took her hand for an instant in his, uttered some word of farewell, and went directly from the room. She stood in the window and watched his slender, upright figure striding along the country road.

It was a week later. The sun, low-fallen in the west, cast a glow through the pine forest such as one sees in a great church when all the candles are lighted. It touched with a shining beam the windows of the house in the clearing, and illumined the prim best parlor, where a woman sat bending over a newspaper.

She was reading a certain brief dispatch, set forth in brave display upon the front page. It ran thus:

"The President of the United States, it was announced in Washington to-day, will attend the great peace conference to be held in Paris for the settlement of questions arising out of the war. The President made this announcement upon his return to the White House after a short vacation.

"Strong political opposition to the President's course is certain to develop, as his action will break all precedents. But the Chief Executive, it is said, feels that the people of this and of other nations will approve his decision. He feels that the people will be with him in all his efforts to secure a just and lasting peace."

The woman lowered the paper to her knees, and slowly turning her head gazed at the photograph of her son in uniform. As she did so a calm and infinitely tender smile appeared upon her face, while into her eyes came the mysterious radiant look of one who has served, and who, serving, has been wholly unaware.

JERRY REMEMBERS SOMETHING

(Continued from Page 15)

duties of a valet; and I could hardly instruct him, never having seen one myself. So I groomed myself unaided, with some success, I think. You'd have said it was the Crown Prince of Wall Street, incognito—and not so very incognito at that!

Wealth had got into my soul, and the very thought of unnecessary exertion was abhorrent to me. I chartered another hack and drove to the Miramar—a distance of a few blocks—for lunch. Why the Miramar? Do not imagine I had forgotten the girl!

But the whole hour passed, and there was no sign of her. I paid my check from my new and still bulging wallet, and knew that my solitary grandeur had turned to ashes in my mouth—or whatever it does when you are thoroughly tired of it. I had everything I wanted except somebody to tell it to, and I didn't know what to do next.

V

IN THIS receptive frame of mind I felt a cordial hand drop on my shoulder and heard a cordial voice exclaim:

"Why, Jimmy! How's the boy?"

"Jerry," I corrected amiably. It was cheering even to be mistaken for somebody's friend. "Everything's perfectly lovely, thank you, far's I know."

He was a plumpish young man with a gold tooth and thick black-rimmed eyeglasses, dressed faultlessly in white serge. He seemed not at all disconcerted.

"Well, well," he chuckled, "if you're not the image of my old friend, Jimmy Armstrong! The very same shade of—er ——"

"Red hair," I supplied. "Go on. I'm resigned to the fact and hardened to the description."

He dropped into a chair, still chuckling. He seemed to laugh most of the time.

"Just finished lunch? So have I. Shall we have a little liqueur, just to show there's no hard feeling?"

"Let's go!" I accepted happily. "I was just on the edge of having one unassisted. My name's Norris."

He introduced himself as Harris, and over the liqueur he told me more about his friend Jimmy.

"When I saw that red halo of yours," he said, "I thought to myself, 'Here's where business picks up. Jimmy's in town!' He's death to dull care—best old Indian in the world!"

I wigwagged to the waiter.

"I'll have a Daiquiri this time," said Harris. "Ever try one? It's a cocktail—Cuban specialty. Make it two."

Mr. Harris himself was no mean foe to dull care. After the Daiquiri, which was good, he introduced me to the Presidente, which was better. Then he called for seven different bottles and a shaker and composed a liquid dream that perceptibly brightened an already lovely world. Also he laughed, and spoke further of my double, Mr. Armstrong.

"You ought to see him in a poker game," he chuckled. "You never know what he'll pull off next. He'd just as soon buck a pat flush with a pair of sevens. But just when you think you've caught him at it, look out! Do you play?"

"My nom de plume is Hoyle," I admitted modestly. "Have you read my book?"

"Shrinking violet!" he chortled; and so agreeable was my mood that I laughed myself, convinced that I had achieved humor. "You're as conservative as Jimmy himself," he said, and then whacked the table as with a sudden inspiration. "Say! Some of the fellows were talking about cooking up a little game to-night up at the Plaza. You must join in!"

"Must is the word I was trying to think of," I agreed joyfully.

It was a beautiful world—eh, what? I ran my eye along the sea wall, there across the drive, trying to pick out the spot where I had sat, only last night—foodless, penniless, friendless, harking to the sad sea waves and on the verge of letting the old upper lip collapse. And old Æneas, these thousands of years dead, had whispered in my other ear and delivered me into the hands of this kindly fate!

A tiny worry clouded Mr. Harris' jovial brow.

"The only thing is," he confided, "some of the fellows may want to tilt the game a little steep; you know, they've got no proper respect for money!" He grinned. "I'm timid, but I stick round!"

"You fellows save out enough for your passage home—that's all," I told him gayly. "I've seen a sign from heaven!"

If I needed another sign that the high gods had taken personal charge of my affairs I had it then. In the gay stream of automobiles that swung out of the Prado and turned past down the shore drive I had a brief but unmistakable glimpse of a jaunty white hat above a merry face that I knew—knew well, even if I couldn't remember who she was.

She should not lose herself this time in the vague mystery of Somewhere or Other. This time I could command the magic of machinery for the pursuit. I rushed to the curb, raising a majestic forefinger, rejecting one of those small dependable ones in favor of a more temperamental-looking chariot with seven-inch tires and ninety horse power under its bulky hood.

"Straight ahead," I urged, leaning forward to help the great car get under way, and straining my eyes after the white hat.

I had forgotten Harris, until I discovered him beside me.

"Jimmy to the life!" he chuckled. "Just happens to remember the races, and goes off like a shot—afraid he'll miss one minute of something going on!"

So we were going to the races. Auto, motorcycle or horse? I knew not; neither did I care!

My friend, my friend! Sometime before you die may your soul feel the expansiveness that was mine that afternoon! The air was soft. The sky was soft. Everything was soft! Never was so green, so agreeably wide an expanse of turf. Palm trees broke the sky line at exactly the right intervals; the bright colors of the jockeys' shirts gave exactly the right touch of color to the foreground. The long curve of the track pleased me; the lithe sleek horses delighted me; the jolliest fellow in the world sat beside me, and the girl herself sat in the next box but one!

A betting commissioner appeared.

"I'm going to bet," decided the girl suddenly, laughing defiance at papa; and the very sound of her voice convinced me that it was a wise decision. "On Happy Days! That's the prettiest name on the list."

"Twelve to one," smiled the commissioner.

I objected to the smile; her reasons for her choice were none of his business.

Papa smiled, too, but his was an indulgent smile. Cheerful father! I could learn to like him.

"Chance to win twelve times your money, Dolly," he interpreted; "or twelve chances to lose it."

Dolly. So her name was Dolly. Yes, but which one? It seemed to me, skimming hastily over the names of all the girls I could remember, that fully half of them had been Dollys. Beginning three years ago, how far back should I search my memory?

The sight of the horses, single file, pacing springily from the paddock, reminded me that the next race was about to begin—and I was forgetting to bet, to-day of all days, when the gods were pouring luck into my lap! I led a mad rush to the betting floor, Harris at my heels, and bet a hundred dollars on the nose of Happy Days. I thought it was a ten-dollar bill until I had a glimpse of it vanishing into the bookmaker's till; but even then my thought was pity for the bookmaker. If he only knew what I knew!

And at the finish of the race, when out of a close-huddled tangle of bobbing jockeys'

(Concluded on Page 82)

Blabon Art Floors of Linoleum Upstairs and Down

If the wood floors in your home are not as attractive as you would like to have them you need not go to the expense of installing parquetry floors, and you need no longer try in vain to improve the appearance of poor floors with stain and varnish.

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The George W Blabon Company

Established 67 years — Philadelphia

BLABON Linoleums guaranteed — This label protects the buyer

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Concluded from Page 80)

and flying hoofs a slim black horse surged forward and flashed under the wire, I knew almost without looking that it was Number Six, which was Happy Days. A calm exalted sense of certainty deepened on me; I couldn't go wrong. My hands hardly even trembled as I stuffed thirteen hundred dollars into my wallet.

I saw Harris watching me curiously through those thick black-rimmed lenses of his. "I told you I'd seen a sign from heaven," I reminded him. "Want to withdraw that invitation?"

He broke at once into his ready laugh.

"Old Eat-'em-alive Jerry!" he cried, whacking me affectionately on the shoulder. "I should say not! The boys are going to get action for their money—I can see that. It'll be worth the price of admission! Come on; I want to buy a drink while I've still got the price!"

Poker? I never was superstitious of course, but I always did believe that things ran in threes. I had won on the lottery ticket; I had won on the black horse; I would win to-night from this gilded youth and his gilded friends, and then I would call it a day's work and be done with gambling for life.

VI

"WE'LL run up to the Plaza and get the bunch," proposed Harris cheerily, "and have dinner together, before friendship ceases."

The car ahead was stopping at the Miramar. Papa got out and helped mamma and the girl to alight.

"That sounds good," I admitted; "but I'll have to join you later. I've got an engagement now. Shall we say nine o'clock?"

"Nine o'clock it is," laughed Harris, and leaned out to shake my hand. "Right-o! We'll be looking for you."

Defying two waiters at once I chose a table near Dolly's, and my exhilarated brain went once more to work on its problem: Which Dolly? In the name of all defective memories, Dolly Who? And in that moment there passed another emissary of Fate, briefly, to speak two words and then to pass forever out of my life.

"Hello, Miller!"

"Wot ho, doctor?" sang out papa cheerily in response.

Miller! The gears of my memory meshed neatly and began to whir. A stout gentleman who kept a dry-goods store; a dozen years to grizzle his short mustache and to put eyeglasses on his nose; a little girl named Dot—Dorothy—Dolly! Why, it was little Dot Miller, that lived next door when I was ten! No wonder I approved of her. It was little Dot Miller, my first love!

I vaulted out of my chair, all but upsetting a waiter who was trying to distract my attention to the unimportant matter of food, and seized the old gentleman's hand.

"Hello, Mr. Miller!" I bubbled. "By Jove! Who'd have thought of seeing you here? You don't remember me of course. I'm Jerry Norris."

He looked me over carefully, and I realized afresh—with Dorothy sitting right there—the full joy of the beautiful shave, the faultless haircut, the expensive raiment. Suddenly he put on a grin to match my own.

"Well, bless my soul!" said he. "So it is! It's little Jerry, grown up! Sit down, Jerry. Of course you remember the folks?"

"Surely! How d'ye do, Mrs. Miller? And Dorothy? The last time I saw you must have been the time I poked you a valentine through the fence. How long's it been—fourteen years? You were eight then, I think."

"Jerry, your memory's too good," she laughed. I was so happy that I was near hugging them all, beginning with Dorothy.

Recalling the incident of the valentine reminded me that diplomatic relations between the old gentleman and myself were decidedly strained in the old days. I had the misfortune to be concerned in the demise of a prize rooster of his—more or less innocently, I maintain. It is true that I threw the rock, but who could have foreseen that the rooster would intercept it? He was fifty feet away, and going fast. But Mr. Miller had never understood how I felt about it, and the ghost of that valuable rooster might well have marred the gladness of the present occasion. I talked fast and merrily to keep him from remembering.

"You look prosperous, Jerry," smiled he. "What are you doing for yourself these days?"

"I'm on a little vacation just now," I explained, trying to look tan-worn and weary. "Just dropped in to see Havana on my way home. I've been in South America for three years, electrical engineering."

And I told him selected episodes of those years, contriving to leave the impression that the aforesaid prosperity was due entirely to industry and frugality. I made no reference to the last disastrous months; nor did I tell him—why should I, with Dorothy sitting right there?—that I had visited Havana solely at the instance of an irate Swede.

Dinner consisted, probably, of food, though my memory of it is more pleasing than definite. Through a broad doorway we looked out on the slate-gray waters of the gulf, with brown sails beating homeward in the dusk; and infinitely intimate by contrast the shaded lights at our table showed me the cheerful vision of Dorothy at my side. Afterward there were moving pictures and singers in the courtyard of the hotel, and Dorothy sat beside me.

The exhilaration of her nearness, there in the cozy dimness of the vine-hung courtyard, settled presently into a vast sense of comfort. There was a feeling of comradeship about her that was independent of what she did or said. The music was doubly sweet because of it—I remember thinking that every one of the singers deserved to make the Metropolitan—and the humor of the pictures—which were wonderful, though their subject has escaped me—doubly keen for the hearing of her sudden little chuckle of mirth. Between times we talked; very softly for some reason. Already the misery of the past months had taken on the rosy tint of an adventure that we would laugh over, she and I, some day.

"Truly, Æneas—wise old Roman, or Greek, or whoever you were—truly," I thought, "you had the right idea!"

It was much too soon when Mr. Miller snapped his watch authoritatively and rose.

VII

CONCERNING my singing voice let us say that it has volume, and then in charity cease to speak. It is to be hoped that the people in the next room were sound sleepers or early risers, for on that morning Romance was vigorously astir in my bosom. It was eight o'clock, and all was tremendously well.

Prosaic stairs or rheumatic elevator must have aided in my descent to breakfast, though my memory indicates that I floated down. With no premonition of the thump awaiting me I beamed at the waiter and ordered a meal that must have awed him, hardened as he was to the vagaries of Americans; and called for a morning paper, a final touch of luxury that practically ruined that noble repast.

The war news did not depress me. The war to me was merely an extraordinary European disturbance whose maximum effect on this side of the world had been reached in the collapse of a certain South American electrical-development scheme. The European headlines therefore merely heightened my sense of superlative well-being by comparison with that dismal incident. It was a paragraph farther down the page that *finally* caught my eye.

Our efficient police, said the Heraldo in its modest way, had brilliantly foiled the evil machinations of a band of international criminals who had dared to prey on the wealthy guests of our fair city, using the American national game, poker, as a medium.

Poker! A feeling of not too uncomfortable guilt reminded me that I had completely forgotten my engagement with Harris. What must he think of me? I would look him up at once and apologize.

"No more than one," said the Heraldo, "of the evil doers evaded the hand of the law—a *cutrin*"—a dude, a fastidiously dressed person—"of medium size, half plump, who uses lenses with black frames and possesses a tooth of gold ——"

I all but moaned aloud. It was Harris they were talking about!

"—— calling himself variously, MacDonald, Seeley and Harris. Unfortunately he succeeded in *levitating*"—that was the word!—"the funds taken from the victims; but our efficient police ——"

That beautiful breakfast was already giving me indigestion. Card sharps! Why, I knew all about card sharps; dark oily men with black eyes and pointed black mustaches, who wore quantities of diamonds. Harris, now, was fair-skinned and jolly, and if you except his gold tooth wore no jewelry at all. He was just like you or me!

Harris, whereabouts unknown, would be gone by now with all my fortune; and I would be nursing a splitting head, once more adrift upon the rocks. Inch by inch my self-esteem shriveled, until I marveled that I could still see over the table. If a man had approached me at that moment, frankly admitting that to-day was Sunday, and had offered to bet me a nickel that to-morrow would be Wednesday I would have taken to my heels. I felt for my wallet, to make sure that my pocket had not been picked since I sat down—felt for it very unobtrusively, careful not to betray its whereabouts to the criminal eyes that might be watching from every table. I could trust no one now, except ——

Dolly!

My spirits wavered in their downward flight, stopped, and soared. It is three blocks from the Inglaterra to the Seville, and I am convinced that the record I made that day, from a sitting start, is still unbroken. She was nowhere in sight when I skidded into the lobby; nor at breakfast; but I remembered the number on the brass key tag she had received at the desk last night.

"Call two-four-three!" I demanded breathlessly, and restrained myself forcibly from shaking the high-born Castilian youth at the switchboard. "Call two-four-three!"

He moved a plug languidly, and returned to stroking his adolescent mustache. After an interminable wait he nodded indifferently toward an instrument on the desk and dismissed me from his existence.

"Oh, the industrious Jerry," said the voice of Dorothy.

The sleep wasn't out of her eyes yet, I'd wager; and her voice was soft and sleepy too. For some reason I was suddenly glad that I had got up early.

"I'm not industrious," I protested. "It's Sunday. Come down, can't you, and take a walk with me? It's a wonderful morning, and there's something I want to tell you."

"You know I'm curious," she said. "I'll hurry. Only I refuse to go walking before breakfast."

"We'll have it together," I decided.

Even if I had done full justice to my first breakfast, which I had not, how could I miss such an opportunity?

We walked out, and I could tell at a glance that I had not erred in describing the morning as wonderful. We came to the Malecón, its long smooth crescent deserted at this hour, and I knew it was the most wonderful morning I had ever seen.

"Dorothy, I need a nursemaid," I began recklessly.

"I shouldn't think so," she murmured, and yielded suddenly to a struggling laugh. "You've—done pretty well for yourself, so far!"

Now I was perfectly willing to be funny for her benefit, but I did not enjoy being funny without knowing how. I had meant, in fact, to make my account amusing, but with a touch of pathos; and her laughter seemed a bit premature.

"We strive to please," I said.

We walked on for a space, more and more slowly. Presently I stole a glance at her, and surprised a curious look in her eyes. She was not laughing now.

"Jerry," she began hesitantly, and stopped. She sat on the edge of the wall, and indicated that I was to sit down too. "Jerry—why don't you take up—electrical engineering or something like that?"

I achieved simple dignity this time.

"I can hear you perfectly," I said, "and you do seem to be talking English; but I don't know what you mean. I thought I told you ——"

Her expression was that of a parent reproving a wayward child.

"Jerry," she said gently, "a man told us all about you yesterday at the races. Please don't pretend any more."

"A man—what?"

She dropped her eyes, looking down at her hands, which were clasped in her lap. I mention the hands because of a scientific problem which vexed me later.

"That the police were after you," she said in a small distant voice. "Though of course you—have an understanding with the—the Man Higher Up!"

Probably my jaw dropped. At any rate I had to close it somewhat before I could manage speech.

"This is interesting," I said with a feeble attempt at facetiousness. "Which of my crimes have the police discovered, according to your—er—informant?"

"I saw you myself," she flared suddenly. "Dressed up like a—a hooligan! And the policeman brought you right past my window yesterday morning; and that very afternoon you were at the races, looking too happy and expensive for anything!"

Slowly but surely my mighty intellect took hold, resolving the situation into terms that a child might understand. Their informant had meant doubtless to point out Harris; and they, having in mind my promenade under police escort and my spectacularly improved appearance, had looked at me and said: "Yes, yes; go on!"

With remorseless logic my brain proceeded to grind out a hilarious deduction: "Dorothy Miller! You thought I was a crook, and you still thought enough of me—from our kid days—to let me talk to you!"

She turned her face away, and her voice was smaller and more distant than ever.

"No, Jerry," she said. "My name isn't Miller, and I *never saw you before!*"

The italics, as the country editors say, are our own. My giant mind reeled under the impact of the words, though her voice was hardly audible. It surprised me vaguely to see the brown and yellow and blue buildings still standing there, calm and unmoved; the sea wall never even quivered. Yet she was not Dorothy Miller; I wasn't Jerry Norris—that is, I might as well not *be*, for all she knew.

"But your—your father ——" I managed at length, with some desperate idea of proving that she was mistaken.

"No; my uncle," corrected the small voice. "He never saw you before either."

Thus finally put adrift from my last grasp on fact I was surprised to find myself not completely disheartened. I had a comforting anchor somewhere; what was it? Ah! Her hands, when I had last seen them, had been folded in her lap. When and how came one of them to be held securely between the two of mine?

Discovering this cheering if mysterious circumstance I rose, taking the hand with me, and moved to the other side of her, where she must look at me.

"Dorothy," I begged humbly, "why did you let me—get away with it, if you didn't know me?"

"Uncle Bob was just having fun with you, Jerry. He's very fond of a joke."

"He shall have one," I said; "but this time I'm afraid it's on Uncle Bob."

"I suppose," she sighed, "you're going to tell me you're not a crook at all."

"I am," I said, and did.

She looked, I thought, more concerned than necessary; perhaps I was overdoing the pathos. I painted the Swede for her in my rawest colors, trying to coax a laugh; but she only touched my hand with her free one, and murmured: "Poor boy!"

"But I came out all right," I argued. "My friend Æneas has the appropriate words: '*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*'"

"Whatever that means!"

"That," I said airily, "is something I just happened to remember. I don't always commune with myself in Latin, but those are real words: It'll be funny when it quits hurting!" And I told her about the hobo, and how Æneas prompted me at the instant when Fate was waiting.

"If you hadn't remembered that just then," she commented thoughtfully, "you wouldn't have had any lottery ticket at all—much less the right one."

"And I shouldn't have seen you."

She nodded gravely, looking out over the dancing water.

"It's a good thing to remember," she said—"that line."

"We'll have it in hammered brass," I said, "over the fireplace!"

It was out before I knew how reckless it was going to sound. I held my breath; but the gray eyes came back to mine gravely, without reproof. Then suddenly they crinkled with a smile.

"I'm afraid the joke's on Uncle Bob!" she said softly.

"Dorothy," I said, "Dorothy Whatever-Your-Name-Is, when are you going home?"

"We're sailing this afternoon."

"So am I," I said firmly. "What boat?"

"The Marengo."

"The who?" I gasped. "Say that over again—slow!"

I gave one critical look at my manly form, clad as the lilies of the field; I thought of a certain pocket, even now bulging with wealth; I looked at Dorothy the Delectable. Then the tremendousness of it overcame me all at once, and I howled like a wolf.

"Dorothy," I chortled, "Dorothy Whatever-Your-Name-May-Be! I'll introduce you to the cook!"

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THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(Continued from Page 10)

by both, to furnish Mr. Leary shelter until after breakfast time, when over the telephone he could reach friends and from these friends procure an outfit of funds and suitable clothing.

In sight, though, there was no structure which by its outward appearance disclosed itself as a place of entertainment for the casual wayfarer. Howsomever, lights were shining through the frosted panes of a row of windows stretching across the top floor of a building immediately at hand, and even as he made this discovery Mr. Leary was aware of the dimmed sounds of revelry and of orchestral music up there, and also of an illuminated canvas triangle stuck above the hallway entrance of the particular building in question, this device bearing a lettered inscription upon it to advertise that here the members of the Lawrence P. McGillicuddy Literary Association and Pleasure Club were holding their Grand Annual Civic Ball; admission One Dollar, including Hat Check; Ladies Free when accompanied by Gents. Evidently the Lawrence P. McGillicuddys kept even later hours at their roisterings than the Bohemian sets in Washington Square kept.

Observing these evidences of adjacent life and merrymakings Mr. Leary cogitated. Did he dare intrude upon the festivities aloft there? And if he did so dare, would he enter cavortingly, trippingly, with intent to deceive the assembled company into the assumption that he had come to their gathering in costume? or would he throw himself upon their charity and making open confession of his predicament seek to enlist the friendly offices of some kindly soul in extricating him from it?

While he canvassed the two propositions tentatively he heard the thud of footsteps descending the stairs from the dance hall, and governed by an uncontrollable impulse he leaped for concealment behind a pile of building material that was stacked handily upon the sidewalk almost at his elbow. He might possibly have driven himself to face a multitude indoors, but somehow could not, just naturally could not, in his present apparel, face one stranger outdoors—or at least not until he had opportunity to appraise the stranger.

It was a man who emerged from the hallway entrance; a stockily built man wearing his hat well over one ear and with his ulster opened and flung back exposing a broad chest to the wintry air. He was whistling a sprightly air.

Just as this individual came opposite the lumber pile the first dedicatory sneeze of a whole subsequent series of sneezes which had been burgeoning somewhere up in the top of Mr. Leary's head, and which that unhappy gentleman had been mechanically endeavoring to suppress, burst from captivity with a vast moist report. At the explosion the passer-by spun about and his whistle expired in a snort of angered surprise as the bared head of Mr. Leary appeared above the topmost board of the pile, and Mr. Leary's abashed face looked into his.

"Say," he demanded, "wotcher meanin', hidin' there and snortin' in a guy's ear?"

His manner was truculent; indeed, verged almost upon the menacing. Evidently the shock had adversely affected his temper, to the point where he might make personal issues out of unavoidable trifles. Instinctively Mr. Leary felt that the situation which had arisen called for diplomacy of the very highest order. He cleared his throat before replying.

"Good evening," he began, in what he vainly undertook to make a casual tone of voice. "I beg your pardon—the sneeze—ahem—occurred when I wasn't expecting it. Ahem—I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"I would not! Come snortin' in a guy's ear that-a-way and then askin' him would he do you a favor. You got a crust for fair!" Here, though, a natural curiosity triumphed over the rising tides of indignation. "Wot favor do you want, anyway?" he inquired shortly.

"Would you—would you—I wonder if you would be willing to sell me that overcoat you're wearing?"

"I would not!"

"You see, the fact of the matter is I happen to be needing an overcoat very badly at the moment," pressed Mr. Leary. "I was hoping that you might be induced to name a price for yours."

"Certainly I would not! M. J. Cassidy wears M. J. Cassidy's clothes, and nobody else wears 'em, believe me! Wot's happened to your own coat?"

"I lost it—I mean it was stolen."

"Stole?"

"Yes, a robber with a revolver held me up a few minutes ago just over here in the next cross street and he took my coat away."

"Huh! Well, did you lose your hat the same way?"

"Yes—that is to say, no. I lost my hat running."

"Oh, you run, hey? Well, you look to me like a guy wot would run. Well, did he take your clothes too? Is that why you're squattin' behind them timbers?" The inquisitive one took a step nearer.

"No—oh, no! I'm still wearing my—my—the costume I was wearing," answered Mr. Leary, apprehensively wedging his way still farther back between the stack of boards and the wall behind. "But you see ——"

"Well then, barrin' the fact that you ain't got no hat, ain't you jest as well off without no overcoat now as I'd be if I fell for any hard-luck spiel from you and let you have mine?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that exactly," tendered Mr. Leary ingratiatingly. "I'm afraid my clothing isn't as suitable for outdoor wear as yours is. You see, I'd been to a sort of social function and on my way home it—it happened."

"Oh, it did, did it? Well, anyway, I should worry about you and your clothes," stated the other. He took a step onward, then halted; and now the gleam of speculative gain was in his eye. "Say, if I was willin' to sell—not sayin' I would be, but if I was—what would you be willin' to give for an overcoat like this here one?"

"Any price within reason—any price you felt like asking," said Mr. Leary, his hopes of deliverance rekindling.

"Well, maybe I'd take twenty-five dollars for it just as it stands and no questions ast. How'd that strike you?"

"I'll take it. That seems a most reasonable figure."

"Well, fork over the twenty-five then, and the deal's closed."

"I'd have to send you the money tomorrow—I mean to-day. You see, the thief took all my cash when he took my overcoat."

"Did, huh?"

"Yes, that's the present condition of things. Very annoying, isn't it? But I'll take your address. I'm a lawyer in business in Broad Street, and as soon as I reach my office I'll send the amount by messenger."

"Aw, to hell with you and your troubles! I might a-knowed you was some new kind of a panhandler when you come a-snortin' in my ear that-a-way. Better beat it while the goin's good. You're in the wrong neighborhood to be springin' such a gag as this one you just now sprang on me. Anyhow, I've wasted enough time on the likes of you."

He was ten feet away when Mr. Leary, his wits sharpened by his extremity, clutched at the last straw.

"One moment," he nervously begged. "Did I understand you to say your name was Cassidy?"

"You did. Wot of it?"

"Well, curious coincidence and all that—but my name happens to be Leary. And I thought because of that you might ——"

The stranger broke in on him: "Your name happens to be Leary, does it? Wot's your other name then?"

"Algernon."

Stepping lightly on the balls of his feet Mr. Cassidy turned back, and his mien for some reason was that potentially of a belligerent.

"Say," he declared threateningly, "you know what I think about you? Well, I think you're a liar. No regular guy with the name of Leary would let a cheap stiff of a stick-up rob him out of the coat offen his back without puttin' up a battle. No regular guy named Leary would be named Algernon. Say, I think you're a Far Downer. I wouldn't be surprised but what you was anything else on the top of that. And wot's all this here talk about goin' to a sociable functure and comin' away not suitably dressed. Come on out of that now and let's have a look at you."

"Really, I'd much rather not—if you don't mind," protested the miserable Mr. Leary. "I—I have reasons."

"The same here. Will you come out from behind there peaceable or will I fetch you out?"

So Mr. Leary came, endeavoring while coming to wear a manner combining an atmosphere of dignified aloofness and a sentiment of frank indifference to the opinion of this loutish busybody, with just a touch, a mere trace, as it were, of nonchalance thrown in. In short, coming out he sought to deport himself as though it were the properest thing in the world for a man of years and discretion to be wearing a bright pink one-piece article of apparel on a public highway at four A. M. or thereabouts. Undoubtedly, considering everything, it was the hardest individual task essayed in New York during the first year of the war. Need I add that it was a failure—a total failure? As he stood forth fully and comprehensively revealed by the light of the adjacent transparency, Mr. Cassidy's squint of suspicion widened into a pop-eyed stare of temporary stupefaction.

"Well, for the love of —— In the name of —— Did anywan ever see the likes of ——"

He murmured the broken sentences as he circled about the form of the martyr. Completing the circuit, laughter of a particularly boisterous and concussive variety interrupted his fragmentary speech.

"Ha ha, ha ha," echoed Mr. Leary in a palpably forced and hollow effort to show that he too could enter into the spirit of the occasion with heartiness. "Does strike one as rather unusual at first sight—doesn't it?"

"Why, you big hooman radish! Why, you strollin' sunset!" thus Mr. Cassidy responded. "Are you payin' an election bet three weeks after the election's over? Or is it that you're jest a plain bedaddled ijiet? Or what is it, I wonder?"

"I explained to you that I went to a party. It was a fancy-dress party," stated Mr. Leary.

Sharp on the words Mr. Cassidy's manner changed. Here plainly was a person of moods, changeable and tempersome.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, and you a large, grown man, to be skihootin' round with them kind of foolish duds on, and your own country at war this minute for decency and democracy?" From this it also was evident that Mr. Cassidy read the editorials in the papers. "You should take shame to yourself that you ain't in uniform instid of baby clothes."

It was the part of discretion, so Mr. Leary inwardly decided, to ignore the fact that the interrogator himself appeared to be well within the military age.

"I'm a bit old to enlist," he stated, "and I'm past the draft age."

"Then you're too old to be wearin' such a riggin'. But, by cripes, I'll say this for you—you make a picture that'd make a horse laugh."

Laughing like a horse, or as a horse would laugh if a horse ever laughed, he rocked to and fro on his heels.

"Sh-sh: not so loud, please," importuned Mr. Leary in all humility, meanwhile casting an uneasy glance toward the lighted windows above. "Somebody might hear you!"

"I hope somebody does hear me," gurgled the temperamental Mr. Cassidy, now once more thoroughly beset by his mirth. "I need somebody to help me laugh. By cripes, I need a whole crowd to help me; and I know a way to get them!"

He twisted his head round so his voice would ascend the hallway. "Hey, fellers and skourts," he called; "you that's fixin' to leave! Hurry on down and see Algy, the livin' peppermint lossenger, before he melts away from his own sweetness."

Obeying the summons with promptness a flight of the Lawrence P. McGillicuddys, accompanied for the most part by lady friends, cascaded down the stairs and erupted forth upon the sidewalk.

"Here y'are—right here!" clarioned Mr. Cassidy as the first skylarkish pair showed in the doorway. His manner was drolly that of a showman exhibiting a rare freak, newly captured. "Come a-runnin'!"

They came a-running and there were a dozen of them or possibly fifteen; buthesome spirits, all, and they fenced in the shrinking shape of Mr. Leary with a close and curious ring of themselves, and the combined volume of their glad, amazed outbursts might be heard for a distance of furlongs. On prankish impulse then they locked hands and with skippings and prancings and impromptu jig steps they circled about him; and he, had he sought to speak, could not well have been heard; and, anyway, he was for the moment past speech, because of being entirely engaged in giving vent to one vehement sneeze after another. And next, above the chorus of joyous whooping might be heard individual comments, each shrieked out shrilly and each punctuated by a sneeze from Mr. Leary's convulsed frame; or lacking that by a simulated sneeze from one of the revelers—one with a fine humorous flare for mimicry. And these comments were, for example, such as:

"Git onto the socks!"

"Ker-chew!"

"And the slippers!"

"Ker-chew!"

"And them lovely pink garters!"

"Ker-chew!"

"Oh, you cutey! Oh, you cut-up!"

"Ker-chew!"

"Oh, you candy kid!"

"And say, git onto the cunnin' elbow sleeves our little playmate's got."

"Yes, but goils, just pipe the poilies—ain't they the greatest ever?"

"They sure are. Say, kiddo, gimme one of 'em to remember you by, won't you? You'll never miss it—you got a-plenty more."

"Wot d'ye call wot he's got on 'um, anyway?" The speaker was a male, naturally.

"W'y, you big stoopid, can't you see he's wearin' rompers?" The answer came in a giggle, from a gay youthful creature of the opposite sex as she kicked out roguishly.

"Well then, be chee, w'y don't he romp a little?"

"Give 'um time, cancher? Don't you see he's blowin' out his flues? He's busy now. He'll romp in a minute."

"Sure he will! We'll romp with 'um."

A waggish young person in white beaded slippers and a green sport skirt broke free from the cavorting ring, and behind Mr. Leary's back the nimble fingers of the madcap tapped his spinal ornamentations as an instrumentalist taps the stops of an organ; and she chanted a familiar counting game of childhood:

"Rich man—poor man—beggar man—thief—doctor—loiryer ——"

"Sure, he said he was a loiryer." It was Mr. Cassidy breaking in. "And he said his name was Algernon. Well, I believe the Algernon part."

"Oh, you Algy!"

"Algernon, does your mother know you're out?"

"T'ree cheers for Algy, the walkin' comic valentine!"

"Algy, Algy—Oh, you cutey Algy!" These jolly Greenwich Villagers were going to make a song of his name. They did make a song of it, and it was a frolicsome song and pitched to a rollicksome key. Congenial newcomers arrived, pelting down from upstairs whence they had been drawn by the happy rocketing clamor; and they caught spirit and step and tune with the rest and helped manfully to sing it. As one poet hath said, "And now reigned high carnival." And as another has so aptly phrased it, "There was a sound of revelry by night." And, as the same poet once put it, or might have put it so if he didn't, "And all went merry as a marriage morn." But when we, adapting the line to our own descriptive usages, now say all went merry we should save out one exception—one whose form alternately was racked by hot flushes of a terrific self-consciousness and by humid gusts of an equally terrific sneezing fit.

"Here, here, here! Cut out the yellin'! D'you want the whole block up out of their beds?" The voice of the personified law, gruff and authoritative, broke in upon the clamor, and the majesty of the law, typified in bulk, with galoshes, ear muffs and woolen gloves on, not to mention the customary uniform of blue and brass, plowed a path toward the center of the group.

"'S all right, Switzer," gayly replied a hoydenish lassie; she, the same who had begged Mr. Leary for a sea-pearl souvenir.

(Continued on Page 87)

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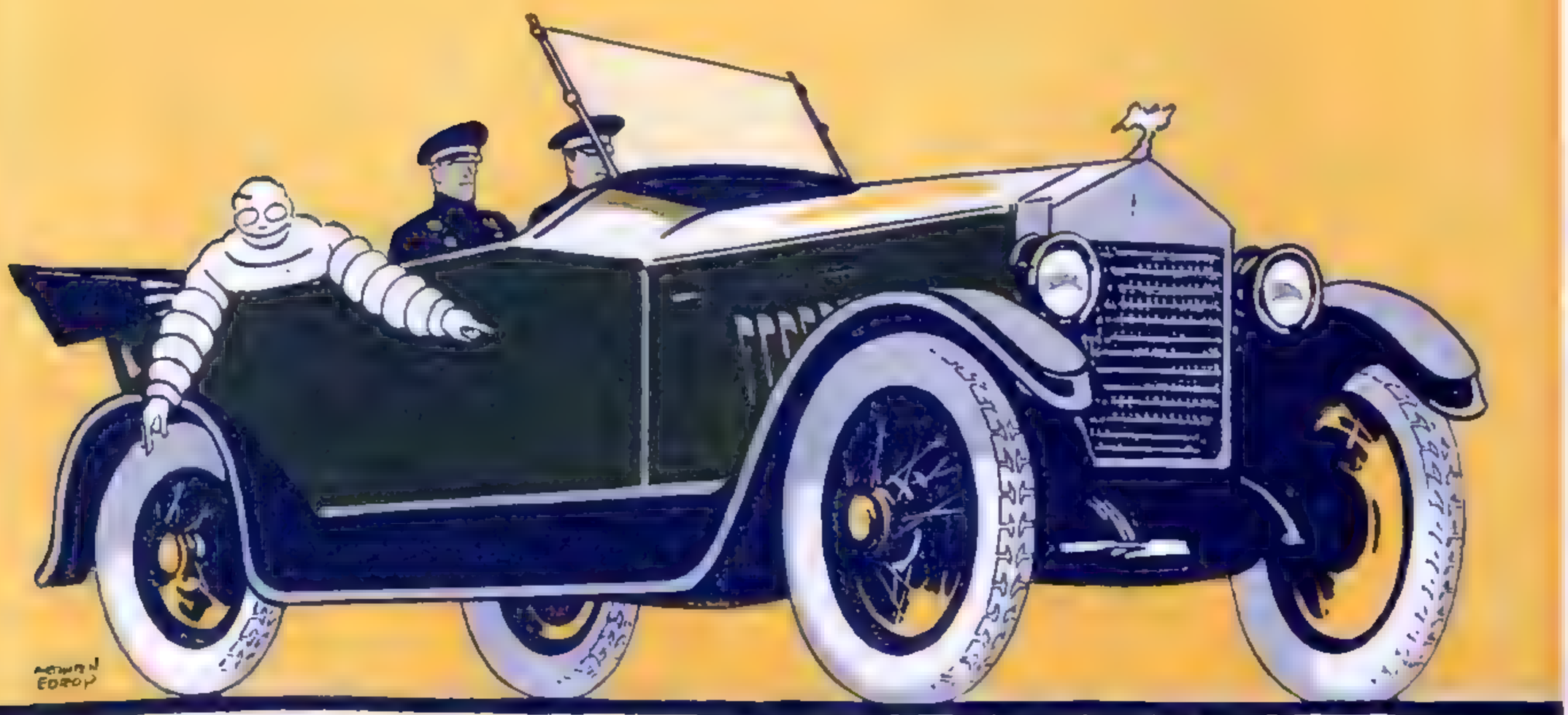

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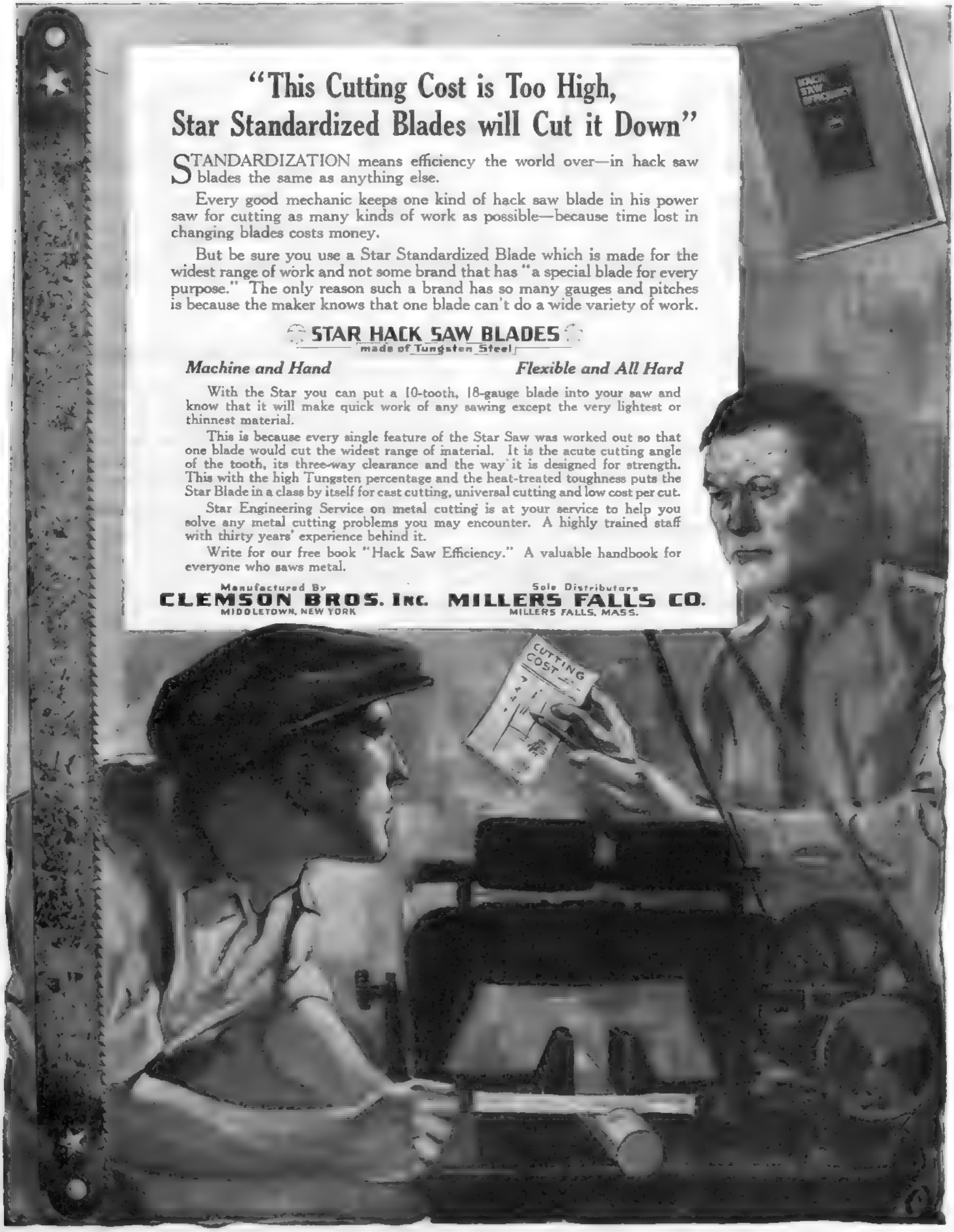

(Continued from Page 84)

"But just see what Morrie Cassidy went and found here on the street!"

Patrolman Switzer looked then where she pointed, and could scarce believe his eyes. In his case gleefulness took on a rumbling thunderous form, which shook his being as with an ague and made him to beat himself violently upon his ribs.

"D'ye blame us for carryin' on, Switzer, when we seen it ourselves?"

"I don't—and that's a fact," Switzer confessed between gurgles. "I wouldn't a blamed you much if you'd fell down and had a fit." And then he rocked on his heels, filled with joviality clear down to his rubber soles. Anon, though, he remembered the responsibilities of his position. "Still, at that, and even so," said he, sobering himself, "enough of a good thing's enough." He glared accusingly, yea, condemningly, at the unwitting cause of the quelled commotion.

"Say, what's the idea, you carousin' round Noo York City this hour of the night diked up like a Coney Island Maudie Graw? And what's the idea, you causin' a boisterous and disorderly crowd to collect? And what's the idea, you makin' a disturbance in a vicinity full of decent hard-workin' people that's tryin' to get a little rest? What's the general idea anyhow?"

At this moment Mr. Leary having sneezed an uncountable number of times regained the powers of coherent utterance.

"It is not my fault," he said. "I assure you of that, officer. I am being misjudged; I am the victim of circumstances over which I have no control. You see, officer, I went last evening to a fancy-dress party and ——"

"Well then, why didn't you go on home afterwards and behave yourself?"

"I did—I started, in a taxicab. But the taxicab driver was drunk and he went to sleep on the way and the taxicab stopped and I got out of it and started to walk across town looking for another taxicab and ——"

"Started walkin', dressed like that?"

"Certainly not. I had an overcoat on of course. But a highwayman held me up at the point of a revolver, and he took my overcoat and what money I had and my card case and ——"

"Where did all this here happen—this here alleged robbery?"

"Not two blocks away from here, right over in the next street to this one."

"I don't believe nothin' of the kind!"

Patrolman Switzer spoke with enhanced severity; his professional honor had been touched in a delicate place. The bare suggestion that a footpad might dare operate in a district under his immediate personal supervision would have been to him deeply repugnant, and here was this weirdly attired wanderer making the charge direct.

"But officer, I insist—I protest that ——"

"Young feller, I think you've been drinkin', that's what I think about you. Your voice sounds to me like you've been drinkin' about a gallon of mixed ale. I think you dreamed all this here pipe about a robber and a pistol and an overcoat and a taxicab and all. Now you take a friendly tip from me and you run along home as fast as ever you can, and you get them delirious clothes off of you and then you get in bed and take a good night's sleep and you'll feel better. Because if you don't it's goin' to be necessary for me to take you in for a public nuisance. I ain't askin' you—I'm tellin' you, now. If you don't want to be locked up, start movin'—that's my last word to you."

The recent merrymakers, who had fallen silent the better to hear the dialogue, grouped themselves expectantly, hoping and waiting for a yet more exciting and humorous sequel to what had gone before—if such a miracle might be possible. Nor were they to be disappointed. The dénouement came quickly upon the heels of the admonition.

For into Mr. Leary's reeling and distracted mind the warning had sent a clarifying idea darting. Why hadn't he thought of a police station before now? Perforce the person in charge at any police station would be under requirement to shelter him. What even if he were locked up temporarily? In a cell he would be safe from the slings and arrows of outrageous ridicule; and surely among the functionaries in any station house would be one who would know a gentleman in distress, however startlingly the gentleman might be garbed. Surely, too, somebody once that somebody's amazement had abated would be willing to do some telephoning for him. Perhaps, even, a policeman off duty might be induced to take his word for it that he was what he really was, and not what he seemed to be, and loan him a change of clothing.

Hot upon the inspiration Mr. Leary decided on his course of action. He would get himself safely and expeditiously removed from the hateful company and the ribald comments of the Lawrence P. McGillicuddys and their friends. He would get himself locked up—that was it. He would now take the first steps in that direction.

"Are you goin' to start on home purty soon like I've just been tellin' you to; or are you ain't?" snapped Patrolman Switzer, who, it would appear, was by no means a patient person.

"I am not!" The crafty Mr. Leary put volumes of husky defiance into his answer. "I'm not going home—and you can't make me go home, either." He rejoiced inwardly to see how the portly shape of Switzer stiffened and swelled at the taunt. "I'm a citizen and I have a right to go where I please, dressed as I please, and you don't dare to stop me. I dare you to arrest me!" Suddenly he put both his hands in Patrolman Switzer's fleshy midriff and gave him a violent shove. An outraged grunt went up from Switzer, a delighted whoop from the audience. Swept off his balance by the prospect of fruition for his design the plotter had technically been guilty before witnesses of a violent assault upon the person of an officer in the discharge of his sworn duty.

He felt himself slung violently about. One mitted hand fixed itself in Mr. Leary's collar yoke at the rear; the other closed upon a handful of slack material in the lower breadth of Mr. Leary's principal habiliment just below where his buttons left off.

"So you won't come, won't you? Well then I'll show you—you pink strawberry drop!"

Enraged at having been flaunted before a jeering audience the patrolman pushed his prisoner ten feet along the sidewalk, imparting to the offender's movements an involuntary gliding gait, with backward jerks between forward shoves; this method of propulsion being known in the vernacular of the force as "givin' a skate the bum's rush."

"Hey, Switzer, loan me your key and I'll ring for the wagon for you," volunteered Mr. Cassidy. His care-free companions, some of them, cheered the suggestion, seeing in it prospect of a prolonging of this delectable sport which providence without charge had so graciously deigned to provide.

"Never mind about the wagon. Us two'll walk, me and him," announced the patrolman. "'Taint so far where we're goin', and the walk'll do this fresh guy a little good—maybe'll sober him up. And never mind about any of the rest of you taggin' along behind us neither. This is a pinch—not a free street parade. Go on home now, the lot of youse, before you wake up the whole Lower West Side."

Loath to be cheated out of the last act of a comedy so unique and so rich the whimsical McGillicuddys and their chosen mates fell reluctantly away, with yells and gibes and quips and farewell bursts of laughter. Closely hyphenated together the deep blue figure and the bright pink one rounded the corner and were alone. It was time to open the overtures which would establish Patrolman Switzer upon the basis of a better understanding of things. Mr. Leary craning his neck in order to look rearward into the face of his custodian spoke in a key very different from the one he had last employed:

"I really didn't intend, you know, to resist you, officer. I had a private purpose in what I did. And you were quite within your rights. And I'm quite grateful to you—frankly I am—for driving those people away."

"Is that so?" The inflection was grimly and heavily sarcastic.

"Yes. I am a lawyer by profession, and generally speaking I know what your duties are. I merely made a show—a pretense, as it were—of resisting you, in order to get away from that mob. It was—ahem—it was a device on my part—in short, a trick."

"Is that so? Fixin' to try to beg off now, huh? Well, nothin' doin'! Nothin' doin'! I don't know whether you're a fancy nut or a plain souse or what-all, but whatever you are you're under arrest and you're goin' with me."

"That's exactly what I desire to do," resumed the schemer. "I desire most earnestly to go with you."

"You're havin' your wish, ain't you? Well then, the both of us should oughter be satisfied."

"I feel sure," continued the wheedling and designing Mr. Leary, "that as soon as we reach the station house I can make satisfactory atonement to you for my behavior just now and can explain everything to your superiors in charge there, and then ——"

"Station house!" snorted Patrolman Switzer. "Why, say, you ain't headin' for no station house. The crowd that's over there where you're headin' fur should be grateful to me fur bringin' you in. You'll be a treat for them, and it's few enough pleasures some of them gets ——"

A new, a horrid doubt assailed Mr. Leary's sorely taxed being. He began to have a dread premonition that all was not going well and his brain whirled anew.

"But I prefer to be taken to the station house," he began.

"And who are you to be preferrin' anything at all?" countered Switzer. "I'll phone back to the station where I am and what I've done; though that part of it's no business of yours. I'll be doin' that after I've arranged you over to Jefferson Market."

"Jeff—Jefferson Market!"

"Sure, 'tis to Jefferson Market night court you're headin' this minute. Where else? They're settin' late over there tonight; the magistrate is expectin' some raids somewheres about daylight, I think. Anyhow, they're open yet; I know that. So it'll be me and you for Jefferson Market inside of five minutes; and I'm thinkin' you'll get quite a reception."

Jefferson Market! Mr. Leary could picture the rows upon rows of gloating eyes. He heard the incredulous shout that would mark his entrance, the swell of unholy glee from the benches that would interrupt the proceedings. He saw stretched upon the front pages of the early editions of the afternoon yellows the glaring black-faced headlines:

WELL-KNOWN LAWYER
CLAD IN PINK ROMPERS
HALED TO NIGHT COURT

He saw—— But Switzer's next remark sent a fresh shudder of apprehension through him, caught all again, as he was, in the coils of accursed circumstance.

"Magistrate Voris will be gettin' sleepy what with waitin' for them raids to be pulled off, and I make no doubt the sight of you will put him in a good humor."

And Magistrate Voris was his rival for the favors of Miss Milly Hollister! And Magistrate Voris was a person with a deformed sense of humor! And Magistrate Voris was sitting in judgment this moment at Jefferson Market night court. And now desperation, thrice compounded, rent the soul of the trapped victim of his own misarmed subterfuge.

"I won't be taken to any night court!" he shouted, wrestling himself toward the edge of the sidewalk and dragging his companion along with him. "I won't go there! I demand to be taken to a station house. I'm a sick man and I require the services of a doctor."

"Startin' to be rough-house all over again, huh?" grunted Switzer vindictively. "Well, we'll see about that part of it too—right now!"

Surrendering his lowermost clutch, the one in the silken seat of the suit of his writhing prisoner, he fumbled beneath the tails of his overcoat for the disciplinary nippers that were in his righthand rear trousers pocket.

With a convulsive twist of his body Mr. Leary jerked himself free of the mittened grip upon his neckband, and as, released, he gave a deerlike lunge forward for liberty he caromed against a burdened ash can upon the curbstone and sent it spinning backward; then recovering sprang onward and outward across the gutter in flight. In the same instant he heard behind him a crash of metal and a solid thud, heard a sound as of a scrambling solid body cast abruptly prone, heard the name of Deity profaned, and divined without looking back that the ash can, conveniently rolling between the plump legs of the personified Arm of the Law, had been Officer Switzer's undoing, and might be his own salvation.

With never a backward glance he ran on, not doubling as a hare before the beagle, but following a straight course, like unto a hunted roebuck. He did not know he could run so fast, and he could not have run so fast any other time than this. Beyond was a crossing. It was blind instinct that made him double round the turn. It was instinct, quickened and guided by desperation, that made him dart like a rose-tinted flash up the steps to the stoop of an old-fashioned residence standing just beyond the corner, spring inside the storm doors, draw them to behind him, and crouch there, hidden, as pursuit went lumbering by.

Through a chink between the door halves he watched breathlessly while Switzer, who moved with a pronounced limp and rubbed his knees as he limped, hobbled halfway up the block, slowed down, halted, glared about him for sight or sign of the vanished fugitive, and then misled by a false trail departed, padding heavily with his galoshed tread, round the next turn.

With his body still drawn well back within the shadow line of the overhanging cornice Mr. Leary coyly protruded his head and took visual inventory of the neighborhood. So far as any plan whatsoever had formed in the mind of our diffident adventurer he meant to bide where he was for the moment. Here, where he had shelter of a sort, he would recapture his breath and reassemble his wits. Even so, the respite from those elements which Mr. Leary dreaded most of all—publicity, observation, cruel jibes, the harsh raucous laughter of the populace—could be at best but a woefully transient one. He was not resigned—by no means was he resigned—to his fate; but he was helpless. For what ailed him there was no conceivable remedy.

Anon jocund day would stand tiptoe on something or other; Greenwich Village would awaken and bestir itself. Discovery would come, and forth he would be drawn like a shy unwilling periwinkle from its shell, once more to play his abased and bashful rôle of free entertainer to guffawing mixed audiences. For all others in the great city there were havens and homes. But for a poor, lorn, unguided vagrant, enmeshed in the burlesque garnitures of a three-year-old male child, what haven was there? By night the part had been hard enough—as the unresponsive heavens above might have testified. By the stark unmerciful sunlight; by the rude, revealing glow of the impending day how much more scandalous would it be!

His haggard gaze swept this way and that, seeking possible succor where reason told him there could be no succor; and then as his vision pieced together this outjutting architectural feature and that into a coherent picture of his immediate surroundings he knew where he was. The one bit of chancy luck in a sequence of direful catastrophes had brought him here to this very spot. Why, this must be West Ninth Street; it had to be, it was—oh joy, it was! And Bob Slack, his partner, lived in this identical block on this same side of the street.

With his throat throbbing to the impulse of newborn hope he emerged completely from behind the refuge of the storm doors backed himself out and down upon the top step, and by means of a dubious illumination percolating through the fanlight above the inner door he made out the figures upon the lintel. This was such and such a number; therefore Bob Slack's number must be the second number to the eastward, at the next door but one.

Five seconds later a fleet apparition of a prevalent pinkish tone gave a ranging house cat the fright of its life as former darted past latter to vault nimbly up the stone steps of a certain weatherbeaten four-story-and-basement domicile. Set in the door jamb here was a vertical row of mail slots, and likewise a vertical row of electric push buttons; these objects attesting to the fact that this house, once upon a time the home of a single family, had eventually undergone the transformation which in lower New York befalls so many of its kind, and had become a layer-like succession of light-housekeeping apartments, one apartment to a floor, and the caretaker in the basement.

Since Bob Slack's bachelor quarters were on the topmost floor Bob Slack's push button would be the next to the lowermost of the battery of buttons. A chilled tremulous finger found that particular button and pressed it long and hard, released it, pressed it again and yet again. And in the interval following each period of pressing

(Continued on Page 89)

The Seal of Dependable Performance

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This Seal
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that back of it stands the sum and substance of all successful motor truck experience. It signifies that incorporated in one harmonious whole is to be found the essence of every successful and proved truck feature. This seal is the sign of Acme in truck construction super-service.

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Built in 1 to 5 ton models. Oversize in capacity and dimensions. Bodies built in our own factories.

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The Truck of Proved Units

(Continued from Page 87)

the finger's owner hearkened, all ears, for the answering click-click that would tell him the sleeper having been roused by the ringing had risen and pressed the master button that released the mechanism of the street door's lock.

But no welcome clicking rewarded the expectant ringer. Assuredly Bob Slack must be the soundest sleeper in the known world. He who waited rang and rang and rerang. There was no response.

Eventually conviction was forced upon Mr. Leary that he must awaken the caretaker—who, he seemed dimly to recall as a remembrance of past visits to Bob Slack, was a woman; and this done he must induce the caretaker to admit him to the inside of the house. Once within the building the refugee promised himself he would bring the slumberous Slack to consciousness if he had to beat down that individual's door doing it. He centered his attack upon the bottom push button of all. Directly, from almost beneath his feet, came the sound of an areaway window being unlatched, and a drowsy female somewhat crossly inquired to know who might be there and what might be wanted.

"It's a gentleman calling on Mr. Slack," wheezed Mr. Leary with his head over the banusters. He was getting so very, very hoarse. "I've been ringing his bell, but I can't seem to get any answer."

"A gentleman at this time o' night!" The tone was purely incredulous.

"Yes; a close friend of Mr. Slack's," assured Mr. Leary, striving to put stress of urgency into his accents, and only succeeding in imparting an added hoarseness to his fast-failing vocal cords. "I'm his law partner, in fact. I must see him at once, please—it's very important, very pressing indeed."

"Well, you can't be seein' him."

"C-can't see him? What do you mean?"

"I mean he ain't here, that's what. He's out. He's went out for the night. He's generally always out on Friday nights—playin' cards at his club, I think. And sometimes he don't come in till it's near breakfast time. If you're a friend of his I sh'd think it'd be likely you'd know that same."

"Oh, I do—I do," assented Mr. Leary earnestly; "only I had forgotten it. I've had so many other things on my mind. But surely he'll be coming in quite soon now—it's pretty late, you know."

"Don't I know that for myself without bein' told?"

"Yes, quite so of course; naturally so." Mr. Leary was growing more and more nervous, and more and more chilled too. "But if you'll only be so very kind as to let me in I'll wait for him in his apartment."

"Let you in without seein' you or knowin' what your business is? I should guess not! Besides, you couldn't be gettin' inside his flat anyways. He's locked it, unless he's forgot to, which ain't likely, him bein' a careful man, and he must a-took the key with him. I know I ain't got it."

"But if you'll just let me inside the building that will be sufficient. I would much rather wait inside if only in the hall, than out here on the stoop in the cold."

"No doubt, no doubt you would all of that." The tone of the unseen female was dryly suspicious. "But is it likely I'd be lettin' a stranger into the place, that I never seen before, and ain't seen yet for that matter, just on the strength of his own word? And him comin' unbeknownst, at this hour of the mornin'? A fat chance!"

"But surely, though, you must recall me—Mr. Leary, his partner. I've been here before. I've spoken to you."

"That voice don't sound to me like no voice I ever heard."

"I've taken cold—that's why it's altered."

"So? Then why don't you come down here where I can have a look at you and make sure?" inquired this careful chatelaine.

"I'm leaning with my head over the rail of the steps right above you," said Mr. Leary. "Can't you poke your head out and see my face? I'm quite sure you would recall me then."

"With this here iron gratin' across me window how could I poke me head out? Besides, it's dark. Say, mister, if you're on the level what's the matter with you comin' down here and not be standin' there palaverin' all the night?"

"I I—well, you see, I'd rather not come for just a minute until I've explained to you that—that my appearance may strike you as being a trifle unusual; in fact, I might say, droll," pleaded Mr. Leary, seeking by subtle methods of indirection to prepare her for what must surely follow.

"Never mind explainin'—gimme a look!" The suspicious tenseness in her voice increased. "I tell you this—ayther you come down here right this second or I shut the window and you can be off or you can go to the divil or go anywheres you please for all of me, because I'm an overworked woman and I need my rest and I've no more time to waste on you."

"Wait, please; I'm coming immediately," called out Mr. Leary.

He forced his legs to carry him down the steps and reluctantly, yet briskly, he propelled his pink-hued person toward the ray of light that streamed out through the grated window-opening and fell across the areaway.

"You mustn't judge by first appearances," he was explaining with a false and transparent attempt at matter-of-factness as he came into the zone of illumination. "I'm not what I seem, exactly. You see, I "

"Mushiful Evans!" The exclamation was half shrieked, half gasped out; and on the words the window was slammed to, the light within flipped out, and through the glass from within came a vehement warning:

"Get away, you—you lunatic! Get away from here now or I'll have the cops on you."

"But please, please listen," he entreated, with his face close against the bars. "I assure you, madam, that I can explain everything if you will only listen."

There was no mercy, no suggestion of relenting in the threatening message that came back to him:

"If you ain't gone from here in ten seconds I'll ring for the night watchman on the block, and I'll blow a whistle for the police. I've got one hand on the alarm hook right now. Will you go or will I rouse the whole block?"

"Pray be calm, madam, I'll go. In fact, I'm going now."

He fell back out of the areaway. Fresh uproar at this critical juncture would be doubly direful. It would almost certainly bring Switzer, with his bruised shanks. It would inevitably bring someone.

Mr. Leary retreated to the sidewalk, figuratively casting from him the shards and potsherds of his reawakened anticipations, now all so rudely shattered again. He was doomed. It would inevitably be his fate to cower in these cold and drafty purlieus until ——

No it wouldn't either!

Like a golden rift in a sable sky a brand-new ray of cheer opened before him. Who were those married friends of Slack's who lived on the third floor—friends with whom once upon a time he and Slack had shared a chafing-dish supper? What was the name? Brady? No, Braydon. That was it—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Braydon. He would slip back again, on noiseless feet, to the doorway where the bells were. He would bide there until the startled caretaker had gone back to her sleep, or at least to her bed. Then he would play a solo on the Braydons' bell until he roused them. They would let him in, and beyond the peradventure of a doubt, they would understand what seemed to be beyond the ken of flighty and excitable underlings. He would make them understand, once he was in and once the first shock of beholding him had abated within them. They were a kindly, hospitable couple, the Braydons were. They would be only too glad to give him shelter from the elements until Bob Slack returned from his session at bridge. He was saved!

Within the coping of the stoop he crouched and waited—waited for five long palpitating minutes which seemed to him as hours. Then he applied an eager and quivering finger to the Braydons' button. Sweet boon of vouchsafed mercy! Almost instantly the latch clicked. And now in another instant Mr. Leary was within solid walls, with the world and the weather shut out behind him.

He stood a moment, palpitant with mute thanksgiving, in the hallway, which was made obscure rather than bright by a tiny pinprick of gaslight; and as thus he stood, fortifying himself with resolution for the embarrassing necessity of presenting himself, in all his show of quaint frivolity, before these comparative strangers, there came floating down the stair well to him in a sharp half-whisper a woman's voice.

"Is that you?" it asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Leary truthfully. It was indeed he, Algernon Leary, even though someone else seemingly was expected. But the explanation could wait until he was safely upstairs. Indeed, it must wait. Attempted at a distance it would take on a rather complicated aspect; besides, the caretaker just below might overhear, and by untoward interruptions complicate a position already sufficiently delicate and difficult.

Down from above came the response: "All right then. I've been worried, you were so late coming in, Edward. Please slip in quietly and take the front room. I'm going on back to bed."

"All right!" grunted Mr. Leary.

But already his plan had changed; the second speech down the stair well had caused him to change it. Safety first would be his motto from now on. Seeing that Mr. Edward Braydon apparently was likewise late it would be wiser and infinitely more discreet on his part did he avoid further disturbing Mrs. Braydon, who presumably was alone and who might be easily frightened. So he would just slip on past the Braydon apartment, and in the hallway on the fourth floor he would cannily bide, awaiting the truant Slack's arrival.

On tiptoe then, flight by flight, he ascended toward the top of the house. He was noiselessly progressing along the hallway of the third floor; he was about midway of it when under his tread a loose plank gave off an agonized squeak, and, as involuntarily he jumped, right at his side a door was flung open.

What the discomfited refugee saw, at a distance from him to be measured by inches rather than by feet, was the face of a woman; and not the face of young Mrs. Edward Braydon, either, but the face of a middle-aged lady with startled eyes widely staring, with a mouth just dropping ajar as sudden horror relaxed her jaw muscles, and with a head of gray hair haloed about by a sort of nimbus effect of curl papers. What the strange lady saw—well, what the strange lady saw may best perhaps be gauged by what she did, and that was instantly to slam and bolt the door and then to utter a succession of calliopelike shrieks, which echoed through the house and which immediately were answered back by a somewhat similar series of outcries from the direction of the basement.

Up the one remaining flight of stairs darted the intruder. He flung himself with all his weight and all his force against Bob Slack's door. It wheezed from the impact, but its stout oaken panels held fast. Who says the impossible is really impossible? The accumulated testimony of the ages shows that given the emergency a man can do anything he just naturally has to do. Neither by training nor by habit of life nor yet by figure was Mr. Leary athletically inclined, but a trained gymnast might well have envied the magnificent agility with which he put a foot upon the doorknob and sprang upward, poising himself there upon a slippered toe, with one set of fingers clutching fast to the minute projections of the door frame while with his free hand he thrust recklessly against the transom.

The transom gave under the strain, moving upward and inward upon its hinges, disclosing an oblong gap above the jamb. With a splendid wriggle the fugitive vaulted up, thrusting his person into the clear space thus provided. Balanced across the opening upon his stomach, half in and half out, for one moment he remained there, his legs kicking wildly as though for a purchase against something more solid than air. Then convulsive desperation triumphed over physical limitations. There was a rending, tearing sound as of some silken fabric being parted biaswise of its fibers, and Mr. Leary's quaint after sections vanished inside; and practically coincidentally therewith, Mr Leary descended upon the rugged floor with a thump which any other time would have stunned him into temporary helplessness, but which now had the effect merely of stimulating him onward to fresh exertion.

In a fever of activity he sprang up. Pawing a path through the encompassing darkness, stumbling into and over various sharp-cornered objects, bruising his limbs with contusions and knowing it not, he found the door of the inner room—Bob Slack's bedroom—and once within that sanctuary he, feeling along the walls, discovered a push bulb and switched on the electric lights.

What matter though the whole house grew clamorous now with a mounting and increasing tumult? What mattered it though he could hear more and more startled voices commingled with the shattering shrieks emanating from the Braydon apartment beneath his feet? He, the hard-pressed and the sore-beset and the long-suffering, was at last beyond the sight of mortal eyes. He was locked in, with two rooms and a bath to himself, and he meant to maintain his present refuge, meant to hold this fort against all comers, until Bob Slack came home. He would barricade himself in if need be. He would pile furniture against the doors. If they took him at all it would be by direct assault and overpowering numbers.

And while he withstood siege and awaited attack he would rid himself of these unlucky caparisons that had been his mortification and his undoing. When they broke in on him—if they did break in on him—he would be found wearing some of Bob Slack's clothes. Better far to be mistaken for a burglar than to be dragged forth lamentably yet fancifully attired as Himself at the Age of Three. The one thing might be explained—and in time would be; but the other? He felt that he was near the breaking point; that he could no more endure.

He stopped where he was, in the middle of the room, with his eyes and his hands seeking for the seams of the closing of his main garment. Then he remembered what in his stress he had forgotten—the opening, or perhaps one should say the closing, was at the back. He twisted his arms rearward, his fingers groping along his spine.

Now any normal woman has the abnormal ability to do and to undo again a garment hitching behind. Nature, which so fashioned her elbows that she cannot throw a stone at a hen in the way in which a stone properly should be thrown at a hen, made suitable atonement for this articular oversight by endowing her joints with the facile knack of turning on exactly the right angle, with never danger of sprain or dislocation, for the subjugation of a back-latching frock. Moreover, years of practice have given her adeptness in accomplishing this achievement, so that to her it has become an everyday feat. But man has neither the experience to qualify him nor yet the bodily adaptability.

By reaching awkwardly up and over his shoulder Mr. Leary managed to tug the topmost button of his array of buttons out of its attendant buttonhole, but below and beyond that point he could not progress. He twisted and contorted his body; he stretched his arms in their sockets until twin pangs of agony met and crossed between his shoulder blades, and with his two exploring hands he pulled and fumbled and pawed and wrenched and wrested, to make further headway at his task. But the sewing-on had been done with stout thread; the buttonholes were taut and snug and well made. Those slippery flat surfaces amply resisted him. They eluded him; defied him; outmastered him. Thanks be to, or curses be upon, the passionate zeal of Miss Rowena Skiff for exactitudes, he, lacking the offices of an assistant undresser, was now as definitely and finally inclosed in this distressful pink garment as though it had been his own skin. Speedily he recognized this fact in all its bitter and abominable truth, but mechanically, he continued to wrestle with the obdurate fastenings.

While he thus vainly contended, events in which he directly was concerned were occurring beneath that roof. From within his refuge he heard the sounds of slamming doors, of hurrying footsteps, of excited voices merging into a distracted chorus; but above all else, and from the rest, two of these voices stood out by reason of their augmented shrillness, and Mr. Leary marked them both, for since he had just heard them he therefore might identify their respective unseen owners.

"There's something—there's somebody in the house!" At the top of its register one voice was repeating the warning over and over again, and judging by direction this alarmist was shrieking her words through a keyhole on the floor below him. "I saw it him whatever it was. I opened my door to look out in the hall and it he was right there Oh, I could have touched him! And then it ran and I didn't see him any more and I slammed the door and began screaming."

"You seen what?"

The strident question seemed to come from far below, down in the depths of the house, where the caretaker abided.

"Whatever it was, I opened the door and he was right in the hall there glaring at me.

As to the Charms of Tobacco

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed) ——————

We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the *charm of any* smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke? We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is one of the tobaccos bought by our Government to soothe the jangled nerves of our men in the trenches. Edgeworth is the resource of many, many men pushing things along over here, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c, and 70c; tin humidor, $1.30; in glass jars, $1.40. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 70c, and $1.30.

When the samples arrive, scrape out your pipe for a new guest. Fill the bowl with a generous load. Light up, lean back in your friendly old chair, and take a puff or two—the first two for pure enjoyment—then some time later, when you feel quite ready, take a puff or two slowly, estimatingly, to decide just what you think of Edgeworth. Is this the tobacco you have been looking for so long?

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

I could have touched it. And then he ran and I ——"

"What was he like? I ast what was he like—it's that I'm askin' you!" The janitress was the one who pressed for an answer.

For the moment the question, pointed though it was, went unanswered. The main speaker—shrieker, rather—was plainly a person with a mania for details, and even in this emergency she intended, as now developed, to present all the principal facts in the case, and likewise all the incidental facts so far as these fell within her scope of knowledge.

"I was awake," she clarioned through the keyhole, speaking much faster than anyone following this narrative can possibly hope to read the words. "I couldn't sleep. I never do sleep well when I'm in a strange house. And anyhow, I was all alone. My nephew by marriage—Mr. Edward Braydon, you know—had gone out with the gentleman who lives on the floor above to play cards, and he said he was going to be gone nearly all night, and my niece—I'm Mrs. Braydon's unmarried aunt from Poughkeepsie and I'm down here visiting them—my niece was called to Long Island yesterday by illness—it's her sister who's ill with something like the bronchitis. And so he was gone and she was gone, and here I was all alone and he told me not to stay up for him, but I couldn't sleep well—I never can sleep in a strange house—and just a few minutes ago I heard the bell ring and I supposed he had forgotten to take his latchkey with him, and so I got up to let him in. And I called down the stairs and asked if it was him and he answered back. But it didn't sound like his voice. But I didn't think anything of that. But of course it was out of the ordinary for him to have a voice like that. But all the same I went back to bed. But he didn't come in and I was just getting up again to see what detained him—his voice really sounded so strange I thought then he might have been taken sick or something. But just as I got to the door a plank creaked and I opened the door and there it was right where I could have touched him. And then it ran—and oh, what if ——"

"I'm askin' you once more what it was like?"

"How should I know except that ——"

"Was it a big, fat, wild, bare-headed, scary, awful-lookin' scoundrel dressed in some kind of funny pink clothes?"

"Yes, that's it! That's him—he was all sort of pink. Oh, did you see him too? Oh, is it a burglar?"

"Burglar nothin'! It's a ravin', rampagin' lunatic—that's what it is!"

"Oh, my heavens, a lunatic!"

"Sure it is. He tried to git me to let him in and ——"

"Oh, whatever shall we do!"

"Hey, what's all the excitement about?"

A new and a deeper voice here broke into the babel, and Mr. Leary recognizing it at a distance, where he stood listening—but not failing, even while he listened, to strive unavailingly with his problem of buttons—knew he was saved. Knowing this he nevertheless retreated still deeper into the inner room. The thought of spectators in numbers remained very abhorrent to him. So he did not hear all that happened next, except in broken snatches.

He gathered though, from what he did hear, that Bob Slack and Mr. Edward Braydon were coming up the stairs, and that a third male whom they called Officer was coming with them, and that the janitress was coming likewise, and that divers lower-floor tenants were joining in the march, and that as they came the janitress was explaining to all and sundry how the weird miscreant had sought to inveigle her into admitting him to Mr. Slack's rooms, and how she had refused, and how with maniacal craft—or words from her to that effect—he had nevertheless managed to secure admittance to the house, and how he must still be in the house. And through all her discourse there were questions from this one or that, crossing its flow but in nowise interrupting it; and through it all percolated hootingly the terrorized outcries of Mr. Braydon's maiden aunt-in-law, issuing through the keyhole of the door behind which she cowered.

Only now she was interjecting a new harassment into the already complicated mystery by pleading that someone repair straightway to her and render assistance, as she felt herself to be on the verge of fainting dead away.

With searches into closets and close scrutiny of all dark corners passed en route, the procession advanced to the top floor, mainly guided in its oncoming by the clew deduced from the circumstance of the mad intruder having betrayed a desire to secure access to Mr. Slack's apartment, with the intention, as the caretaker more than once suggested on her way up, of murdering Mr. Slack in his bed. Before the ascent had been completed she was quite certain this was the correct deduction, and so continued to state with all the emphasis of which she was capable.

"He couldn't possibly have got downstairs again," somebody hazarded; "so he must be upstairs here still—must be right round here somewhere."

"Didn't I tell you he was lookin' for Mr. Slack to lay in wait for him and murder the poor man in his bed?" shrilled the caretaker.

"Watch carefully now, everybody. He might rush out of some corner at us."

"Say, my transom's halfway open!" Mr. Bob Slack exclaimed. "And by Jove, there's a light shining through it yonder from the other room. He's inside we've got him cornered, whoever he is."

Boldly Mr. Slack stepped forward and rapped hard on the door.

"Better come on out peaceably," he called, "because there's an officer here with us and we've got you trapped."

"It's me, Bob, it's me," came in a wheezy plaintive wail from somewhere well back in the apartment.

"Who's me?" demanded Mr. Slack, likewise forgetting his grammar in the thrill of this culminating moment.

"Algy—Algernon Leary."

"Not with that voice, it isn't. But I'll know in a minute who it is!" Mr. Slack reached pocketward for his keys.

"Better be careful. He might have a gun or something on him."

"Nonsense!" retorted Mr. Slack, feeling very valiant. "I'm not afraid of any gun. But you ladies might stand aside if you're frightened. All ready, officer? Now then!"

"Please come in by yourself, Bob. Don't—don't let anybody else come with you!"

If he heard this faint and agonized appeal from within, Mr. Slack chose not to heed it. He found the right key on his key ring, applied it to the lock, turned the bolt and shoved the door wide open, giving back then in case of an attack. The front room was empty. Mr. Slack crossed cautiously to the inner room and peered across the threshold into it, Mr. Braydon and a gray-coated watchman and a procession of half-clad figures following along after him.

Where was the mysterious intruder? Ah, there he was, huddled up in a far corner alongside the bed as though he sought to hide himself away from their glaring eyes. And at the sight of what he beheld Mr. Bob Slack gave one great shocked snort of surprise, and then one of recognition.

For all that the cowering wretch wore a quaint garment of a bright pink watermelonish hue, except where it was streaked with transom dust and marked with ash-can grit; for all that his head was bare, and his knees, and a considerable section of his legs as well; for all that he had white socks and low slippers, now soaking wet upon his feet; for all his elbow sleeves and his pink garters and his low neck; and finally for all that his face was now beginning, as they stared upon it, to wear the blank wan look of one who is about to succumb to a swoon of exhaustion induced by intense physical exertion or by acutely prolonged mental strain or by both together—Mr. Bob Slack detected in this fabulous oddity a resemblance to his associate in the practice of law at Number Thirty-two Broad Street.

"In the name of heaven, Leary ——" he began. But a human being can stand just so many shocks in a given number of minutes—just so many. Gently, slowly, the gartered legs gave way, bending outward, and as their owner collapsed down upon his side with the light of consciousness flickering in his eyes, his figure was half-turned to them, and they saw how that he was ornamentally but securely accoutered down the back with many large pearl buttons and how that with a last futile fluttering effort of his relaxing hands he fumbled first at one and then at another of these buttons.

"Leary, what in thunder have you been doing? And where on earth have you been?" Mr. Slack shot the questions forth as he sprang to his partner's side and knelt alongside the slumped pink shape.

Languidly Mr. Leary opened one comatose eye. Then he closed it again and the wraith of a smile formed about his lips, and just as he went sound asleep upon the floor Mr. Slack caught from Mr. Leary the softly whispered words, "I've been the life of the party!"

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What Do You Think They're Singing?

K-K-K-Katy"? "Smiles"? "Sweetheart"? "That's the Kind of a Baby for Me"? "The Tickle Toe"? Well, what would *your* crowd be singing at a lively party?

You can sing all these—and thousands more—old and new—if you have a Gulbransen to play them.

No trouble to read a song roll. The words are printed as big as THIS right on the paper and each word appears at the moment it should be sung.

Is Your Home Dull?

Do people seldom "drop in"? Do your parties "drag"? Cheer things up with music—songs the folks can join in. Nobody ever tires of music—the variety is endless.

The songs a mother sings to her baby—the rowdy chorus things the boys let out at stags—the good old hymns that mean so much in church—the love songs a man likes to hear his dearest girl sing—

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I'm Always Chasing Rainbows
K-K-K-Katy
There's a Long, Long Trail
Over There
Beautiful Ohio
Oui, Oui, Marie
If I'm Not at the Roll Call Kiss Mother Good-bye for Me
Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia
Indianola
When You Come Back, and You Will Come Back
A Little Birch Canoe and You
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight
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Dreamy Hawaiian Moon
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INSURANCE MONEY

(Concluded from Page 19)

if we hadn't we wouldn't be round joking and jollying her and playing bridge with her at such a time.

"I winced of course," said Nance, "inside—to hear her. But of course I laughed at her again. That's all I could do, naturally. And then she said she knew now she'd have him again herself. And everything else she wanted! And it was splendid. And then she went on," said Nance, "and told me all about her plans.

"'He'll be a fighter of course, just like his dad; I know that,' she said. 'I'm sure, that's all; just as I am about the other!'

"And I said that was good, and laughed. And she went on, smiling herself, and talking and flushing up like a girl kid does when she is happy and excited.

"'Isn't it wonderful, don't you think,' she said, 'how brave everybody has been in this war? All the boys you used to know. And how they all went and fought—everybody! And how much you admire them for it—more than you ever thought you could. And now they are all coming home—heroes!'

"And I said it was—yes.

"'And my boy will be just the same,' she said. 'I know that—naturally! But I thought I'd ask your advice about one thing. And that is about the name! I wanted to ask you because you have such good taste always. And it's quite a responsibility—in a way—when his father isn't here!'

"And I just waited, wondering.

"'I always thought I'd like to name him after his dad,' she said to me. 'And Herbert Smith was all right too. But not Herbert Roland Smith! It seemed too much, somehow.' What did I think?

"I told her—oh, I didn't know.

"'Will you let me ask you this, please?' she said then. 'It seemed to me I'd like to do this—if you thought it was all right! And I wanted you to tell me frankly what you thought. You know that General Sherman, that celebrated general in the Civil War? Well, he was from near where my people came from originally, before they came to New York to live. And it seemed to me it would be all right and kind of appropriate if I called him Herbert Sherman Smith.'

"And I told her—perfectly, absolutely, yes!

"And she sighed then and smiled back at me when I pinched her cheek. 'Because he's going to be a fighter—just like his daddy is. A boy, and a fighter,' she said. And I laughed and jollied her. And she thanked me again. And I said nonsense.

"'You have, though,' she said. 'You helped me so much. I can't tell you how much I've learned from you.'

"'What, for instance, do you know?' I said, and laughed at her again.

"But she was terribly earnest and serious.

"'Well, for one thing,' she said, 'you've made me think!'

"'Who? I?' I said. 'That's a joke!'

"But she didn't smile a bit—she went right on:

"'You have, just the same. Before, I never thought a bit. I was—like a kid. I never thought of anything. But I've changed a lot—really. Lately, since you came here. I've been thinking quite a lot—for me!'

"And I asked her what it was she'd thought out.

"'About laughing,' she said, 'and fighting, for one thing!'

"'Laughing?' I said.

"'Yes; no matter what happens,' she said—'if you can! They say that's the way our American boys fought over there—laughing—way up to the end—if they had to! And doing crazy kiddish stunts—attacking with parasols they'd found!' she said. And in a way it looked foolish. But in a way it was all right. And didn't I think so?

"And I said yes, of course—it was great!

"'And in a way we're fighters here at home—aren't we—we American women?' she said. The poor young-one. In a different kind of a way, weren't we? And it was up to us to do what we could. We couldn't do much, perhaps, but we could laugh anyway, and not get scared—and keep other people from being so—as much as we could. That's one thing a woman could do. That's what she'd thought out anyhow—and didn't I think it was so?

"And I said yes, of course I did. And I told her she was quite a little philosopher.

"Well, she said that was what she'd thought out anyway—lying there after we went home afternoons, thinking over what nice times we'd had together. And if anybody was responsible for her thinking that, I was.

"And I told her that was nice to hear anyhow.

"And then she said that was just what she was going to do herself anyhow. She'd been raised kind of queer and soft, she knew. But after this she was going to fight, in a way, and laugh—whatever happened! And keep laughing. Didn't I think that was the way—always—for everybody?

"And I said I certainly did.

"And she said of course it wasn't very much credit for her to think it—now she knew she was all right herself! And then she stopped a minute and I asked her—just to say something—if there was anything else she'd thought. I had to," said Nance, "say something!

"And she said there was one thing—yes. And I asked her what it was.

"'What I thought was this,' she said, 'that in a way the war was all over—for the boys. But for lots and lots of people here—for American women all over—it was just beginning!'

"And I said nothing at all, waiting to hear her.

"'Thousands and thousands everywhere! And more and more thousands lately—since these last lists came in that we got from that last terrible fighting. Thousands and thousands of women—just at the beginning of their fight. And worse in a way, and more terrible than for the boys a year ago—for they'll know from the start—the women—they never can win—never!' she said, and stopped, looking at me.

"And I said yes, holding on to myself.

"'And then, too, everybody round them will be likely to forget about them,' she said, 'and go right on as if they didn't exist.'

"I just patted her hand; that was all I could do!

"'I'm not thinking about myself, honestly,' she said. 'I know I'm all right. You know that. Because I'm sure—pretty sure—so late as this!'

"And I just gasped.

"'But what I mean is this—what I've thought about was all those women—thousands and thousands—who will be just sitting, thinking, till they are crazy—the way I did. That's fighting, isn't it—awful fighting! All just sitting, thinking what to do; and thinking they are all sole alone—and forgotten by everybody! That we think the war is over! And what I say is, instead of forgetting, everybody's got to help them fight—especially now! And not forget them. See them and laugh with them and cheer them up—and play bridge with them or something. Laugh and fight with them—the way you did with me!'

"I smiled," said Nance; "managed to! And I said that was a queer way to fight—playing bridge!

"'I don't know,' she said. 'That's what our boys did, isn't it? Laughed and joked and played when they fought—even when they knew they hadn't any chance! I don't think it's queer a bit. It's something to be proud of, I think. It's American!'

"And I just blinked and swallowed.

"'Or that's what I think anyhow,' she said after a while. 'And that's what I'm going to do—afterward—when Berto comes home—and—and everything!'

"By that time I was all right again; I'd got control of myself finally. I told her you bet that was the way!" said Nance, concluding. "And she said 'Thank you ever so much.'

"And I got out," said Nance, "as soon as I could; and left her lying there in her chair—kind of tired."

And we sat still for a while—both Nance and myself.

"I wonder," said Nance, "if she's going to hate me always—afterward."

"Why?"

"For my lessons in laughing," said Nance.

V

"THEY ought to be killed! Shot! Murdered!" said Nance. In all these happy years I've never seen her madder.

"Who?" I asked with justifiable alarm.

"If I were a man I'd do it myself!"

"Who?" I asked again.

"Those criminals! Those insurance collectors that send out those notices they'll collect insurance for you!"

And I waited.

"To people like these two women they find are helpless, with no knowledge of anything and nobody to go to!"

"Which women?" I inquired.

"It wasn't their Herbert Smith," she stated, "at all!"

And I waited again.

"It's another one entirely that's dead in France!"

"What!" I said, enthusing finally.

"It's another one, absolutely!" proceeded Nance. "In another regiment, from out West. Their Herbert Smith is alive! These people that wanted to collect the money got mixed. They got the wrong boy."

"There are," I suggested, "probably a number of Herbert Smiths in France."

"I don't care," said Nance. "Those people ought to be prosecuted just the same! They say they are all over everywhere—those criminals like these—getting hold of helpless folks who don't know any better. Getting their money for doing what the Government would do for them better if they never heard of them. And then making horrible blunders like this one. Horrible!"

"And still," I reflected, "it must be something of a comfort—this last information from them."

"What?" asked Nance, still truculent.

"Knowing that Herbert is still alive: that there was this slight mistake."

And suddenly Nance laughed.

"That isn't the only one," she said.

"Only what?"

"Mistake about Herbert Smith!"

"Oh," I said.

"It wasn't Herbert Sherman Smith, either!"

"Oh," I said again.

"It was a girl!" said Nance. "And what do you think?"

"I've given up—long ago!" I said.

"She's named it after me. Isn't that ridiculous?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Don't know!" said Nance.

"She wanted," I said, "the name of a celebrated fighter, didn't she—from the first?"

"Don't be any sillier than you are naturally," said Nance, kissing me.

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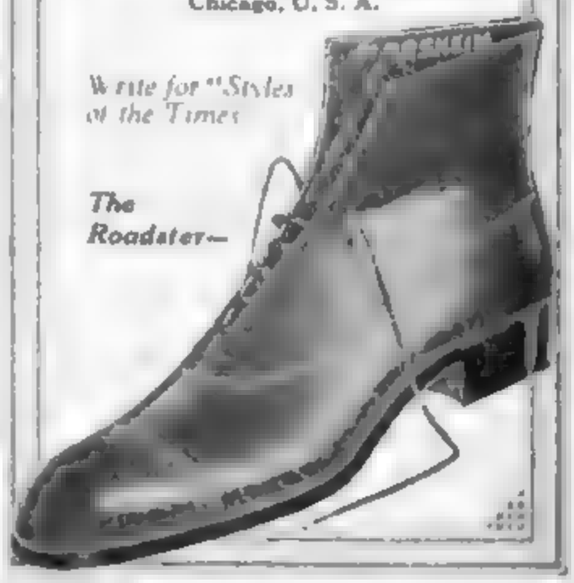

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THE YELLOW TYPHOON

(Continued from Page 7)

"'He's not married, then?'

"I laughs. 'No, lady. Both of 'em are gun-shy.' She looks puzzled an' I adds: 'They don't have nothin' t' do with the ladies, miss.'

"'Oh. Then he's th' inventor?'

"'That's him, miss.' Then I freezes up a bit, rememberin' orders. I'm t' report anybody who asks questions about ol' Pop. But I tumbles that she ain't no officer's wife or nothin', an' I asks what he'd said to her.

"'He mistook me for someone else,' she says. So help me, if there's two like that in Manila the place is due t' go on the blink in a week. Then she lowers the veil an' goes off toward th' exit, me trailin'. Had t' find out where she was puttin' up. An' hang me if she doesn't go plump into that joint in th' Escolta where Murphy an' me was thrown out last month an' just missed restin' up in the bay! Which shows that you can't dope a woman out by her looks."

III

THE young woman—she was possibly twenty-six—eventually reached her room. Her maid welcomed her effusively.

"Sarah, we must leave here at once! Pack."

"Another hotel before we sail?" cried the astonished maid.

"Yes. And until I give you further orders never speak my name. Always call me madame. Be on your guard about this. I'm very fond of you, and I've let you have your way often. It may be a matter of life and death. We shall dine here in the room. Have a carriage at the curb at six-thirty. Fortunately our heavy luggage went on. When you pack the steamer trunk lay all the darker and heavier things on top, and the box of make-up where I can reach it handily. I have decided to grow old quickly. . . . I understand, Sarah; you are becoming bewildered. No less so am I."

"Madame's nerves ——"

"They happen to be steel now. Don't worry about me. Only, be sure always to obey me—if you love me!"

"If I love you! Oh, madame, a mother could not love her daughter more than I love you! You left America so gayly and happily to see this Orient. The sea voyage built you up. And then that dreadful night in Shanghai. You came and awoke me and clung to me all night, and you would not speak. And then it began. We move from one place to another, not like persons touring—like people who have done something wrong! And I know that you have done nothing wrong. Ah, madame, what is happening to us?"

"So strange a thing, Sarah, that your poor brain would not accept the facts if I told them. Be patient with me."

"Oh, madame, who would not be patient with you? I am French; we know what the word gratitude means. Command me; I obey. But yes! Here is a cable for you, madame. I will go order the dinner and the carriage."

Her mistress took the cablegram absently. She was not at all excited over the receipt of it, for the simple reason she knew exactly what it would contain—a single word: Hurry! Once a week, often twice, this same distracted word: Hurry! It was always at Cook's or at the American Express. The poor man! He would soon be pulling his hair. When she heard the door close behind the maid instinctively she picked out a channel 'twixt the bed and chairs and proceeded to navigate it back and forth.

The Yellow Typhoon! They called her that—strange men, in Yokohama, Tokio, Hong-Kong, Shanghai; and always with that air men use toward women of a certain type. Everything in her called out wildly for vengeance, reprisal; and she was bound tragically, inconceivably, like a dreamer in the mesh of some monstrous nightmare . . . . To stamp on her as he would on a cobra if he found her! Helpless; all she could do to defend herself would be to move on, hide. That was what galled her; she could not retaliate. But one thing she could do—forestall, anticipate, nullify. And, oh, she would do that with all the strength and cunning she possessed!

Horrible as it was, that meeting in the gardens was fortunate. She now possessed a handhold. Hallowell, a naval inventor, living in a villa out in San Miguel, on the Pasig. Blue prints. There was sense to all those broken sentences which had come through yonder door a few days gone. Danish words, her own blood tongue! She had not seen the man, so she could not describe him. But his companion!

She stopped before the mirror and studied her face carefully. What an incredible thing it was! Mirrors, once so pleasant to gaze into, had now become chambers of horror. She no longer saw herself; she saw a grave open and the dead arise. After eight years! And to stumble upon the truth through the agency of strange men addressing her familiarly! The Yellow Typhoon! Drawn by instinct, repelled by intellect and breeding, she felt as if invisible wild horses were rending her.

In that room there, within reach of her voice and hand! Whither had she gone, this ghost? Terror and cowardly fear had held her back from making her own presence known; and now it was too late. She had fallen asleep somewhere, back there in China, and hadn't yet waked up. That must be it! The Yellow Typhoon! And she had stumbled across the wrecks innocently—across an open grave which had never been filled! Berta, in the next room! Who, then, was in that grave in Greenwood? The malicious cruelty of it!

Very well. She would telephone this Captain Hallowell. She would warn him.

She became conscious of the unopened cablegram. She tore off the edge of the envelope. For a moment she thought there must be some mistake. Jargon. Then she woke. "Oh!" she cried.

She ran over to her steamer trunk, and things flew about for a space. The result was a diary book, from the rear pages of which she took a folded square of tissue paper. She sat down, cross-legged, and laid this square carefully upon a knee. Ten minutes later she had the message decoded:

Mathison. Hallowell's blue prints. Nippon Maru. He may be followed. Sail with him. Keep in touch with Washington wireless. This is your chance.

She sprang up, found a match and applied it to the cablegram, powdering the ashes. Alive! She was alive again. What she had stumbled upon disconnectedly was now made clear. Her chance! She had a great debt to pay, and here was the opportunity to pay it. Pay it she would, through fire and water. She would show them that there was one who could be grateful. Fame and riches and honor; she owed for these. She would pay the debt.

Singular thing! In these months of wandering in this bewildering maze of dark and yellow peoples no one had ever recognized her. And yet it wasn't so singular, if one thought it out. Her world was at home, busy with war.

She would telephone Hallowell at once and warn him that he was in danger. And the thought of him brought back the thought of Berta. The colossal irony! So be it. If Berta stood in her way she would crush her, relentlessly, inexorably. And what was Berta? Only a wandering ghost, a lie. A phantom men called The Yellow Typhoon.

Her telephone call, however, was not answered. Apparently there was no one at the villa in San Miguel. She would have to drive out and leave a note. Either the captain or Mathison, his friend, would find it when he returned. She found a Tagalog with a tough Manchurian pony, and she went clattering away into the night. The dry monsoon carried the dust along with her.

Just about this time a man in civilian clothes but with authority written distinctly on his tanned face entered the hotel in the Escolta. The proprietor began obsequiously to dry-wash his hands.

"The Señor Morgan!"

"Where's Berta Nordstrom, the woman known as The Yellow Typhoon?"

"She?" A gesture. "She went away a week ago, señor."

"She is here now. She was seen to enter a little after five."

"That is impossible."

"I say she did. Bring her down. She wore pongee and a white pith helmet."

"She? Oh, that was not the Nordstrom woman. No one here has seen this woman's face. She wears a veil always, and dines in her room."

"Bring her down."

"But, señor, she left at six-thirty."

"What? Where did she go?"

"That I don't know."

"The devil! Any man with her?"

"No, señor. Shall I take you to her room?"

"No. She fooled you."

"That is not possible, for the two women were here at the same time. I can prove that, señor."

"I have seen the Nordstrom woman. The description of the woman in the pith helmet agrees absolutely."

"I cannot help that, señor. They were here at the same time, though they did not meet."

"All right. If I find you haven't told me the truth we'll lock up the place. You are not very good Americans round here. Good night."

Outside in the street Morgan, of the Intelligence—who switched from uniform to mufti frequently—pushed back his hat, perplexed.

"Two? Impossible! A trick. I'll set a man to watch. I'll quiz that marine again. If he didn't describe the Nordstrom woman I'll eat my hat!"

Could he have peered into one of the thousand huts of bamboo and nipa palm in the Tondo he might have been convinced of one thing—that there was still a thrill left in the dizzy old world for men even as blasé as himself. A woman wearing the gay little costume of a high-caste Chinese woman sat on a cushion, her legs curled under her. She was smoking a cigarette. From a brass bowl at one side of her rose faint spirals of smoke. Into this bowl she flicked the ash. There was a smile, inscrutable, on her lips, the smile particular to one god and one woman, Buddha and Mona Lisa. By and by she picked up a fresh cigarette; but she did not light it. She broke it in two. In fancy it was a man.

The little Tagalog serving girl squatting on the floor and blowing chaff from rice could not keep her wondering gaze off this exquisite creature, whose hair shone like the gold bangles on the ankles of the dancing girls. There would be a good deal of chaff in that rice when the time came to cook it.

IV

IMMEDIATELY after chow that night Mathison and Hallowell entered the living room, filling their pipes. They were both smiling, each with the idea that he was bucking up the other. For they were at the parting of the ways, these two, and they might never meet again. At dinner they had talked of everything but that which was uppermost in their thoughts.

In the center of the living room was a long trencher table—a slab of wonderful mahogany propped by enormous boles of Calcutta bamboo. One end was stacked with books and magazines. The blank space at the other end was Hallowell's pet abiding place. Here after the day's work was done he would wrestle with his mechanical problems.

Hallowell fired his pipe and held out the flaming match toward Mathison, who managed to catch the last flicker.

They waited until Paolo, the Spanish servant, went below with the dishes. Of late they had become a little suspicious of the Spaniard. He loitered in the dining room when there was no legitimate excuse.

"Well, you lucky son-of-a-gun," said Hallowell, "in a few weeks you'll be rampaging up the main, with proper sea boots on your feet and a drab terrier under them. Lord, how I wish I were thirty instead of forty-five! But I've walked my last bridge. This is my chart room. Of course if I wanted to pull a wire or two I could get to Washington. But I've certain ideas about the Navy, and I don't want them actually touched. In Washington a chap sees the seams of the service—wires, timeserving, and all that. But out here it's the fighting machine. We can't all go potting subs, but some of us can make the potting easier."

Mathison put his hands on the other's shoulders. "Bob, you're the most lovable man God ever gave to another for a comrade. And I'm going to miss you like the devil. And more, I'm going to worry over you, you're so absent-minded."

"That's a gift, that. We absent-minded dubs are always too busy to waste time wailing. Lord, but these two years have been pleasant to me! I know—sometimes I have been moody and grumpy; but I believe you always understood."

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Yes. A woman somewhere who wasn't worth it."

Hallowell nodded.

"And she's gone; vanished," went on Mathison.

"How do you figure that out?" asked Hallowell curiously.

"For more than a week now you have been going about with a tune on your lips—airs from old light operas we went to in the happy days. I've never asked questions; I'm not going to now."

"A nightmare and I've just waked up," said Hallowell, staring at the coal in his pipe. "It wasn't natural for me to gloom. I'm cheerful by nature, the same as you. I'd tell you the whole story if I thought it worth while. Women are all right. It was my misfortune to become interested in the wrong one. I wonder if Cunningham would come up and share the place with me?"

"That's odd! This very day I tapped him on the subject and he's crazy to get out here."

"That's fine! Two years; and they've been the happiest I've ever known."

"God bless you, Bob! Remember, I made no pull for this."

"You poor lubber! The whole lot of us have been watching you eat your heart out. You had to go. And they had to send you. Saturday. It's a great adventure; an adventure from the moment you step on board the Nippon Maru until you march up Pennsylvania Avenue in the Peace Parade! Funny thing. You'll get through. Feel it; one of those old wives' hunches. Made all your plans?"

"Yes."

"How are you going to carry them?"

Mathison laughed. "Not even to you, Bob. But these little blue prints of yours are going to Washington. Fire and water and poison gas won't stop me. This is going to be rather an unusual stunt. The moment I land in San Francisco I shall be under the friendly shadow of the greatest organization of its kind in the world—the Secret Service. When I step from the ship I shall wear a little green ribbon; from train to train I shall wear it. I shan't know anything about it, but those boys will have their eyes upon me. Simple; can't fail. At any time if I'm in trouble all I've got to do is to set up a yodel, and the trouble is eliminated. On the other hand, I'm going to stay snug in my cabin. I'm not going to stick my head out until I step from one train to another. On board the Maru, however, I've got to depend upon myself. The thing has got about, Bob. I don't mean my end of it. It's got about that you've done a big thing. I've a strong idea that I'm being watched."

"No doubt of it. You're the only intimate friend I have. These damned Germans! They're as thick as flies in this town. And how the devil is a man to know? Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Finns—Teutonic, all of them. But so long as their papers are correct we can't lay a hand on them."

"When will you have the extra stuff ready?"

"To-night. I'll have it all out on old Number Nine print. And you'll carry that along with you."

"Honestly, Bob, I'm worried about that print being here in the house. I don't trust Paolo. He's Spanish; and, though the European Spaniard has forgotten, the Philippine Spaniard still covertly hates us."

"Nonsense! Number Nine is utterly worthless without the key print. But if anything should happen to me before you go don't forget that little red book in the wall safe. Morgan, of the Intelligence, gave me those names. They'll be worth looking at. Suspects, too clever to handle."

"To hell with the Ki!" came raucously from the darkened dining room.

The two men laughed.

"You'll be taking Malachi along with you?" asked Hallowell.

"Would you like him?"

"Like him? Why, God bless you, I'd be having you to talk to, with that bird round! He's a wonder. The way he picks up things is uncanny."

"He's yours."

"Honestly? Well, by George, that's mighty fine of you!"

"He's served his turn. He amused me when I hadn't anyone to talk to. He's yours as much as mine anyhow. He talks for you as much as he does for me. Besides, the poor little beggar hates the sea. If I took him aboard the destroyer he'd break his neck trying to keep on his perch."

"That bucks me up a lot, Mat. I'm very fond of that parrakeet. Going out?"

"Tailor. I'm buying a cits. Best for me to travel incog if I can. Last fitting. I'll be back."

"Fire and water and poison gas. You'll pull through."

"You bet I will! Think of the yarn spinning when I'm off duty! I can tell the wondering gunners that I saw the beginning of the idea, that I know the old son-of-a-gun who invented it. I'll be back at nine o'clock."

"I'll be here," replied Hallowell, "waiting for you. Though I may turn in any later than nine. So long."

Mathison went down the path. Halfway to the gate he turned and stared up at the lighted windows. He could see the shadow of Hallowell's huge shoulders on the curtain. The dear old stick-in-the-mud! What would he do without someone to watch over him? He strode on, closing the gate behind him with a musical clang.

His tailoring required more time than he had made allowance for; the Chinaman hadn't made the coat sleeves quite short enough. Thus, when he stepped off the trolley car which bisected the street less than a quarter of a mile from the villa—a five minutes' walk, tonicky on glorious nights like this—it was nine-twenty by his wrist watch.

He swung along with a jaunty stride, whistling the latest tune that had come out, Oh, Boy, Where Do We Go From Here? He felt like a butterfly that had just cut through its cocoon and found the world a pretty good place to live in. No more fountain pens and signing endless pay checks, but out in the open where the fighting sailor belonged. In two months' time he would have his drab little terrier under his sea boots; and he would be writing his John Hancock with depth bombs instead of fountain pens. But for the thought of leaving Bob behind he would have been the happiest man on earth.

These cogitations came to an abrupt end. He stopped. A picture had flashed into range. A carriage driven like mad had swooped under an arc light; and the vehicle was coming in his direction. A golden fog of dust rose up under the lamp. As there was another arc light opposite to where he stood Mathison decided to wait.

The carriage came thundering on. The driver was standing up. As it rattled past—on the two port wheels—Mathison had a glimpse of the passenger. A woman! And she was holding on for dear life. He gathered one vague impression—that she was young.

"What the dickens is her hurry?" He drew his hand across his chin. "No boat or train at this hour. Drunken Tagalog probably. Too late for me to do anything."

He continued on. He began whistling another tune—Where's the Girl for Me?

She may pass me by and never know
She was the girl for me!

When he reached the villa gate he looked up inquiringly. The incandescent lamp projecting from the keystone was out. Usually this burned until dawn. Mathison gave it passing thought—wires burned out probably—unlocked the gate and marched down the bamboo-lined path to the villa door. Here again he paused. No lights.

"I see. Beggar's gone to bed, and that rogue Paolo has sneaked off to a cockfight. Bob ought to give him the boot."

He climbed the stairs silently and went to his room. He did not cross the center of the house to accomplish this; he merely followed the veranda corridor. He tossed his cap on the bureau, yawned luxuriously, for he was tired, and sat down on the edge of the bed to take off his shoes. But he immediately ceased all movement. The parrakeet was talking—vulgar Hindustani and equally vulgar English:

"Mat, you lubber, where's my tobacco? *Chup!*" Which is Hindustani for "Stop your noise!"

Mathison stared, his expression one of puzzlement. Malachi never made a racket at night unless he was profoundly disturbed. What ailed the bird? And where the devil was Bob? He decided to investigate.

"Mat! . . . *Bahadur Sahib!* . . . *Chota* Malachi! . . . Bounder, take that ace out of your sleeve! . . . To hell with the Ki! . . . Mathison, Hallowell and Company, and be damned to you! . . . Malachi!"—in a singular kind of wail.

A word about this parrakeet. He was famous in Manila, at least among the younger officers in the Navy and the Army stationed there. Certain parrots and parrakeets talk fluently. The brain, about the size of your finger tip, is memory in the concrete. Men of science are still pulling their beards over the talking parrot, but their phrases haven't fooled anybody; they're just as much in the dark as you and I. The birds are childlike in some respects. You teach the feathered emeralds this or that; and then some day when you are trying to show them off they confound you—and regale your company—by rattling the family skeleton. Like children, they store away a good many things not intended for their ears.

Malachi—I believe they named him after Mulvaney's elephant—had been taught many phrases which pass in wardrooms but are taboo in parlors. Only Malachi did not know it. Why men teach birds to swear I don't know, unless it be that a ribald oath uttered by innocence in the absolute is a man's idea of humor. Malachi's masters had taught him to memorize the names of a few cronies who occasionally dropped in for poker or bridge; and there was always a hilarious uproar when the bird gravely and unexpectedly demanded that So-and-So drop the ace he was hiding in his sleeve.

But he had the habit of all talking parrots, big or little, of shutting up shop for hours at a stretch, and not even a plantain or a plump mangosteen would tempt him to break his silence. A truculent little green bird, no bigger than a robin, but with the spirit of a disgruntled Bayard.

There were no doors upstairs except to the cement shower. All the other doorways were hung with bead-and-bamboo curtains. Mathison parted the one which fell between the corridor and the dining room. It tinkled mysteriously as it dropped behind him. Where was Bob? He listened. He could hear the parrakeet moving about in his cage. When agitated, Malachi had a way of pulling himself up to the swing and solemnly clambering down to the perch, repeating the maneuver over and over.

Mathison's glance trailed to the curtain between the dining room and the living room. A broad band of moonshine entered through one of the windows, broke against objects, splashed the lower fringe of the curtain, and ended in a magic pool on the grass matting.

It seemed to him as if every nerve and muscle in his body winced and pressed back. It was almost like a physical blow. It took a full minute for the vertigo to pass; and when it passed it left his tongue and lips dry, his throat hot.

In the center of that magic pool of moonshine was a hand, sinisterly inert. Mathison fought nausea, terror, fought the paralysis gathering in his legs, and pushed through the curtain, feeling along the wall for the key button to all the lights. He blinked a moment in the glare that followed. Then, whichever way he looked—havoc!

The long table, the stands and chairs overturned, the phonograph record files empty and flung about, the glass in the bookcases shattered and the books in a helter-skelter, the top of the piano swept clear of Hallowell's antique bronzes, drawers out, papers and blue prints scattered everywhere—and the quiet form of his friend on the floor!

"Bob!" cried Mathison, the anguish of that moment the greatest he had ever known. "Bob! . . . God in heaven!"

He knelt. Dead. The body was still warm. Fifteen or twenty minutes ago Hallowell had been alive. . . . The length of a pair of coat sleeves—an infinitesimal thing like that! Mathison strangled the great heaving sob. A pair of coat sleeves. The irony of it! But for a trifle like that he would have been home in time and this would never have happened. . . . Bob!

Slowly Mathison rose. The anguish, the tenderness slowly left his handsome face. It became hard, a little older, and there flashed from his eyes a relentless fury. He neither cursed nor gesticulated; all his subsequent acts were quiet ones. He prowled about the room, his scrutiny that of a man who knew how to hunt for little things; but he found nothing that would indicate the identity of any of the assailants.

A foot or so beyond the Bokhara lay a small bronze elephant, one of Hallowell's paper weights. Mathison did not touch it; he would never be able to touch that again.

Bob Hallowell, matey, straight and loyal and brave done to death in this fashion! Mathison leaned against the jamb of the door, his face in the crook of his elbow. The one human being he had loved in years—as men sometimes love each other! And while he had been fussing over the sleeves of a civilian's coat Bob had sobbed out his life on the floor there! It was not the end itself, it was the manner of the end that was so horrible. Bob, who had always prayed that he might die at sea!

Mathison flung his arm from his eyes. The woman in the white pith helmet! But immediately he dismissed this idea. There had been no woman here. Only three men or more could have beaten down Hallowell, who was tremendously strong and active. What a fight it had been! And in the end—probably as he was getting the best of it—someone had struck him down from behind. And he had crawled toward the dining room; for there was a sinister trail across the grass matting. Dying, he had crawled toward the dining room. Why?

Why had he not let them search? The uselessness of it! He had thrown away his life to justify an instinct—the active resentment of a brave man against permitting alien hands to meddle with his belongings. Bob had always been without guile, moral resiliency; like a bulldog he had never retreated, stepped back.

"Mat, you lubber, where's my tobacco? . . . Malachi!" Once more that singular wail.

Mathison shuddered. It was horrible to hear the bird scream these familiar words. All at once he was struck by an oddity. Malachi had never wailed his name like that before; whenever he uttered it he did so briskly and cockily. The sight of a blue print, however, caused Mathison's thought to switch instantly into another channel.

Number Nine! Now he understood why Bob had fought. Swiftly Mathison sifted the prints—old ones Hallowell had probably been mulling over. Number Nine was not among them. Still, to make sure, he opened the wall safe behind the piano. This was empty except for a small red book such as men use to carry addresses in. He restored the prints to their hiding place but he retained the book. Number Nine, with all Hallowell's new annotations and computations, in the hands of the enemy! What if they had no key print? What mattered it if they could not apply the principle so long as they understood that this menace existed?

"Damn them all into the blackest depth of hell—the low murderous sneaks!"

Once more the militant sailor, he stepped to the telephone which was attached to the wall and took down the receiver. He stared blankly into the black cup of the transmitter and slowly replaced the receiver on the hook. Wires cut, outside somewhere; and all official Manila to be notified at once of the double catastrophe! He would be obliged at once to run down to the governor's bungalow.

A sickening weakness swept over him again. He reached blindly round for a chair, righted it and sat down with his head in his hands. He would have to get a good grip on himself before starting out. After a while he raised his head and kept his gaze upon the walls of the room, with strange detachment noted many of the curiosities which sailors pick up in Oriental ports, not for their intrinsic value but for their associations. A good deal of it was junk from a collector's point of view; but Mathison knew that there was not money enough in the world to buy a single blade, pistol, bird wing, butterfly, claw. He would keep them always.

It was dreadful to sit there, blinking and choking and trying not to look. It was almost as if the body cried out "Look at me! Look at me!" A terribly compelling attraction! Damn them! They had ransacked the room while Bob lay there sobbing out his life.

Air! The room was stifling him. He staggered out to the east veranda. Here he fell to pacing, and gradually his strength returned.

"Malachi!" cried the parrakeet, but briskly now. The sound of one of his masters moving about reassured him; for these odd little ringnecks recognize their friends even as dogs recognize theirs.

But the living master no longer heeded. Up and down the veranda Mathison strode, his step now springy and noiseless. He was in full command of his faculties. From time to time he made gestures; they were catlike. To tear, bruise, rend! A cold berserker rage had taken possession of him, one of those upheavals of hate which, instead of blinding, clarify, the fires of which burn steadily until the end is attained.

(Continued on Page 98)

Uniform Tires Mean No "Second Bests"

Long-Distance Millers Not Only Look, But Wear Alike

WE do not claim that no tires equal the Miller. Many makers build some tires as good. But how can the buyer tell those "lucky" casings from lesser ones that look identical?

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So to get these remarkable long-distance Millers—the buoyant Cord, or the sturdy fabric type—be sure to go to the authorized Miller dealer, or write for his name.

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THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

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the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

miller
ROAD MILEAGE
Tires

(Continued from Page 96)

Only strong natures are capable of sustaining it. Mathison saw the future with astonishing clearness. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

"Mat, you lubber, where's my tobacco?" called Malachi.

This time Mathison heard with comprehension. He paused, struck by a singularly bizarre thought. Malachi! Supposing that was it? Supposing Hallowell had called out to Malachi the name of the man? A chance shot in the dark that the bird might remember and repeat it?

This trend of cogitation was interrupted by a furious ringing of the gate bell.

The visitor proved to be Morgan, of the Intelligence. He was out of breath from running.

"Anything wrong in these diggings?"

"Hallowell is dead," said Mathison gravely.

"The devil! Murdered?"

"Yes."

"I knew it! I felt it in my bones. Always something on this order when she passes. And like a yokel I let her slip through my fingers! . . . Hell!"

"No woman did this."

"Actually, no; potentially, yes."

"How did you learn anything was wrong? The telephone wire has been cut."

"She came along in a carriage. Stopped just as I was about to enter the governor's bungalow. Said she'd seen men fighting here—shadows on the curtain. And I let her get away!"

"In a white pith helmet?" asked Mathison, with the first sign of eagerness he had shown.

"Yes. Been hunting all over town for her. You saw her, then?"

"Just as I left the trolley."

"Get a good look?"

"No. Light clothes and pith helmet gave me the impression that she might be young."

"Young," mused the Intelligence man ironically. "Well, yes; young and beautiful, and the innocent expression of a child—with the heart of a hell-cat. I pick up lots of odds and ends in my business, unofficial stuff. This female once tried to wreck Hallowell; and she never forgave him for having a spine."

"She?"

"Yes. Ever heard of a woman called The Yellow Typhoon?"

"No," said Mathison after a moment.

"Well, perhaps a man like you wouldn't. But ask the gay lads from Water Street, Yokohama, to Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, and they'll tell you typhoon is a happy choice. . . . Look at this room! What a fight! . . . And I stood yawping while she ran away again! Well, she shan't get outside the bay. You may lay to that! Now then, anything missing?"

"A blue print, relative to the U-boat business."

"But I thought that completed and out of the way!"

"It is; but Bob had some ends to tighten up. . . . My God, Morgan, they struck him from behind! He was beating them off and they struck him from behind!"

"Buck up, Mathison! You mustn't let this get to you. There's a whale of a man's job in front of you. Uncle Sam's depending on you to get to Washington. Don't let this get to your nerves. . . . Old Bob Hallowell! I'll round up the suspects. I'll crucify them, but someone will speak. How valuable was this print?"

"It will give them an idea of what they'll be up against; and that will rob the thing of fifty per cent of its value. The surprise will be gone."

"I see. Bad business. They'll try to get east—Mexican wireless. Well, it will take a clever man or woman to slip through my net; and I'll set it inside an hour. I suppose they came by the river. We'll take a look-see there later. Remember, this is ordinary burglary with murder. It won't do to let the public know that anything serious has happened to our war plans."

"My friend! . . . And he was so happy to have done something for his country!"

"But keep hold of yourself. Don't let this break you down. It's up to you to make Hallowell's plans good. Keep that in your head!"

"The Yellow Typhoon."

"That's the name. I'll describe her later. Where's your servant?"

"Out. . . . An eye for an eye!"

"That's the way to talk!" said Morgan, patting Mathison on the shoulder. "And nothing will hurt the Hun so much as your safe arrival in Washington. . . . Poor devil!" he added under his breath.

V

MATHISON, his pipe dead in his teeth, leaned against the starboard rail and stared with unseeing eyes. It was Sunday, the first day out of Manila. The northeast trade was blowing briskly, and the blue Pacific flashed and tumbled.

Loneliness. Never had he known anything like this before. A sudden inexplicable craving for crowds, talk, laughter—women! With Bob at his elbow night after night he hadn't been conscious of a void in his life. Woman. No doubt he was a madman, a kind of supermadman, to have held out as long as he had. Nerves. It was quite possible that the craving would subside and he would become normal once his raw nerves had steadied down.

His errand was in jeopardy. He would soon need all his cunning, all his strength to pull through. He had set for himself something more than the mere rôle of a secret messenger. He had buckled on the sword of Nemesis. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. He was letting his grief dig in too deeply. He must find some diversion shortly or he was done for.

He had had to fight Morgan bitterly to win his point. Morgan maintained that the arrival of the blue print in Washington would be vengeance enough for any reasonable man. In the end, however, Morgan had surrendered, reluctantly agreed not to disturb the passengers beyond careful scrutiny of their passports. But why had the taciturn Morgan chuckled, thwacked him jovially on the shoulder, and continued chuckling as he went down the gangplank just before it was hauled aboard? Mathison was still mystified over this peculiar conduct.

Anyhow, one thing was off his mind. That long thick Manila envelope was in the purser's safe. It did not matter that the purser might still be cudgeling his brains as to the why and wherefore of the remarkable decorations on the face of that envelope for which the owner had not required a receipt of deposit.

There were twenty-one first-class passengers and eighty steerage. Mathison had applied himself intensively to the memorization of the twelve descriptions in that little red book of Hallowell's. None of the first-class passengers tallied. It was conceivable that his enemies would keep under cover until they were ready to strike; and nowhere could they keep hidden so well as in the steerage among the Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and Russians.

They had found Paolo in the Pasig River, a hundred gold in his pocket, conclusive evidence of two things—that the servant had betrayed his master and that he had known too much for the safety of the men who had bribed him.

Mathison knocked the dottle from his pipe and turned toward the smoke room, when he saw a book coming along the deck, flopping and bumping like a gull with a broken wing. He recovered it. Probably it belonged to some passenger aft the smoke room. The Life of the Bee, Maeterlinck. There was nothing on the flyleaf to indicate the ownership, however. He tucked it under his arm and walked aft.

In a steamer chair between the port and starboard projections of the deckhouse was a woman. He recognized her as the old lady who occupied the cabin opposite to his on the main deck. A gray cashmere shawl was wrapped about her head and shoulders. The rest of her body was snug in the folds of a plaid rug. A wisp of gray hair, the sport of the wind, was fluttering, now across her forehead, now above the edge of the shawl. She wore a pair of mandarin spectacles with amber lenses. Mathison could not tell whether she was asleep or awake. Nevertheless, he approached. The craving for companionship was not to be denied.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but perhaps this book is yours. It came galloping round to starboard from this direction."

"Thank you. I saw it start on its journey, but I was too lazy to go after it." She held out her hand—concealed in a gray cotton glove—and he laid the book on it.

It did not occur to him then, but it did later, that the voice was singularly rich and full for one who appeared to be well along in the sixties. But he was not unaware of the fact that breeding and education may preserve the tonal quality of a voice through life.

"You ought to have a chair in a more comfortable place," he suggested; "out where the sun is."

"That's just my difficulty. The sun bothers my eyes, and I'm obliged to find nooks where it cannot reach me. We old folks have to be careful. Won't you sit down?"

He opened a chair and sat on the foot rest, conscious of a vague exhilaration; it was the human look of her and the human sound of her voice.

"My name is Mathison."

"And mine is Chester—Mrs. Hattie M. Chester. My cabin is opposite yours. If a submarine should pop up you'll promise to come for me?"

"I promise. But there won't be any subs over here except in dreams."

"Something to scare naughty children with. I see."

The hint of raillery convinced Mathison that there was a vigorous fearless personality under the shawl and the rug. What a curious spot to select! Swinging gray shadows that passed and repassed, baffling scrutiny in a most amazing manner.

The conversation turned upon the war, and here again she surprised him by her clear understanding of what was happening.

"You've a son over in France?" he ventured.

"No, unfortunately. But if I had a thousand sons I'd disown them one and all if they weren't over there. Once upon a time white men worshiped many gods. To-day, where are they? To-morrow we shall laugh when one speaks of kings. The Teuton idea did not invade Belgium so much as it dug its own grave. . . . Oh, if I were a man!"

Mathison smiled—something he hadn't expected ever to do again! He asked her what she was doing alone in this part of the world. She had had a nervous breakdown in the spring, and her doctor had advised her to take a long sea voyage.

"And where else could I take a sea voyage? I always wanted to see India, China, Japan. I suppose you are going back to enlist?"

"No, I am going home to fight. I am already in the service."

"What arm?"

"The Navy. I have been transferred to the Atlantic," he admitted frankly. "I'm to command a destroyer in British waters."

"Splendid! And you are traveling in mufti?"

"A special dispensation." He sought a safer channel. "You are rather brave to tour this part of the world these days."

"Gray hairs can go safely anywhere. Besides, I've a French maid who is something of a grenadier. I am not afraid of anything—except ghosts!"

This time Mathison laughed. He was positively enjoying himself. Then he recollected that he hadn't fed Malachi. He rose.

"I've a little parrakeet in the cabin, and I've forgotten to feed him."

"Does he talk?"

"In three languages—Hindustani, Spanish and Yankee."

"Bring him up. One like those I saw in Agra, flying about in the ruined fort?"

"Yes; green, with a lemon collar. I'll bring him up this afternoon at tea."

"To-morrow morning. The sun is in this corner in the afternoon."

"You ought to walk."

"I shall—at night."

"I'll bring the bird up to-morrow."

"And thanks for returning the book."

This was the beginning of what may be written down as one of the most amazing situations ever devised by Fate. The woman behind those amber spectacles was young, and it was the youth of her that drew Mathison, though he was utterly unconscious of this fact; drew him morning after morning, as the magnetic pole draws the needle of the compass.

By the time the ship reached Honolulu and went on, his depression was a thing of memory; his nerves became normal, he was more alive than he had been in years. With all the cunning of her superb art she made her lure one of motherhood, so irresistible that he no longer bothered his head over her avoidance of sunlight or the fact that if he saw her at night it was by the port rail, her back to the moonshine. There was one clear thought regarding her—what a comrade she must have been to the man she once called husband! Whimsical, deeply learned, sound in philosophy, humorous and unafraid, she made him think of his mother; and all the tenderness he had bottled up in his lonely heart these fourteen years went out to her. Lightly he fell into the habit of calling her "Mother," and in her turn she called him "Boy."

For all the pleasure and satisfaction he found in this companionship there was a line; and he never crossed it. Of his own affairs he was remarkably reserved. Several times—merely as a test—she laid traps for him; but each time he evaded them. Morgan—to whom she had gone sensibly with a frank confession—had summed up this odd, handsome young man: "He is likely to fool you. Under that amiable exterior there is a lot of blood-and-iron stuff. Always keep that in mind. Just now he is in a bad shape. Get him out of it. He's a bit of a mollycoddle where women are concerned, but among men he is an ace."

Had Mathison been of her world—a world to which she was returning gladly, though she had left it indifferently enough—he would soon have seen through her art, clever and vigilant as it was. She could not disguise the slender youthfulness of her foot. No hand sixty-odd years old could be so firmly fleshed. The gray glove hid nothing. But his guilelessness served to carry her over a rather shaky bridge.

On the third night out of Honolulu—it was near eleven—Mathison stood in the little shelter between one of the lifeboats and the rail, whence he could look down into the waist at the recumbent forms of the steerage passengers who were sleeping on deck. Night after night he had watched from this lookout; but moonlight and starlight had a way of dissolving lines and blotting out salients.

To-night, however, his persistence was rewarded. From the black rectangle of the companion door a Chinese woman, apparently of high caste, stepped forth. She stood poised for a moment, then trotted across to starboard and laid her arms on the broad teak rail. She wore a radiant jacket full of gold thread which caught the moonshine and threw it back—a spider web hung with dew. She was smoking a cigarette.

He knew China; and suddenly he sensed something wrong, and discovered the flaw. No Chinese woman, high or low, ever wore such a thing on her head. Mathison couldn't have named it; but a white woman would have had no difficulty. It was a dainty boudoir cap.

One of the recumbent forms on the deck rose slowly. A big man, with blouse, boots and cap of the Russian soldier; the peak of the cap was drawn well down. He lounged over to the Chinese woman and the two began to talk. Presently Mathison heard the woman laugh. It was unmistakably Occidental laughter.

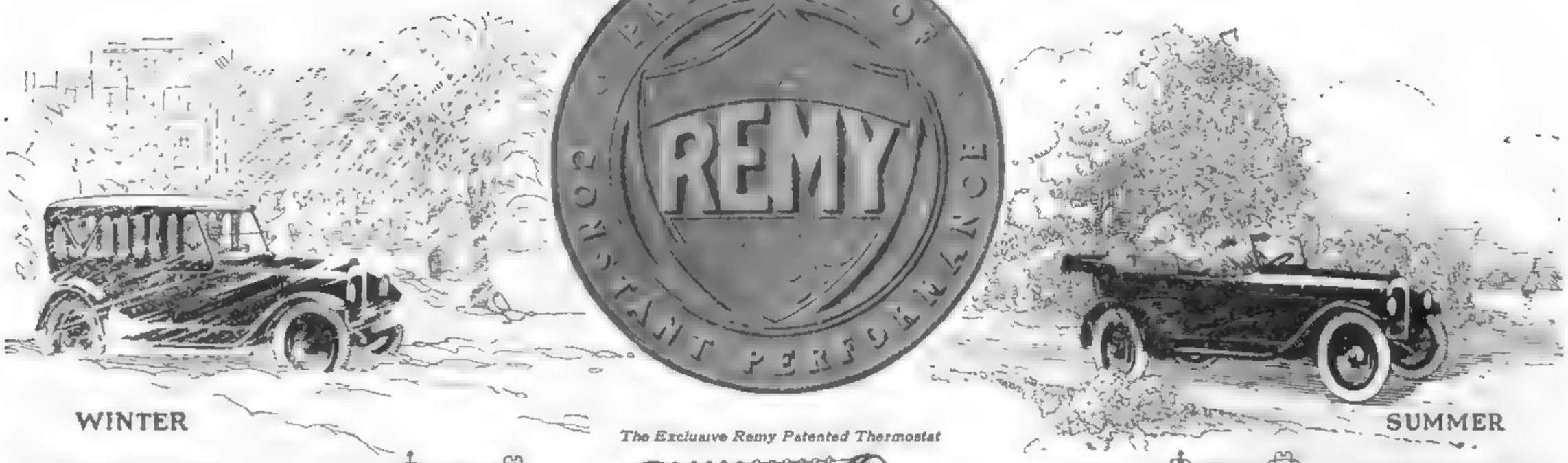
So! For a long time Mathison stared, but he was too far away to gather an impression such as might count in the future. Sooner or later he would see the face of this Chinese woman who laughed—white. He would never forget Morgan's description of the woman called The Yellow Typhoon, the woman who had tried to break Bob Hallowell and might have been one of the contributing causes of his death. Old Bob! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! Let them begin the play. He was ready!

He had reasoned, and with sound logic, that his enemies might not strike at all while crossing, to lull him into a false sense of security so that once they stepped ashore they might find he had grown careless, overconfident. One thing—they would never be able to get into his cabin when he was out of it. The night and day stewards—dependable Japs—had been liberally subsidized. One or the other was invariably on guard up to the hour Mathison turned in for the night. With the Manila envelope in the purser's safe and the human wall round his cabin an attack would have small chance of success. No doubt they were already aware of his precautions.

On the night before making San Francisco, however, he was given an insight as to the patience and Machiavellian range of the Teuton forces opposing him. It was twelve when he turned in—an hour later than usual. As he came abreast his cabin companionway he stopped, rocked to the bottom of his soul. The Japanese steward was plunging toward him at top speed. Mathison spread out his arms, but the little brown man dipped, eluded him and flashed up the main companion.

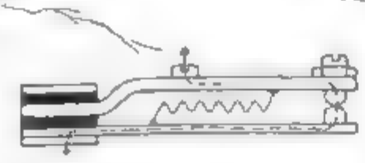
Against the opposite side of the cabin companionway stood the gray lady, Malachi's cage hugged tightly to her bosom!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

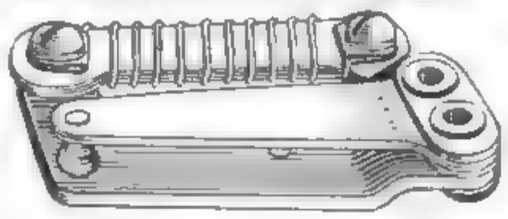


WINTER

In cold weather the Thermostat remains closed and full field current passes through the contact points permitting full current output from the generator.



The Exclusive Remy Patented Thermostat



SUMMER

When the heat of the generator reaches a certain degree the contact points automatically open, compelling the field current to pass through a resistance coil, thus reducing the output.

How Remy Supplies All the "Juice" Needed for Winter Driving

When the temperature is at zero and you have to step on the starting pedal several times to get the cold engine going—when dark, short days oblige you to burn your lights longer hours and you are using more current than in summer—then it is you realize the need of some means for supplying extra juice for winter driving.

Then it is you will appreciate this exclusive, patented Remy feature, typical of the scientific methods with which Remy assures constant performance at all seasons of the year.

The patented Remy Thermostat makes possible a large capacity generator whose output of current is *sufficient* for the heaviest winter demand and made *safe* for summer—automatically adapted to the seasons by the Remy Thermostat.

The Remy Generator because of the Remy Thermostat, supplies ample current in winter when more current is needed to start the car, to keep the lights burning longer hours, and to provide for more difficult starts. In summer, the Remy Thermostat cuts down the current supplied to the battery, thus prolonging the battery's life and avoiding overcharging.

The Remy Thermostat is not new in the sense of being untried. It is now in its third season of use on thousands of cars. So successful, so automatic has its service been that many motorists who have it on their cars do not even know it is there.

For complete satisfaction in Starting, Lighting and Ignition—winter and summer—year in and year out, be sure that your next car is Remy-equipped.

Scientific engineering, precise manufacturing, high standards of quality make every feature of Remy equipment as perfect as the Remy Thermostat.

It is the combination of these perfect features the sum total of which makes Remy products—"Products of Constant Performance."

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY

General Offices and Factories: Anderson, Indiana
Motor Equipment Division, Detroit, Mich.
Tractor Equipment Division, Chicago, Illinois
Laboratories: Detroit, Michigan

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

The Disston Trade Mark Means Quality

THE Disston Trade Mark means just this: "This saw or tool is *first* quality and so guaranteed. It was made with conscience as well as skill. The materials in it are the finest of their kind. The workmanship is the finished craftsmanship of seventy-eight years' experience—and constant effort toward perfection." It says that, to a man, the earnest effort of the whole Disston force is back of every manufacturing motion.

Carpenters and woodworkers, whose best work is produced only by the best tools, realize the value of Disston Quality. The Disston Saw, therefore, is *The Saw Most Carpenters Use.*

In our own plant, we make every pound of steel used in Disston Saws and Tools. And every foot of wood used in Disston Saw-handles is seasoned in the open for three years. Look for the Disston Trade Mark on the saws and tools you buy. Find it and you'll know that your money can buy no better. Disston Saws and Tools are sold by good hardware dealers the world over.

Send today for the free Disston Handbook on Saws, and learn how to select, use and care for Disston Saws and Tools.

The Saw Most Carpenters Use

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
CANADIAN WORKS TORONTO, CANADA

Chicago Cincinnati Portland, Ore. Boston Bangor, Me. San Francisco Vancouver, B. C. New Orleans Memphis Sydney, Australia Seattle

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BUSINESS ENTENTE

(Continued from Page 13

the consciousness, written in horny hands that had once been work-proof, and in pleasure-loving hearts now seamed with sorrow, that just as war had meant work and sacrifice, so must peace mean unremitting toil and still more sacrifice. There must be no armistices to effort!

With the hushing of the guns England realized that however elaborate her reconstruction plans might be they must guarantee at once two all-essential things—food and employment. About the former there was practically no anxiety. The abnegation of America, combined with the enormous stores of wheat piled up in Australia and elsewhere that only awaited shipment, solved this problem. The immediate release of tonnage from war work expedited the movement of all this grain.

The big job was to deal with the labor problem, which necessitated the demobilization of the millions of workers in the munition factories and other war work. This emergency was met in orderly fashion by doing two things: One was to discharge those employees who were not industrial workers prior to taking up munitions work and who were willing to withdraw voluntarily; the other was to divert the war workers to their previous occupations or into the new industries that are a part of the imperial program of self-sufficiency. Thousands of the women who entered the factories during the war came from the country and then went back to the land, where still another chapter in the story of England self-contained is being written. The Women's Land Army of war became overnight the Women's Land Army of peace. It means a more intensive and a more scientific cultivation of the soil, which is one of the many compensations for four years of blood and suffering.

Churchill's Epigram

All this is by way of introduction. We can now get down to the brass tacks of reconstruction. The British war effort was reared on industry expressed in what we call quantity output. This same institution has become the cornerstone of the whole new era of recovery. The late war—it seems strange to be writing of it in the past tense—as I have more than once pointed out in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was a war of machinery. It was the British workman pitted against the German artisan. Peace will not change this line-up. The only difference will be in the output. Safety razors, typewriters, adding machines, cash registers, motor cars in "massed manufacture"—to use a British phrase—will succeed shells, guns, grenades and aëroplanes. Again weight of metal will win.

In 1915, when I made my first study of British war industrial conditions, there were less than a thousand government-controlled factories. On the day the armistice was signed there were exactly seven thousand. Britain was one vast mill, and unlike those proverbial mills of the gods it did not grind slowly. The problem was to adapt this immense production to peace without dislocation. How was it done?

To get the answer you must first come with me to the office of Winston Spencer Churchill, Minister of Munitions, in the old Metropole Hotel in London. Just a year ago I sat in that same room and talked with him about the problems of peace. When I asked him about reconstruction he made one of his characteristic epigrams, for he said: "Look after the war now and the war after the war will take care of itself."

The conversation came back to me vividly as we sat before the fire, with the shouts of rejoicing over victory coming in from Whitehall. Peace had ceased to be a theory and had become a condition. The perpetual storm center of British politics—for Churchill is always about to start something—felt the mood.

When I asked him what he proposed to do to prevent industrial dislocation he gazed meditatively into the fire, pulled slowly at his cigar and replied: "The nation will become the shock absorber."

When I asked him to elaborate he replied: "The whole program of adjusting machinery for the munitions of peace is already in operation. We have arranged to dispose of half of the government arsenals to private manufacturers, who have already begun to adapt the equipment. A lathe remains a lathe. The other government arsenals will be kept as going concerns. We must be prepared for any emergency until the actual peace treaty is signed."

Within a week after the Kaiser had fled to Holland the Ministry of Munitions of war had become in reality a ministry of the munitions of peace. I will tell you why. When Doctor Addison was shell master of England—he succeeded Lloyd George when the latter became Secretary of State for War on Kitchener's death—he established a card index for every machine tool in the United Kingdom. The original purpose was to release tools from nonessential to essential work. That index was also started with the idea of having an inventory on hand when peace came, when every bit of machinery would be worth as much to reconstruction as it had been to war. The net result was that on November twelfth British industry was able to take immediate stock of itself and know precisely what it had on hand to work with.

The card index became immediately available for every British manufacturer who by reason of the nation-wide pooling of machines had a stake in this enormous mass of equipment. Nor was it a perfunctory collection of dates, makes and numbers. On every card was the type of machine, its origin, make, capacity and condition on October first. Those suffering from wear and tear were marked accordingly. Every machine that had been scrapped was so indicated. In other words every tool marked "available for peace work" was ready to start up, and it did.

On the day after the war ended the ministry began to allot this machinery to the new needs of the country. The small manufacturer came in on the same pro-rata basis as the big one. The supreme lesson of coöperation, learned through the stress of war when shells meant life and life in turn meant the safety of the world, has been translated into peace, and it can only mean a vitalized and speeded-up industry. The ink was scarcely dry on the armistice before applications for machinery began to pour in on the Ministry of Munitions, and they were filled without confusion or delay.

Now let us see just what constitutes the British industry in process of change. It falls into three classes: One is the straight war plant, built and dedicated to war needs, which must be scrapped or must undergo a complete transformation; second is the peace industry, which was adapted to war, and which can be salvaged and restored to its original work; the third branch is what may be termed civil industry and which in the actual course of war events would have remained idle during the conflict which reddened Europe.

Civil Industries

This civil industry provides one of the most illuminating examples of the prudence and foresight with which England went about her preparations for speedy reconstruction. When the war broke out there were scores of industrial enterprises throughout the country engaged in manufacturing commodities not essential to the war. As most people know, these industries were pared down to the bone and in some instances suppressed. Some of them, however, contributed largely to British export, were factors in the foreign-exchange situation and were necessary institutions.

Such an industry, for example, was represented by linoleum. Its manufacture requires the use of linseed oil, which was highly necessary to war work. Civil use of this oil was prohibited, and it meant the complete tie-up of the linoleum output, which in turn would throw thousands of people out of work. More than this, it meant that the buying world would find a substitute for the British article.

Doctor Addison looked beyond those racking war days to the morrow of peace. He said to himself: "The civil industries must be protected and maintained in some way, so that they will be going concerns when the war ends." He appointed a Civil Industries Committee, headed by J. Wormald, a Manchester engineer, which worked out a definite program for the conservation of all these activities. To use the happy phrase coined by Doctor Addison, the "potentiality of recovery" became the keynote. The committee decided that not only were all these civil industries worth saving but that they should also be kept up to a state of operation and efficiency that would enable them to turn to their full stride with peace. In the case of linoleum a working amount of linseed oil was allocated to the industry every month, and in this way it was maintained. Hence the workers kept their jobs, the machines were employed, and the town of Kirkcaldy—a seat of the industry—prospered instead of going to seed. Instead of becoming discontented the workers emerged from the war as useful cogs in the whole large national productive machine.

What was true of linoleum has been true of other industries. England has kept the furnace fires burning and it means that she has come into an industrial authority that will give her a whole new world prestige.

These civil industries, however, contribute only a comparatively small part of the British output. The bulk of British production was harnessed up to war. It follows, therefore, that the most important phase of transition has to do with the thousands of controlled plants. Instead of being paralyzed through intensive concentration on munitions they have already shown that they can make a quick change. Here is a concrete case.

A Swift Turnaround

I have before me an advertisement that I cut out of the London Times on November twenty-second last. It was headed A New British Car. Under it was printed the following:

"It is interesting to learn that Messrs. —— & Co., who have been busily engaged during the war on fuses, aëroplanes and other government work, are proposing to place on the market an All-British four-seater standard car.

"We understand that the car will embody several distinctive features and will not be a small car, the wheel base being eleven feet.

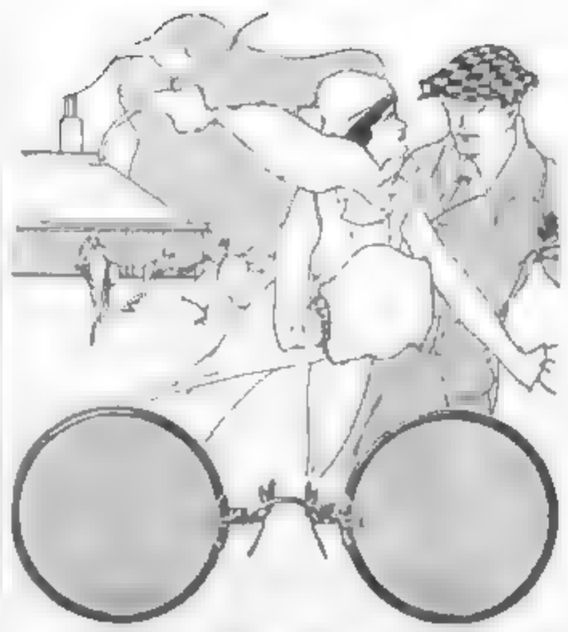
"It is proposed that the selling price will be in the neighborhood of £265—and this will include all accessories, such as self-starter, electric lighting, tires, etc., etc.

"A light delivery van will also be standard and selling at a slightly cheaper price."

There is much food for thought for the American motor manufacturer in this advertisement. First of all, it shows the swift turnaround in British industry. In the second place it discloses the fact that the British having standardized shell making are now turning to the standardization of those articles on which we once had a monopoly in large output. With motor cars in particular we shall face a keen competition in England, for the reason that the present tariff of thirty-three and a third per cent on all imported cars will undoubtedly be maintained for a considerable time in order to give home manufacture a chance to recuperate. Practically all the automobile makers in England concentrated on aëroplane engines and big war trucks during the war. Through the introduction of thousands of American and French cars they have lost a great deal of their own goodwill. They are determined to get this back. Meanwhile we shall have to open up new export markets for our surplus trucks and cars.

Throughout England the arsenal has become the factory of peace. The greatest of all British armament firms on the Clyde, which made everything from a machine gun to a sixteen-inch naval monster, has announced a line of peace goods that includes sewing machines, turbines, gas engines, magnetos, motor cars and typewriters. One of the huge ordnance plants at Coventry is being converted into a giant producer of electrical machinery. Here is where you get the first evidence of the new British independence of German goods. The old German electric-machinery trust—the "A. E. G."—is not likely to get a foothold in the United Kingdom again.

Before all this machinery could be shifted from war to peace one important thing had to be done. It was the disposal of the immense mass of war stores. This was the situation: For four years and three months every ounce of productive energy in the United Kingdom, with the exception of Ireland, was devoted to war output, regardless of wear and tear and cost. The task was to beat the German. In every theater of war the British piled up supplies. Guns



Shelltex Rimmed
Shur-on
EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

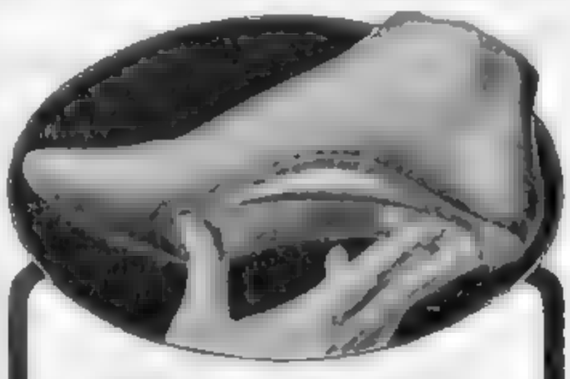
OUTDOOR folk like Shelltex frames for their lens protection, good looks and genuine comfort. Like all Shur-ons, right in quality and right in price—for Shur-ons cost no more.

Look for the name Shur-on (or Shelltex, if shell-rimmed) in the mounting.

Shur-on KOSMA COLORED LENSES

correct eyesight, and rest your tired eyes by neutralizing glare. Another good Shur-on product.

Shur-on goods made only by
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
260 Andrew St., Rochester, N. Y.
Makers of rimmed and rimless Shur-on eyeglasses and spectacles. Established 1864.



FEET HURT YOU?

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer will relieve your tired, aching feet and support your weak or fallen arches. Removes pressure on callouses and tender bunion joints. Worn in any shoe with perfect comfort

Whether you have fallen arches, flat foot, painful corns, bunions or callouses, aching joints or pains in heels,

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

are designed to correct the cause and give instant relief.

Sold everywhere by leading shoe dealers, who have been trained in Practipedics, the science of giving foot comfort.

Send for Free Booklet

"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority sent on request.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
Dept. E 1-1213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

HERE'S steady employment for you. World's largest thermometer makers have some choice territory to give reliable, energetic men. A most successful line of [illegible] but preferred. Write immediately for full particulars, stating experience, if any, and references. T. S. Dial, Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y.

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RUSCO

WEBBING
FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

In your plant there is certain to be some need for Rusco Webbings—either in operating requirements—or in your finished products.

Rusco Webbings are far more economical than leather and other costly materials — more durable — equally as efficient—in many instances more so.

Solidly woven—uniform—of the highest quality—the result of 88 years' experience in light and heavy weaving. Made water, oil, grease, and steam proof when required. In varying widths and thicknesses from stock or special formulas.

Correspondence invited. Full information relative to the adaptability of Rusco Webbings to your needs will be furnished promptly.

The Russell Manufacturing Co.

Home Office and Factories 500 Russell Avenue
Middletown, Connecticut

NEW YORK CITY 349 Broadway
CHICAGO 1438 Michigan Avenue
DETROIT 18 Alexandrine Ave., E.

38 Factory Buildings
Established 1830
1000 Looms

and men had to be fed; mechanical transport accumulated at a tremendous rate; vast surpluses were concentrated both at home and abroad as insurance against submarine depredations. Everything was dumped into the giant hopper of the conflict.

The decks had to be cleared of this mass of material. You get some idea of the job when I tell you that the army surplus stores over and above the quantity retained for emergency and the future was appraised at not less than $2,500,000,000. In addition, exactly 470 square miles of land were occupied by government buildings either for storage, manufacture or otherwise. Yet this only represented, so far as stores were concerned, the material hang-over of British war supplies. The prompt disposal of this material meant much to the new British industry, as you will now see. By absorbing as much of this material at home as possible British factories were free to plunge at once into the manufacture of products to supplant the immense mass of wartime importations, and also to renew and expand a foreign trade that had suffered enormously during those four years of travail.

Once more our old friend the Ministry of Reconstruction got busy with characteristic energy and foresight. Organized and ready to swing into action was the Advisory Council on the Disposal of Surplus Government Property, of which Lord Salisbury is chairman. Its first step was to begin a complete survey of the needs of the various British municipalities. The idea behind the survey was to provide cities and rural communities with machinery or supplies. The surplus stores represent everything from a lawn mower to a five-ton motor truck. Hence every conceivable demand could be met. It not only enabled Britain to get the best stuff at cost but it expedited the whole business of restoration.

All municipal stores were low, due to the war's drain on commodities. The city of London, for example, needed a thousand trucks; Liverpool wanted a hundred water carts; half a dozen counties required rock crushers and rollers for their highways. The overseas dominions were not forgotten. The ships that are taking the Anzacs back home are also carrying machinery and motor equipment for the expansion of the Australian Commonwealth. Everybody came in on this grand prize package of billions.

Surplus Government Supplies

This mountain range of material requires an immense storage. Likewise it must be transported to all parts of the Kingdom. The next step was to survey the ports in their relation to the railways, so that the material will have the shortest route to the seaboard. All the storage has been pooled. The underlying motive of this phase of reconstruction—as well as all others—is "Cut the carry." England has learned how to concentrate effort. It took her a long time to get speeded up, but she has caught the pace now.

So much for the unused material. In addition there are hundreds of thousands of tons of war and manufacturing equipment damaged through exposure, storage or enemy action. All this has come under the ministration of the Salvage Department of the army, which is one of the many permanent gifts that the war has made to humanity. This remarkable work, which began as a sort of despised fifth wheel of the army in France, saved the War Office more than half a billion dollars in three years. It has become a permanent institution and will have an immense effect on the rehabilitation of the whole Empire. Salvage and reconstruction go hand in hand.

The necessity for disposing of surplus government property has led to the organization of a whole new government department that points the way for a kindred step in America. Since an immense number of men must be kept under arms for a considerable period and because the government will continue as a purchaser on a large scale a Ministry of Supply has been established. It will inevitably become the most important post in the cabinet, for the reason that it will gradually become the general national provider. This ministry will really supervise disposal, because it must keep a close tab on existing stores. It will be the center of all governmental procurement, and it will standardize the supplies of peace precisely as it standardized the munitions of war. Thanks to Andrew Weir, the Surveyor-General of Supply at the War Office, the British Army contract became a sterilized document. It loses none of its character with peace. Henceforth every contract for national supplies must be censored at the Ministry of Supply, which will gradually displace and succeed the Ministry of Munitions.

The question of national supply naturally leads to the all-important matter of raw materials and their control. It is almost unnecessary to say that rigid control, both of industry and materials, was one of the first aids to victory. The waging of the war on such an unprecedented scale drained resources to the limit. More ammunition was expended in a single day on the Somme than during the whole Boer War. Now that all facts are permissible I can say that every week England sent sixty thousand tons of explosives to France alone. Without control this would have been impossible.

In no country was it more drastic than in England. Life was one control after another. Indeed, everything was rationed except virtue and the weather. Those who were most irked by the drastic regulations realized how necessary they were to success in the struggle against Germany.

Control of Raw Materials

The supreme court of control during the war was the War Priorities Committee, of which Lieut. Gen. J. C. Smuts, the one-time Boer leader, was chairman. Associated with him were the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Minister of Munitions, the President of the Board of Trade, the Minister of Reconstruction and the Director of National Service. They saw that every ton of material essential for war did its duty. This control was distributed. The Ministry of Munitions, for instance, allocated all steel and copper; the Board of Trade rationed coal and chemicals; and so on.

With the end of the war the first question that came from the manufacturers was "Will control continue?" It was natural. There could be no return to normal output without relaxation of restriction, for the reason that though hundreds of factories owned quantities of steel, iron, copper, brass and nickel, these materials could not be employed without a priority-of-work order.

The Ministry of Reconstruction, the Ministry of Munitions and the Board of Trade—the three arbiters of the new industrial fate of England—did not keep the producers waiting long. The day after the signing of the armistice the edict went forth: "Industry must have the widest possible freedom." The lid of control was practically ripped off. Coöperation succeeded restraint almost overnight.

In hundreds of factories the superintendents dug down into dust-covered and long-deferred orders and began to allot them throughout the works. These orders covered goods that ranged from bathtubs to the steel work for office buildings. During the war all construction save for war work was practically prohibited. With peace the country faced a colossal amount of building. In addition to the renewal of old structures an almost staggering amount of fresh erection had to be made. This includes not less than 500,000 houses for workmen, which are part of a vast housing plan that is one of the many activities of the Ministry of Reconstruction. If you have any doubt about an ample employment in England during the next few years this little matter of building will help to dispel it.

Though industry has been given the greatest possible freedom there is still a general supervision over certain materials. The War Priorities Committee has been succeeded by a Post-War Priorities Committee, which is the watchdog of raw materials for the period of reconstruction. General Smuts is the chairman, and his associates include the Minister of Reconstruction, the President of the Board of Trade, the Minister of Labor, the Minister of Shipping, the new Minister of Supply and the Minister of Munitions. One of its principal functions is to see that no scrap of raw material controlled or emanating from Britain gets into the hands of the enemy powers. The Empire is determined that the enemy of the battlefield must remain the antagonist of the market place.

At the cost of millions of men and billions of dollars England has learned the value of raw materials. Germany's whole supreme effort in the field was based on an imperialized industry that had its grip on metal and other essentials throughout the world.

(Continued on Page 105)

Your Rifle Will Be Ready Soon

.250-3000 Savage Sporting Rifle

SAVAGE has been making for the Allied Governments many thousands of Lewis Guns, large numbers of three-inch rapid fire naval guns, thousands of truck frames for army transportation and many other products absolutely essential to the winning of the war.

Our customers have been very patient under the necessary cessation of peace-time manufacturing. We need ask your indulgence further only until we can take the steps necessary for transferring our enlarged facilities to peace-time production.

By April you will be able to buy at your dealer's the famous .22 Savage Hi-Power Sporting Rifle, the powerful .250-3000 Savage Sporting Rifle, and the .32 Savage Automatic Pistol.

Savage ideals will never change. But Savage production, with our new and greater equipment and personnel, will be much more extensive than has hitherto been possible.

"You'll always find a Savage where the service is the hardest"

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

Sharon, Pa. Utica, N.Y. Philadelphia, Pa.
General Offices: 50 Church Street, New York

SAVAGE

"As easy as pointing your finger"

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

World's Largest Makers Varnishes and Paint Specialties

ounded by the Berry Brothers in 1858

Sixty-one years in business may mean little or much. In one line of manufacture experience is more essential than in another. In the making of varnish and kindred products there are required knowledge and skill of many sorts that long practice alone can impart.

Therefore, the extensive experience of the House of Berry Brothers, together with its present position as the largest manufacturer in the world of varnish and paint specialties, is of more than historical interest. It is a fact significant of reliability, conducive to confidence. Below are enumerated a few of the Berry Brothers Products that for years have been known among home-owners and architects as standard.

"A Berry Brothers Product for Every Use":

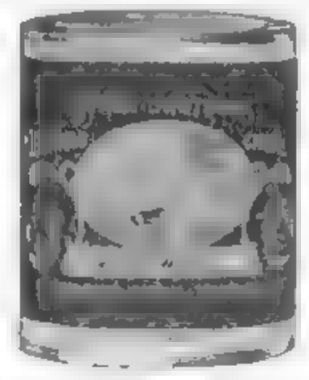
Liquid Granite—A waterproof, mar-proof varnish for floors and all interior woodwork exposed to severe wear. It produces a finish of great durability, and the smooth lustrous surface is easily kept in fine condition with a damp cloth or the occasional use of a floor mop. Write for descriptive circular.

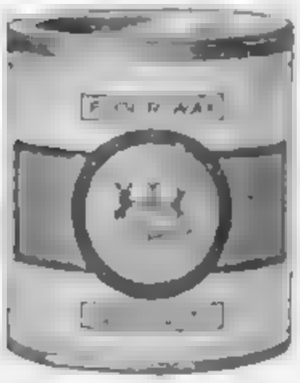
Luxeberry White Enamel—This enamel produces the finest and most durable white finish attainable. The snow white finish does not discolor with age; dirt, grease, and smear cannot penetrate the dense hard surface, which can be kept spotless with dampened cloth. Write for descriptive folder.

Auto Color Varnishes

These high-grade finishes make it possible to refinish a car in just the color combination preferred, and in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. They give an opportunity for saving money without sacrificing beauty or utility. Write for illustrated folder showing colors, material required for a car, exactly how to use, etc.

Berrycraft Household Enamels—Combinations of high-grade coloring pigments and varnish, embracing an attractive assortment of colors, white and black. They are well adapted for domestic use, being very easily applied. For woodwork and furniture, and wherever a porcelain-like finish is desired. Write for folder.





Berry Wax—A new combination of hard waxes especially adapted for finishing purposes. It is extremely light in color and dries very hard. These qualifications preserve the original shade of the finish and give a surface that will not collect dust as softer waxes do—so that it takes less labor to maintain the finish. Write for descriptive folder.

Berrycraft Stain Finish—A correctly blended stain and varnish of finest quality for all kinds of interior finishing, porch furniture, etc. It is all ready for use, easily applied and produces a smooth lustrous finish of great durability. It comes in all desirable colors, black and white and an undercoat. Write for descriptive color card and booklet.

To Manufacturers: *Berry Brothers Industrial Finishes comprise every sort of protective and decorative coating. Our Experimental and Research Laboratories are constantly at work in preparation for the new finishing needs that arise with the progress and development of industrial conditions. Write Industrial Department.*

BERRY BROTHERS, DETROIT

(728)

Liquid Granite FLOOR VARNISH — **Luxeberry** WHITE ENAMEL

(Continued from Page 102)

Britain's new policy was summed up to me by a high government official, who said: "You do not need a diagram to point out the fact that the war ravaged the world's supply of raw materials. The struggle to obtain them for reconstruction will be bitter. England will think of herself first. After our own needs will come the replenishment of the trade areas devastated by the Hun. We do not propose to give Germany or her old allies the raw materials with which to get off first in the race for the after-the-war trade. She deliberately destroyed part of the industrial resources of Belgium and Northern France with the sole idea of crippling competition at the end of the war."

Significant of the reborn British industry is the formation of a standing council of seasoned business men headed by Sir Henry Birchenough, which acts as adviser to the Post War Priorities Committee. It is a Who's Who of British trade, manufacture and shipping, and it is the determining factor in the remaining control of raw materials. This control, so far as Britain is concerned, is very amiable as compared with the rigid exactions of wartimes. It takes the form of a block allocation and the specific rationing is done by the industry itself. It sets up an autonomy, and it proved highly successful with civil industries during the war.

Never Again

Control must continue for a while in cotton, coal and timber, of which there has been such vast consumption. One reason is that these materials must be kept from passing into the hands of the Central Powers; another is that through various interallied agreements for pooling supplies England obligated herself to furnish France and Italy with coal.

One impressive indication that England will never again be caught napping in the matter of raw materials is found in the survey of materials which has been undertaken by the Ministry of Reconstruction. Its purpose, to quote the official statement, "is to consider the nature and amount of the supplies of material and foodstuffs which will be required by the United Kingdom during the period of reconstruction and the return to normal conditions of trade and the steps which should be taken to procure these supplies, having regard to the probable requirements of belligerent and neutral states." In the American vernacular John Bull is determined to find out just where he stands. This combing out of materials will prevent any future hoarding of essentials, which was one of Germany's favorite diversions in the past.

If England has learned one thing above all others it is the value of self-sufficiency. It was first hammered home by the dependence upon Germany in the key industries; the enormous consumption of raw materials during the war clinched it. A new imperialism has developed which finds expression in the slogan "The Empire's resources for the Empire." One of the dynamos behind this movement is the British Empire Producers' Association, which awakened the nation to its long and costly neglect in developing its resources.

Before the war the United Kingdom depended upon Germany and Austria for eighty per cent of its sugar, despite the fact that with the exception of Cuba, Hawaii and the United States most of the sugar-cane areas of the world are within the imperial confines. During the last two years immense areas of beet sugar have been planted in the various British Colonies, notably Australia. There will be no dependence henceforth upon Germany or Austria for sugar. Cotton affords another example. Thanks to the British Cotton Growing Association huge plantations have been established in India and Africa. The Empire has tapped fresh oil reservoirs in Burma and increased her coffee and tea growing in Ceylon.

One of the results of the war is the organization of the Imperial Mineral Resources Bureau, which has undertaken an intensive development of the resources of the United Kingdom with special reference to the nonferrous metals. Its efforts have also uncovered new coal areas and iron-ore deposits, and really given the Kingdom many fresh natural assets. The tin-mining industry of Cornwall, which went into a decline before the war, has had a rebirth of productivity. A Mines Department is one of the many new government institutions.

Still more striking is the formation of the British Metal Corporation, charged with the exploitation of the whole British trade in metals. It faces reconstruction as the one rival of the famous German *Metallgesellschaft*, which was the Teutonic metal trust and which had its tentacles in Australia, Canada, Asia, Africa and America. Wherever metals were mined or refined there you found the agent of this Colossus ready and willing to corner output and make any inducement to get a monopoly on future business. The British Metal Corporation has taken a sheet from the book of this German outfit. Every dollar of its capitalization of $25,000,000 has been subscribed and paid up. Like British Dyes, Limited, it is sponsored by the Board of Trade and, therefore, will expand with peace. With the government standing squarely behind it it has every benefit of the British world-wide trade-intelligence system and shares in the imperial preference which will be one of the trade safeguards of the Empire in the coming days. This powerful new agency for British industrial development specializes in copper, tin, lead and nickel. It is setting up smelting and refining works. The next logical step will be the acquisition of mines. Nothing will be left to chance. The leading figure in the enterprise is Sir Charles Fielding, head of the famous Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain, which are British-owned.

With iron and steel England has been equally vigilant. Since 1914 she has increased her annual output of steel from 7,000,000 tons to 12,000,000 tons. By the end of this year this will probably be increased by 2,000,000 tons more. Germany's rise to power in iron and steel was over the body of a prostrate industrial Britain. The dead has come to life. In this resurrection lies one huge obstacle to the swift economic come-back of the Teuton.

Raw materials, however abundant, provide only one step toward the new industrial freedom. The real essential is an alert and highly organized production, and this essential has been found. The war brushed the cobwebs out of British factories and awoke them to their responsibility and capacity. Peace, therefore, found industry like an athlete trained to the minute. The keynote of the industrial peace offensive is summed up in three words: "A great output." With it England will set up the economic security that will be her weapon against any possible future Germanic commercial aggression. On it are based her world-trade hopes.

Scientific Coöperation

Her capacity for enlarged production was amply demonstrated during the four years of stress and storm. Not long ago I heard of a certain factory in Birmingham that had reluctantly made a contract to deliver 10,000 finished parts of a certain appliance each week. This agreement was entered into in January, 1915. Before the end of hostilities it was turning out 250,000 parts a week, practically in the same shop. Science combined with standardization had done the job. The card index and the efficiency expert are as common to-day in English as in American factories.

The British producer has really and truly learned the value of coöperation. This finds its best expression perhaps in the work of the Federation of British Industries. Twelve months ago, when I first described this live-wire organization in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it had a membership of 503 firms and seventy-eight trade associations. On the first of last December it had 16,000 firms on its rolls, whose combined capitalization aggregated $20,000,000,000. It represents what a merger of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers would express, and then some.

The federation is the new sponsor of British world trade and stands squarely behind the whole reconstruction program. It did not wait until the armistice released industry. In every important world capital outside the enemy countries it had a staff of legal advisers at the service of British merchants and manufacturers everywhere. These advisers were also trade scouts who ferreted out business opportunities and sent comprehensive reports about them back to London, where they got swift action.

More important than this, however, was the offensive and defensive trade alliance entered into with half a dozen countries. In France, for example, the federation has

Another of THE BIG MAJORITY.

S. Brand, Wholesaler & Retailer in Coal & Wood, St Paul, Minn., uses Baker-Vawter Machine Bookkeeping Binders, etc., with an Elliott-Fisher

"IT'S A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT OVER THE OLD PEN-AND-INK WAY"

Mr. Brand, a wholesaler and retailer, stated this after 2½ years' use of machine bookkeeping.

Every day you postpone investigating the greater accuracy, greater speed, greater legibility and lower cost of bookkeeping by machine instead of by pen is costing you money. Furthermore it is depriving you of quickly compiled, up-to-the-instant facts that you need about your business.

BAKER-VAWTER

BINDERS, TRAYS, LEAVES, STATEMENTS

are used by THE BIG MAJORITY. Baker-Vawter Company is the recognized authority on machine bookkeeping the same as it has been headquarters for general accounting and record-keeping advice and equipment for over three decades.

Write Department M, nearest factory.

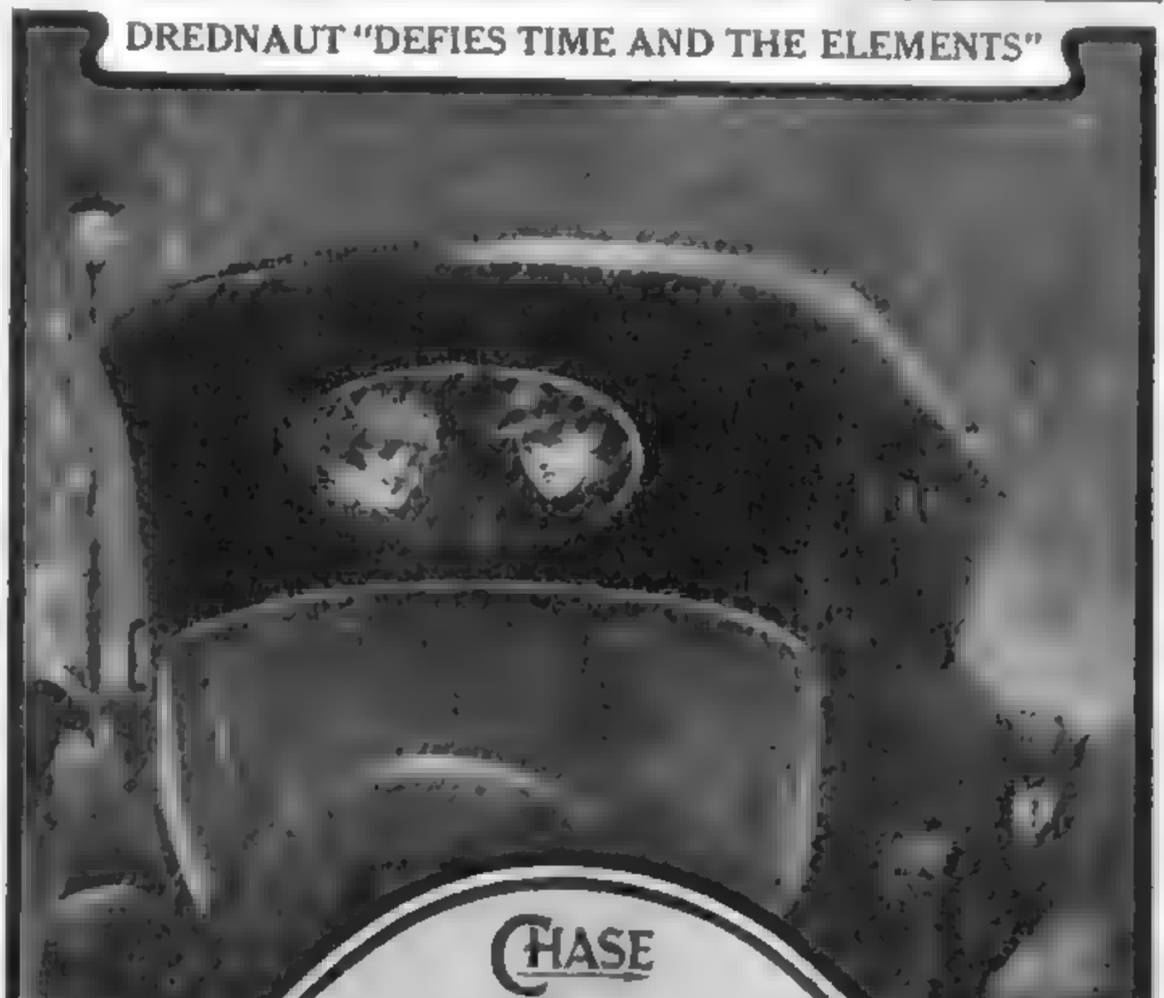
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass. San Francisco, Cal.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers

LOOSE LEAF AND STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

DREDNAUT "DEFIES TIME AND THE ELEMENTS"



CHASE DREDNAUT Motor Topping

Topping material that will fulfill your greatest expectations—Drednaut Motor Topping adds to the beauty of any car.

Quality topping through and through made to give the maximum of service—uniform in strength and finish.

Chase Drednaut Motor Topping (now over twenty-five years on the market) is positively weatherproof in every detail—protection from the severest storms or the hottest suns—the top material that *"defies time and the elements"* and which often outlasts the life of the car itself.

Easily Cleansed, Always Attractive, Economical.

Write for Samples

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON

NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

At Your Dealer's

Small But Important—

The service you get from ready-roofing depends not upon the roofing alone. In the long run the roofing is no stronger than the materials which hold it in place. So the next time you buy roofing don't overlook those small but important items which are packed in the center of the roll—lap cement and nails.

Good lap cement must spread smoothly when applied. It must hold the edges of the roofing together *flat*. It must be water-proof and weather-proof. *And it must retain all these qualities throughout the life of the roofing.*

Ru-ber-ine Lap Cement has been specially prepared for use with Ru-ber-oid Roofing. Its composition is such that, when applied, it unites with the roofing itself and *practically welds the sheets together.*

The nails must be strong enough to drive home without bending. Their heads must be large enough to hold the edges of the roofing firmly without danger of tearing. *And they must be rust-proof.*

Ru-ber-oid *Sherardized* Nails are *absolutely rust-proof.* By the patent process of Sherardizing, the zinc coating is practically *soaked into* the base metal and stays there. Ordinary galvanized nails are *not* rust-proof because the protecting coat flakes off and exposes the under metal. The nails which are sold with over 60% of prepared roofing are *neither* Sherardized nor galvanized. All the more reason why you should buy Ru-ber-oid and be sure of the best.

Ru-ber-ine Lap Cement and Sherardized Nails are manufactured to measure up to the same high standard of excellence that has made the name, Ru-ber-oid, representative *of the best* in ready-roofing.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Chicago New York Boston

MAKERS OF

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

formed the Association of Great Britain and France, whose sole function is to stimulate commerce between the two countries. In Serbia it has organized the Association of Great Britain and Serbia. Other similar bodies, due to the same initiative and enterprise, are the Anglo-Brazil Trade Association and the Anglo-Greece Trade Association; and others identical in scope are in process of organization in Argentina, Holland and Chile. Each of these associations has one or more well-equipped offices, which become at once rallying points for British trade and the center of an invaluable commercial intelligence. Foreign trade can be built only out of knowledge of needs. This is the supreme lesson that America must learn before she strikes her permanent international business gait.

Backing up the world-trade aspirations of the Federation of British Industries is a scheme of collective advertising. If a single British manufacturer or if even half a dozen wanted to put their names and trade-marks in the leading journals of foreign countries it would be a very expensive proposition. But if a hundred of them combine for this purpose it is not such a drain on the office purse. This is precisely what the federation has done. Each group of industries represented has taken space in the leading popular and trade publications of France, Spain, Holland, Switzerland and several of the South American countries for an intensive publicity campaign, which has one idea in mind. That idea is to proclaim the worth and might of the British-made product. The British manufacturer is big enough to see that whatever advertises his country boosts the goods of the country at the same time.

Collective bargaining has its full mate in this collective exploitation. It indicates that the value of advertising has soaked thoroughly into the British consciousness. Before the war the number of national advertisers was comparatively small. The billboard, the poster, and the display advertisement in the newspaper and the magazine not only recruited Kitchener's army, sold war bonds, brought home the great lesson of economy in food, but also showed that printer's ink, liberally and wisely used, is a great factor in the development of a nation.

Federation Work at Home

The work of the federation at home is no less effective than its operations abroad. It has reorganized British industry into seventeen main groups, each of which includes a major industry or a closely allied group of smaller industries. This makes for rapid development, swift mobilization and distribution of raw materials, and united and therefore cheaper publicity. In addition to these groupings the members have been organized on a geographical basis. There are sixteen districts in England, Scotland and Wales, each with its own organizing secretary. The manufacturers in these various districts get together once or twice a month, talk over the situation, and keep in touch with what they and the rest of the world are doing.

At the head of the Federation of British Industries is Sir Vincent Caillard, head of the great armament house of Vickers, Ltd. It is more than a coincidence that this great captain of British industry—his establishment is the Krupps of England—should be at the helm when British industry is being transformed from a war to a peace basis. Sir Vincent is one of the most progressive men in Britain; an enthusiast on labor-saving devices, who worships the god of quantity output. His influence is bound to be felt throughout all British production. It is typical of the new order of industrial things in Britain that the secretary of the federation is C. Tennyson, a grandson of the poet, who prefers the job of piloting business to a career of literature.

A still further evidence of the fact that British industry has got together for a world effort is shown in the organization of a Joint Council of Manufacturers, consisting of the Federation of British Industries, the British Empire Producers' Association and the Imperial Council of Commerce. The objects of this organization are:

"To consider and report on any question of mutual interest reflecting the common aims of the three bodies—namely, the conservation and development of the industry, production and commerce of the United Kingdom and her oversea Dominions.

"To initiate the consideration of any such subjects.

"To take any action in relation to such subjects that may be specifically authorized by the constituent bodies."

No other phase of the war-born British industrial expansion is quite so significant as the advance made in the key industries. Here you touch a development of peculiar interest to us. When the great war crashed into civilization in 1914 it disclosed the dependence of Britain and America upon Germany for the essentials to manufacture. As most people know, perhaps the most important of these were the coal-tar dyes, which were as necessary to the making of munitions as they were to peaceful trade Though England's imports of dyestuffs amounted to only $10,000,000 a year they made a textile industry aggregating $1,000,000,000 a year possible.

A Lost Opportunity

In the struggle to achieve independence of these German dyes in the future England leads the world. This brings me to an episode that emphasizes the new get-there spirit of British business. It likewise shows that Uncle Sam was not on the job at a certain great hour when he might have fastened his hooks into an asset of tremendous value to his industry. Before the war the two important dye-production centers were a group of towns in Germany and the busy little city of Basel, in Switzerland, which is on the Rhine and almost within a stone's throw of the late Kaiser's dominions. These Swiss factories were in the main Swiss-owned, though they had many German operatives; and what was more important, they owned or controlled the German dye formulas. For years the great bulk of the raw materials with which they worked came from Germany. With the outbreak of hostilities Germany shut off this supply and the Basel dye works had to look elsewhere. The enterprising American consul there immediately got busy, sent a report of the situation to Washington, and expected that his Government would take immediate action to annex this invaluable industrial domain. Less than a month later, however, a representative of the British Board of Trade appeared on the scene, sewed up most of the Basel dye manufacturers with ironclad contracts and agreed to furnish the raw materials. To-day England in addition to her own government-endowed dye industry has the benefit of the great majority of the Swiss works with all their trained workers and their formulas, which were worth any price that was paid in the transaction.

What England has done with dyes she has duplicated in practically every one of the kindred essential industries. The curtain was raised on her performance at the New British and Key Industries Exhibition which was held at Central Hall last October. It was a remarkable demonstration of the independence which is the keynote of the whole British industrial endeavor. In 1913 this exhibition could not have been held anywhere in the world except in Germany. In coal-tar dyes, for example, twelve firms exhibited. They were headed by British Dyes, Ltd., organized and endowed by the Board of Trade and representing the new partnership between the government and big business. This company, whose work I have already described in these columns, is not only a going and prosperous concern but is reaching out throughout the world.

With magnetos a similar achievement has been registered. Before the war practically every magneto used in a British motor car or an aëroplane came from a famous firm in Stuttgart. The country is now practically self-contained in the production of this all-important apparatus. When the war ended more than eighty per cent of the magnetos used by the Royal Air Force—easily the largest consumer in the country—were of purely British design and manufacture. British magnetos have been used on aëroplanes, seaplanes, tanks, trucks, motorcycles, ambulances, cars, searchlights, motor boats, pumps, wireless sets, blower engines, fans, salvage sets, agricultural tractors, caterpillar tractors, motor machine-gun carriers, trench diggers, auxiliary engines on submarines, remount hoists, miner's safety lamps, hand-starting traveling workshops, motor plows, dynamo lighting sets, X-ray sets and gas engines. Not only have British magnetos come to stay but an organization known as the British Ignition Apparatus Association,

(Continued on Page 109)

Turning to the Tasks of Peace

For twenty-one months American industries have labored under the spur of a great purpose and to help accomplish a great task. Now that task is done. The trappings of war become relics. We lay them aside and turn to the tasks of peace.

For twenty-one months the Hercules Powder Co. has had but one thought, and aim—to contribute its uttermost for the winning of the war. Great plants have been built, new methods devised, sources of supply discovered that were before unknown.

Due to this development, made necessary by war, the company is today capable of serving the industries of peace to a greater extent than ever before.

The great industrial era which the country faces insures the certainty of there being ample opportunity for rendering this service. The use of explosives is essential to the great basic industrial enterprises. In mine and quarry, on the highway and along the railroad line, when the course of a river is changed or a dam built, where irrigation or drainage is necessary, and where idle lands are converted into fertile fields—there Hercules Powders will meet the demands of peace as they have met the demands of war.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	St. Louis	New York	Pittsburg, Kan.
Denver	Hazleton, Pa.	San Francisco	Salt Lake City
Joplin	Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Dromedary Dates

Two dates actually contain natural sugar equivalent to one level teaspoonful of refined sugar

DROMEDARY DATES stuffed with nuts, marshmallows or Dromedary Cocoanut are easily prepared and take the place of the most elaborate confectionery.

They are rich in natural sugar, upon which there are no restrictions.

They are universally preferred to rich, cloying candies because they are a healthful food as well as a dainty sweet.

Natural sugar in abundance and luscious flavor are offered in Dromedary Dates—"Nature's Confection." Serve instead of candy.

Let the children have all the dates they want. Fruit and nuts are good for them.

Dromedary Dates are very carefully selected golden dates, packed in dust-proof individual packages so they come to you unbroken, clean and tempting.

Dromedary Dates for Desserts

Recipes for many sugar-saving desserts are given in our new book, "DROMEDARY WAR-TIME RECIPES." Sent *FREE* upon request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. K, 375 Washington Street, New York

Dromedary Date Muffins

Cream two tablespoons of butter with quarter cupful of sugar, add two well beaten eggs, then one cupful of milk and two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder alternately, beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cup of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

Dromedary Dates and Cereals

A few Dromedary Dates on each portion of cooked or dry cereal adds much to its flavor and food value and saves sugar. Try dates on oatmeal, hominy, rice, puffed wheat, cornflakes or any prepared breakfast food. Children need no coaxing to eat their morning dish of cereal when Dromedary Dates are added.

(Continued from Page 106)

with more than a dozen powerful firms as members, has been formed to keep the new industry up to a proper production.

So, too, with tungsten—the key of keys. Germany refined seventy per cent of the world's supply before the war, despite the facts that forty per cent of it was mined within the British Empire and fifty per cent of the refined output was used by British manufacturers. All that is changed now. At the Key Industries Exhibition eleven All-British firms showed that henceforth not a pound of German-produced or German-refined tungsten is necessary for manufacturing purposes throughout the United Kingdom. A similar advance was shown with spelter, nickel, zinc, manganese, lead, antimony and graphite. What is true of these vital industries is also true of optical, chemical and bacteriological glass, in which Germany and Austria had almost a monopoly before the Prussian madness was let loose on the universe. All this glass in ample quantity and satisfactory quality is made in England, as more than a dozen exhibits showed.

The important matter of interest to America in connection with these key industries is that every one of them will be protected by an adequate tariff for many years to come. I close this discussion with a remark made to me by a member of the cabinet, which has tremendous meaning for the whole world of industry. When I asked him about the future of dye manufacture in England he said: "Not until 1929 will any dye be permitted to come to England from anywhere without a special license." This protection will almost inevitably be followed by a prohibition of absolutely every commodity that can be produced within the Empire. The American exporter will soon find out that "Britain for the British" is more than a phrase.

Closely related to the growth of British industry is the new development of hydro-electric power. England, like the rest of the world, will henceforth try to do her work electrically. Here you have another one of the many dividends of war. During those years when the Hun was running amuck, coal came into a whole new prestige. It almost made and unmade governments. We did not escape its influence, as the frigid memory of fuelless days attests. Germany used coal as a merciless weapon against the small neutrals. She capitalized their dependence upon her for this pivotal product, and with it wrung mighty exactions. Together with her vast shipping, coal formed one of the principal British war assets.

White Coal for England

The enormous demand for coal as disclosed by the war has led to a national movement for its conservation in England. Coal is rationed and will continue to be rationed for an indefinite period. One reason lies in the immense waste attached to mining and distribution. The wastage in by-products of coal alone is almost greater in annual value than the entire world's output of gold. There is another reason for Britain's conservation of fuel: An ample surplus during the period of reconstruction will be an invaluable bargaining asset. The nation with coal to spare during the next two years will have an advantage greater than any that could be contained in a favored-nation commercial treaty. If America is wise she will use coal as the basis upon which to rear a whole new world-wide trade relation. It is a trump card. We have the coal, and now, thanks to the war, we have ample cargo carriers. It is up to Washington to do the rest.

Realizing the tremendous bargaining value of coal, England is launching a vast scheme of power production. The country is being charted into regions. Each region will have a central power plant. The juice will be available to every man. All that he will have to do is to tap the power main. The government will fix the price. It is estimated that by the procedure more than 50,000,000 tons of coal will be saved each year. In addition, it will enable the small manufacturer to set up shop without the considerable overhead cost of installing a power plant. Likewise, it will tend to revolutionize certain industries, notably spinning.

By this time you undoubtedly have the impression that the government is standing squarely behind the whole British commercial development. The mainspring of this sponsorship is the Board of Trade. For years it drowsed in a jungle of red tape awaiting the galvanic hand that would stir it into life and action. It was a traditional top-heavy British institution, long on precedent and short on result. When Britain, like America, suddenly discovered with the advent of war that her big business men were a distinct national asset, Lloyd George put Sir Albert Stanley at the head of the Board of Trade. He proved to be the fairy prince, for he gave it a sort of magic awakening, made it a vitalized ministry of commerce, a glorified school of salesmanship; the creator of a definite and coördinated national trade policy.

I asked Sir Albert, who by the way got his whole business training in the United States, what was the biggest problem that confronted the Board of Trade.

He replied: "On the day the armistice was signed ninety-one per cent of British imports were for some kind of war munitions. The remaining nine per cent were for civil needs. The nation's business job henceforth is to reverse these figures."

Shutting Out Enemy Trade

This means that every energy and resource in the Kingdom will be dedicated to the establishment of a vast export trade. During the war England learned to do without many imports. Scores of these came under the head of what were then believed to be necessities. The sacrifice and abnegation of war have put these articles—many of them came from the United States—into the luxury class. The new world-trade creed of Britain gives scant aid or comfort to the German manufacturer who may labor under the delusion that his atrocities on land and his crimes on sea will be forgotten. First and foremost among the conditions imposed upon goods shipped into England is that every article of foreign origin, no matter where it is made, must be plainly labeled "Not British." This means that never again can German goods masquerade under British labels as they did before the war. If the same rule, together with an attested certificate of origin, were enforced in the United States the immense factories that Germany has acquired in neutral countries, like Switzerland, Spain and Sweden, would soon go out of commission.

It took England a long time to get wise to the German trade game. It will take her just as long to have a change of heart, for she is determined that the boche shall never taint her trade again. The other day I saw the following sign in a shop window in Bond Street, which is a fashionable retail shopping street in London:

"No person of German birth whether naturalized or not can enter these premises."

The new restrictions governing the electrical trades will indicate England's attitude about enemy manufacture. They are:

"The prohibition of import of enemy goods for three years after the conclusion of peace, subject to importation under license in special circumstances after the first twelve months.

"The imposition of import duties sufficiently high to protect effectively the electrical industry.

"The prevention of the sale of any imported electrical goods at prices lower than those current in the country of origin.

"The treatment as enemy products of all goods produced in foreign countries by concerns controlled by enemy capital or under enemy direction."

These restrictions show clearly that the German will never again be permitted to indulge in his favorite oversea sport of "dumping." There will be such a rigid censorship and comparison of world prices that if in his overwhelming desire to come back commercially he seeks to achieve an immense turnover with a small margin of profit he will have to operate in some domain that does not fly the British flag and in which there are no laws against "dumping."

No less exacting are the new rules that govern British shipping. For the next three years no conference arrangement will be permitted between British shipowners and the Central Powers, especially Germany. The whole tendency of the new British trade policy, which is as national in scope as the closest government coöperation can make it, is to make England the

A $100,000 Dish

New-Type Baked Beans Which College-Trained Scientific Cooks Have Spent Years in Perfecting

It has cost us at least $100,000 to perfect Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

Modern culinary experts—men with college training—have devoted some years to this dish. Able scientists and famous chefs have co-operated with them.

856 Sauces

The zestful sauce which we bake with Van Camp's would itself give the dish distinction.

But these scientific cooks made 856 sauces before they attained this perfection. This ideal tang and savor came only through months of development

A far greater accomplishment was to fit baked beans for easy digestion, while leaving them mealy and whole.

This Was Wrong

Old-style baked beans were very hard to digest. They were always under-baked. Yet the baking crisped them and broke them—made some hard and some mushy.

In the Van Camp kitchens each lot of beans is analyzed before we start to cook. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because hard water makes them tough.

They are baked in steam ovens by live steam under pressure at 245 degrees. They are thus baked for hours—baked as beans should be—without bursting or crisping a bean.

This Is Perfect

The result is a new-type dish which will change your whole idea of baked beans. It will multiply their popularity. Above all, it will not tax digestion.

And it costs you less—all ready-baked—than do home-baked beans. Please order a trial meal

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds

Each based on a famous Lenten recipe. But each perfected through countless tests by these scientific cooks

Van Camp's Spaghetti

An Italian recipe perfected so greatly that the value of the recipe is $5,000

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blanched peanuts with nearly twice as much nutriment as ever

Let Us Change Your Ideas of

Corn Meal

Just Hominy

Makes a corn meal mush with distinct granulations, and sweet.

The Quaker experts are making a new-grade Corn Meal, which means more delightful corn dainties.

They remove all the coarse outer coat of the corn. They remove the oily germ which grows rancid.

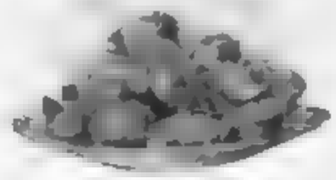
They grind just the sweet, flinty hominy part—the choice 60 per cent of the corn.

So this Quaker Corn Meal has no fibre coat. And it doesn't grow stale.

Compare it with whole corn ground—with the old-style corn meal. It differs as patent flour differs from Graham.

Compare the foods it makes. It will change all your corn food standards.

Get it from your grocer in round sealed package with top.



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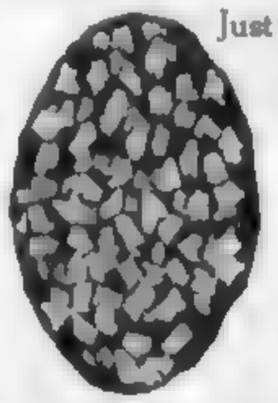

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Serve as a breakfast cereal, or in fritters or pancakes. These sweet grits form one of the finest foods obtainable.

Quaker Hominy Grits

Fancy White Hominy—15c Except in Far West

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CHICAGO

(3002)

new center of universal trade. Her great desire is to sell the world, but, as both nations and peoples have discovered, you cannot sell without buying. The drastic restrictions that she is putting upon imports into the Kingdom will have to be modified if she proposes to do business on the scale that is at present outlined.

The more you go into a study of the new British industrial policy the more you realize that every advantage is being taken of the lessons of the war. The Board of Trade, for example, has established a department of scientific and industrial research. Here you have a frank duplication of one of the activities that made Germany industrially great. Before the war, if you wanted to find the real source of Teutonic world-trade might, you had only to look into the laboratories of Elberfeld, Stuttgart, Jena or Essen. Every huge German manufacturing establishment had its corps of trained scientists and investigators. In one famous drug establishment at Elberfeld, for example, there were seventy free-lance chemists. Their job was to conduct original experiments on their own. Sometimes less than half a dozen produced results capable of commercial exploitation during the year, but these results were worth millions.

England is developing her industry along these same scientific lines. For one thing she has founded an institute of industrial chemistry. The University of London has shattered its tradition about not having any vulgar contact with "persons in trade" and now confers degrees in Commerce. British business is having all the scientific research that the traffic will bear. Likewise a whole new system of apprenticeships in the factories has been inaugurated. German efficiency will be fought with effectiveness.

That England is capitalizing every up-to-date trade trick is disclosed by what may be called the World Trade Circus, fostered by the Board of Trade. It is a portable exhibition of British wares that will make a tour on wheels or on shipboard through all the leading countries, including Japan and China. Each firm's exhibit will be arranged so that it can be placed without extra packing in standard cases which may be set up in a public hall or even shown on a railway train. It is estimated that the London, Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer will be able to display his wares all round the globe for less than a thousand dollars. That this typically and almost aggressively American idea of goods exploitation has emanated from such a one-time sedate and dignified institution as the Board of Trade is one of the post-war miracles.

The British Money Trust

Experience has shown that accurate and up-to-date commercial intelligence is a first aid to business. In this respect England has a priceless asset in the shape of a Who's Who in Foreign Trade compiled out of the information yielded by the censorship and the War Trade Intelligence Department. For more than four years practically all the mail from enemy and neutral countries as well as the mail from the United States to England passed through British hands. These letters and documents contained the trade secrets of the world. They not only disclosed plans and projects but also quoted prices and contained other data of inestimable value. England, therefore, begins her era of reorganization with a complete knowledge of what her principal competitors propose to do.

That England is ready to cope with whatever economic emergency may arise is evident by the formation of a huge money trust that makes its prototype in the United States seem like a mere pretender. Our octopus was for home operation. The British giant regards the world as its field. It is the power plant of the reconstructed and expanded British business.

When the war began there were eleven great joint-stock banks in London. To hint at any step that would disturb the inviolate individuality of any one of these institutions meant heresy. To-day—and it has all happened within the past twelve months—they have been converted into five combinations that represent the absorption of sixteen different banks, whose deposits aggregate nearly $7,000,000,000.

The new Lloyd's combine is typical of what has been going on. It includes the famous Lloyd's Bank, with deposits of $880,000,000; the Capital and Counties, with $300,000,000 on its books; the National of Scotland, with $150,000,000; and the London and River Plate, with $125,000,000. The consolidated concern has exactly 1625 different branches. Dominating this Gibraltar of Finance is Henry Bell, of Lloyd's, who is rapidly succeeding to the authority maintained for years by Sir Edward Holden, chairman of the London City and Midland, who was the dean of London banking. Even Sir Edward's bank, which once expressed the last word in conservative British banking, has succumbed to the syndicate fever, which shows that a real revolution in method and organization has been effected.

What does this massing of millions mean? Many things, and all of them of vital importance to the United States. In the first place it is England's proclamation to the rest of the world that London will remain the international financial center. With such a wealth of concentrated capital, whose outposts are planted wherever the trade winds blow, the universal symbol of trade will be the pound sterling. It further indicates that there is ample capital behind the new British industry. With only a few men at the top to decide on big propositions there will be no delay in underwriting fresh enterprise and expanding the old. Since the close of hostilities there has been a tremendous demand for money. It grows out of the need of funds to renew the wear and tear of war on machinery and plant, and the increased cost of production.

The Shipping Situation

There is still another highly useful purpose behind this federation of finance, for such it is. It will be the one group in the Allied countries capable of bucking the inevitable union of German banks which will be the dynamo behind the Teutonic trade recovery. These banks—the Deutsche, Dresdener, Disconto and Darmstadter institutions—the four famous "D's"—have sunk their past bitter competition in the larger desire to recoup the shattered fortunes of the Fatherland. They will have a real antagonist in the British money trust, whose operations should make Wall Street realize that its horizon must be widened. The war has taught the British banker the one great secret of international banking, which is putting yourself in the other man's place, finding out what he wants, and letting him have all the credit he wants. Long-distance trade demands long credits.

The banking trust represents only one phase of British consolidation. For a year there has been a real epidemic of mergeritis. British Dyes, Ltd., and Levinsteins, the two largest manufacturers of colors in England, have joined forces for a combination that will develop into a serious rival of the old German dye concerns. Equally significant is the pooling of interests of the two greatest British chocolate firms, whose names blaze from every billboard in the kingdom. Just before I sailed last December three of the largest explosives manufacturers were planning a union, with the idea of turning to peaceful output with as little duplication of product as possible. Everywhere in England the keynote is "We must stand together." The country is developing into a huge trust.

Just as finance, as expressed in credit, is the lifeblood of business, so is transportation the chief artery. Banking and shipping have always been the bulwarks of British trade. As far as the former is concerned you have seen how a whole new battle line has been set up. With shipping the outlook is not so rosy. The slaughter of British ships by the submarine has put a dent into a one-time supremacy on the sea. Though war construction ceased on the day the armistice was signed, and the Clyde and other regions reverted to the construction of cargo carriers at once, England is still considerably crippled, and will continue so for at least a year.

But one thing is certain: The British shipowner looks with deep concern upon the growth of the American merchant marine. More than one of them said to me: "What are your people going to do with your ships?" When I said that they would be used for the new American world trade their invariable reply was: "But America does not know how to run a merchant marine." They will have to be shown. Behind all this surmise is a strong fear that with any kind of national trade policy America will be the most formidable obstacle to that British desire for world commercial dominion.

(Concluded on Page 113)

CHICAGO OPERA STARS HEAR CICCOLINI TEST EDISON'S THREE MILLION DOLLAR PHONOGRAPH

GUIDO CICCOLINI scored a great triumph as Alfredo in "Traviata" at the opening performance of the Chicago Opera season. Scarcely less happy than he, over his success, were Carolina Lazzari, leading contralto, and Virgilio Lazzari, the brilliant basso, of the world famed Chicago Opera Association. To them, on the following day, Ciccolini said: "Last night two thousand people heard me on the stage of the Auditorium. Every day two hundred thousand hear me on the New Edison. It is the same voice—listen and tell me if you observe even the slightest difference."

As shown in the photograph, Ciccolini stood beside the New Edison and sang for his friends in comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. Their critical ears could discover no quality in Ciccolini's wonderful voice that was not also present in the RE-CREATION.

Similar tests have been made by thirty different artists before audiences aggregating two million people. The results of these astounding comparisons are described in the news columns of America's principal newspapers. May we send you the booklet "What the Critics Say"?

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"The Phonograph with a Soul"

He did this so that you may have in your own home all the ear can give you of the art of the world's greatest artists. You owe it to the music loving side of your nature to hear this wonderful instrument.

Let us send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

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These ten years of practical truck engineering and construction experience will prove invaluable to you this winter when uninterrupted transportation must be maintained at all hazards.

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The Kissel mechanical features headlined by the Kissel-built truck power-plant and topped with the exclusive ALL-YEAR Cab—giving full protection to drivers so they can keep their trucks in operation throughout the winter—insures maintaining schedules regardless of weather or road conditions.

Every Kissel Truck Dealer is a transportation expert—located in every principal city. See him without delay. New Truck Catalogue on request

Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 110)

As for her railways England has learned a supreme lesson not without its helpful hints for us in our own hour of possible transition from government to private ownership. At the outbreak of war all the British lines were taken over by the government. In time they will be restored to the stockholders but, to quote a high government official: "they will never again have the same freedom of action." Why? Simply because the national operation of the roads showed that the waste had been prodigal. Sir Albert Stanley told me that the wastage in the combined British system was not less than $200,000,000 a year.

The most striking feature of British railway reorganization on a peace basis, aside from the fact that an eight-hour day has been granted, is the standardization of equipment, which will extend from spikes to sleeping cars. In addition traffic is being equalized. In some parts of England, for example, it has been too dense; in other sections too scant. A definite scheme of equalization of operation is being worked out so that the whole Kingdom will have adequate transportation facilities. It is estimated that the whole process of railway reorganization in England will mean upon completion a saving of not less than half a billion dollars.

Five years ago the statement that the aërial omnibus was practical would have evoked ridicule. The war has made commercial aviation possible, and in no other country, save perhaps in Germany, has this possibility been seen or snapped up so swiftly as in England. Within forty-eight hours after the victory celebrations had begun tickets were being sold for an air service between London and Paris. The schedule calls for departure from the Ritz Hotel in the British capital at ten o'clock in the morning and arrival at the Ritz in Paris at one-thirty in the afternoon. The price of tickets is fifteen guineas, or about seventy-five dollars, each way. This London-to-Paris service is merely a hint of the part that aviation will play in the drama of world commerce. The universal air routes are being charted. A company has been formed in London to operate a twelve-hour service between London and Rome. Likewise a service between the Mother Country and Australia is being discussed.

Any study of British reconstruction must be in terms of Empire. Never again can England be deaf to the need or call of the Colonies. The imperial blood-brotherhood, cemented by sacrifice from Ypres to Gallipoli, means an alliance no less potent or powerful in peace than in war. Before the war Australia seemed in the popular mind to be a far-away place—a vast sheep ranch peopled by ticket-of-leave men. The war literally brought Australia home to England, and likewise to America, for our troops in France and England have found them congenial fighting fellows.

A Message From Australia

There is a deeper affinity between America and Australia than this breezy comradeship. It lies in our common responsibility in the Southern Pacific, where Germany had begun to rear a whole new empire of trade, which had the usual adaptability to war. What the average American perhaps does not realize is the fact that the Kaiser was strongly intrenched at New Guinea, New Britain, the Caroline and Marshall Islands and in Samoa. These islands not only commanded the trade routes in that section of the globe but were likewise the key to Australia. Of a total estimated population of 1,500,000 in those islands the German possessions contained nearly 800,000. They presented as artistic a piece of German penetration as could be found anywhere. Outwardly they were the bailiwicks of ordinary peaceful trade; inwardly they were potential strongholds of war. The cliffs hid powerful wireless stations; the harbors were ideal naval bases; immense supplies for sea raiders were cached far inland. These islands represented one of the many German war traps that needed only the pressure of a button to be sprung into destructive action.

With the outbreak of the war Australia, with the help of New Zealand, captured these islands. She does not want to give them up. Here is where we come in. Through our stake in the Pacific—principally the Philippines and our growing world trade—we shared the German danger with Australia before the war. Had the boche won, our overseas enterprises would have suffered with those of the British dominions. The Germans would have ruthlessly ruled that neck of the globe, and no other nation would have had a look-in on commerce. If Germany is to remain beaten commercially in the same way that she has been vanquished on the field of battle she must not be permitted to fasten her hooks into those Pacific islands again.

Australia realizes that her full partner in the Pacific is America. The voice of the commonwealth is W. M. Hughes, that remarkable personage who rose from peddler to premier.

So to Hughes, who was in England for the imperial conference, I went to talk about America in the Pacific. It was a few nights after the signing of the armistice. Behind me I had left a London delirious with delight and tasting the first fruits of victory. In what seemed to be a thousand miles away from all the tumult and the shouting sat this little, keen-eyed, torrent-tongued leader, who with his people had played such a big part in achieving the stupendous results. He spoke, as always, with a passionate energy.

"America and Australia have much in common," he said. "We not only speak the same language, think the same thoughts, spring in the main from the same stock and are animated by the same ideals, but we have fought side by side for the cause which, with peace, has a new kinship for us. Together with New Zealand we have a community of economic interests in the Pacific that, thanks to the German madness, is just being appreciated. The Panama Canal has linked the Pacific to Europe. The volume of world commerce and its center of gravity have tended more and more toward the Pacific. It is bound to be one of the great new trade domains. Ever since they first set foot in those parts the Germans have been a menace no less to America than to Australia and New Zealand. Now that their stamping ground for penetration has been taken away from them it must never go back. Australia is committed to a Monroe Doctrine of the Southern Pacific, and its integrity must be maintained. Our warning to the Germans is: 'Hands off the Pacific!'"

British Labor Conditions

I asked Mr. Hughes about the prospects of a closer commercial bond with Australia and he said: "Australia looks forward to a new and intimate business relation with the United States. We have just sent a trade commissioner to New York, who will open offices and begin a campaign of education to the end that American capital and American enterprise find their way to our country, which is a whole new world awaiting development and which is capable of maintaining 100,000,000 people. You need our wool, meat and fruit, and we need your machinery, wood and many other things. The peoples of Australia and America must know each other better and trade with each other more."

Now for the final glimpse of British reconstruction, which brings us back to England. The machine of recovery whose flywheel began to whirl on the day the Germans collapsed faces only one real danger, which is also a world danger. It is embodied in labor. The battalions of toil can undo or accelerate the whole vast program of rehabilitation. Nowhere else in Europe is there such unrest in labor as in England. The enormous wages paid during the war created tastes and habits that demand a continuance of the swollen pay envelopes. Unemployment will upset the whole scheme of things. The great revival projects together with the immense schemes for housing may be able to keep the workers busy. If they are kept busy there will be no time to foment trouble. If not, all the well-laid plans are likely to suffer a serious setback. Not man can tell what the labor morrow will bring forth.

International business will henceforth be projected on an unprecedented scale and with an unparalleled vigor. Germany will test every resource to rehabilitate her trade. The universal markets must be policed and the English-speaking nations must provide that stewardship. They have a common commercial cause no less vital to the integrity of civilization than their common racial destiny.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the economic reconstruction of Europe. The next will be devoted to the possibilities of German trade recovery.

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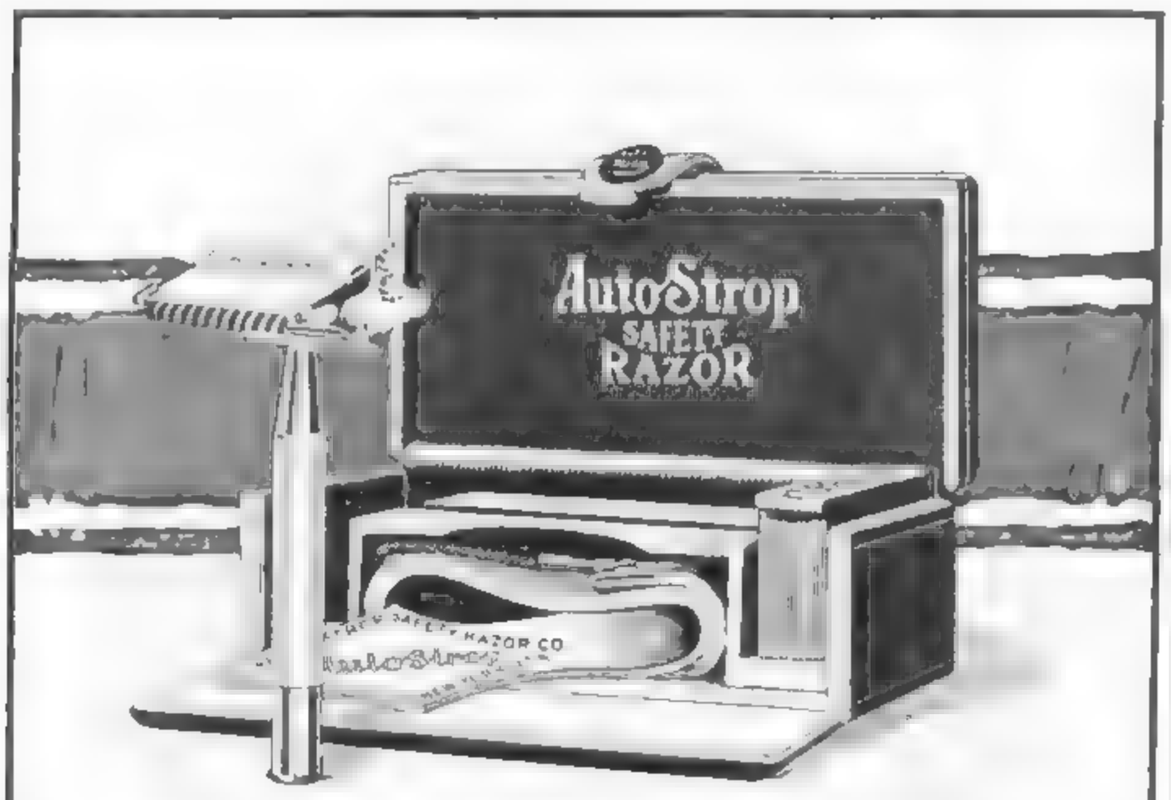

How many good shaves to one safety razor blade?

ISN'T it true with most safety razors that after the first shave the blade becomes dull and is not good for more than two or three shaves?

This would be equally true of the AutoStrop Razor were it not for its individuality—the blade-stropping feature.

The fact is, a razor blade should be stropped before using—that's what puts the edge back on it.

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When you buy an AutoStrop Razor, you have full assurance of 500 quality shaves backed by a guarantee from the manufacturers.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

Sold All Over the World

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THE SOCIALISTS' KORAN

(Continued from Page 11)

and making ends meet, even on the narrowest scale, was a grueling problem. He tried to get work that would bring in the daily bread, but failed. Engels, however, had taken refuge in the parental cotton mill and was better supplied with money. Presently the meager furniture of the Marx family was seized for arrears of rent and he narrowly escaped being arrested on suspicion of burglary, because when he offered some of Mrs. Marx's crested spoons to a pawnbroker the pawnbroker thought he must have stolen them.

In June, 1850, the family moved into quarters on Dean Street, which Mrs. Marx, in a letter to a friend, described as one room and a small cabinet adjoining. The family, consisting of two adults and four children, slept in the room, using the cabinet as a kitchen. Then the fifth child was born. It was in these trying circumstances that a mutual friend recommended Marx to Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the New York Tribune, as a man who would act as London correspondent by sending a weekly letter. Both Dana and Greeley had been interested in Brook Farm and were quite sympathetic with the sort of Socialism that venture stood for. Marx's stipend was five dollars a week, "for years his only regular and certain income," says John Spargo, his American biographer.

Two of the children died in Dean Street; the sixth child was born there and its birth was followed within a few weeks by the death of the third child. There were all the circumstances of hard poverty, even to the borrowing of small sums at from twenty to fifty per cent interest. Then Mrs. Marx's mother, Baroness von Westphalen, died, and the daughter received a few hundred thaler from her estate, which decidedly eased the pinch.

All this occurred while Marx was industriously writing. Some of the writing, like his Tribune correspondence, was hack work, very poorly paid; but most of it was on Socialism or revolutionary economics, which was still worse paid. He worked with indefatigable industry, spending much time in the British Museum digging out material for his writing. At various times he thought of trying to get some securer means of livelihood. Once, indeed, he did formally apply for a humble position as railroad clerk, but the application was rejected because he wrote a bad hand.

A Strange Recruit

Our Civil War shut off his Tribune stipend. It also shut off England's supply of raw cotton, for the North blockaded Southern ports. The French Government, under Napoleon the Third, wanted to recognize the South as a belligerent nation, which would have been a hard blow to the North. The British Government was quite inclined that way for a time. The sympathy of English workmen was strongly against the South, however, which stood for slavery in their eyes. They expressed that sympathy unmistakably, even though those in the cotton districts suffered great hardship because the mills could get no raw material to work on.

Marx most heartily approved this feeling on the part of the working people and exerted himself to make it effective. Good Socialists make the extreme claim that he fairly saved the day for the North by getting such an expression of British opinion as made official recognition of the South impossible. Naturally bourgeois history hardly takes that view of it; yet no one should deny him the credit of having worked earnestly to that end.

Meantime he had finished the first volume of Capital in 1862. Five years elapsed, however, before he got the manuscript copied and had it published. By that time German Socialism had gained—to a degree at least—a strange sort of recruit in the person of Count Otto von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor—later on Prince Bismarck. Ferdinand Lassalle, an elegant and opulent Socialist, was a friend of Bismarck. In Socialist doctrine, especially as regards government ownership, the Iron Chancellor saw elements he could use to advantage in consolidating and regimenting the German state, which he was then busily engaged in forming.

Bismarck found Socialism useful, also, as a sort of bogy with which to keep the obdurate liberal parties in line. He took into his employ one Bücher, formerly a revolutionist, who had been exiled on account of his connection with the uprising of 1848. As fellow exiles in London, Bucher and Marx were well acquainted. Acting for Bismarck's government, Bücher offered Marx employment as a correspondent of the Staats Anzeiger, a government organ. Marx was very poor, but he rejected the offer. Not long afterward, however, he visited Germany and arranged there for the publication of the first volume of Capital, which appeared in 1867 and created no very notable stir.

Six years elapsed, indeed, before a second edition was called for, the first edition having been a small one. Nineteen years elapsed before the first English translation was published. Those circumstances indicate that the work was slow in gaining any considerable attention. Only in the last twenty-five years or so, has anybody in the United States, broadly speaking, heard anything about Marxian Socialism, which is now the basic creed of government for quite a portion of Europe.

Twenty-five years ago or so there was a devoted little band in Chicago, led by Mr. Thomas Morgan, a machinist. They called themselves Socialists and served occasionally as a subject for journalistic amusement. They were generally regarded as in the same class with the queer, freakish little religious sects that used to bob into public notice now and then. I remember very well that they were the cause of some apprehension on the part of very conservative and very nervous citizens, but the common impression was that, though they meant some sort of mischief, they were only harmless cranks.

Three Outstanding Books

About the time the first volume of Capital was published Marx's health—impaired by hard work and poor living conditions, no doubt—began to fail. He never finished the work. His devoted wife died in 1881 and he about two years later, leaving a great mass of more or less undigested notes for the remaining volumes of Capital. His friend Engels, who was thoroughly familiar with his literary plans, undertook to edit and compose these notes; but it was only in 1885, eighteen years after the first volume was published, that the second volume was ready for the printer. Eight years elapsed before a second edition of this second volume was published. In the following year, 1894, the first edition of the third volume was printed. It was not until 1907 that an American translation of all three volumes appeared. All of which indicates no very extensive curiosity about the work.

I believe I am safe in saying that volumes two and three are little read even now. The first volume, which Marx himself wrote, is commonly taken as comprising the essential doctrine. From the point of view of a best seller I am also safe in saying that Volume One is little read. A great library has been written about it, but it is doubtful that you can find a copy in any except the larger bookstores.

It is by no means an easily readable book. Like some other speculative thinkers, Marx had no practical ability, though he chose to write about decidedly practical affairs. Throughout his life he was unable to deal successfully with the hard facts that touched him nearest—the support of his wife and children, for whom he had the greatest affection. Another man, with Marx's brains and industry, would have solved that problem. Marx couldn't, not because he was unwilling to make a compromise with existing society, but because he didn't know how to apply himself to the situation. Saturated in Hegelian philosophy—which Hegel himself said nobody had been able to understand—Marx wanted just to think.

There are three outstanding books on political economy: Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Henry George's Progress and Poverty, and Karl Marx's Capital, each expressing a different quality of mind. Adam Smith's book is rich in the suggestion of contact with actual experience. Reading it, you seem to feel that a man is going about among men, notebook in hand, shrewdly inquiring and appraising. Henry George's book is aglow all through with a

(Continued on Page 117)

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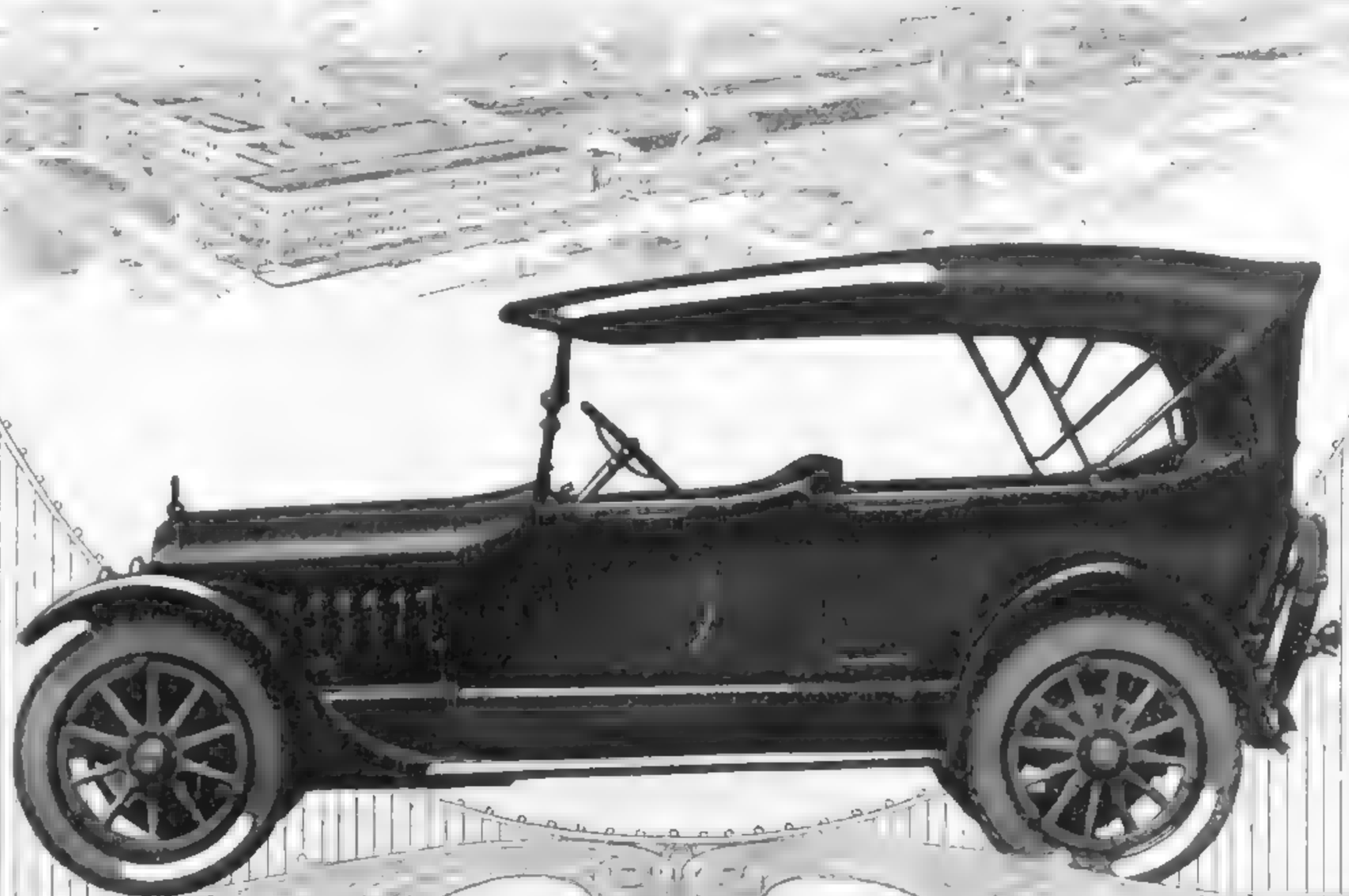

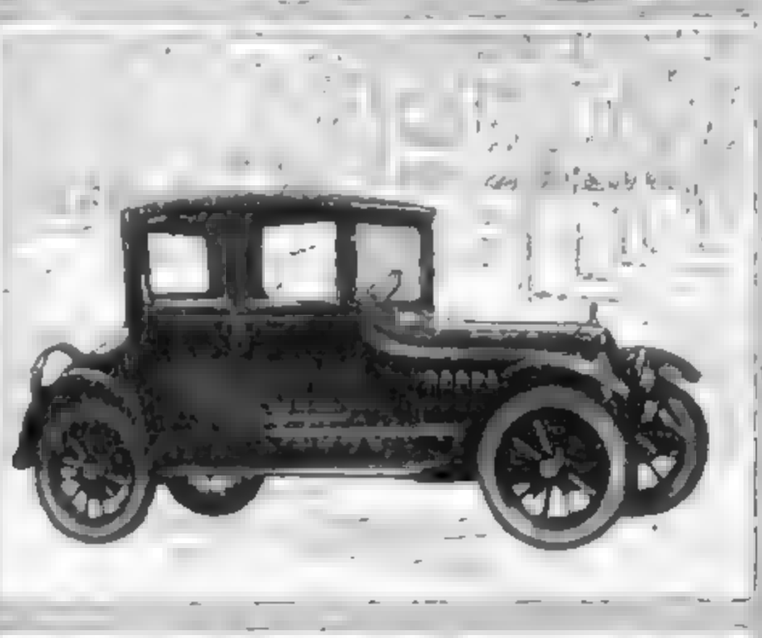

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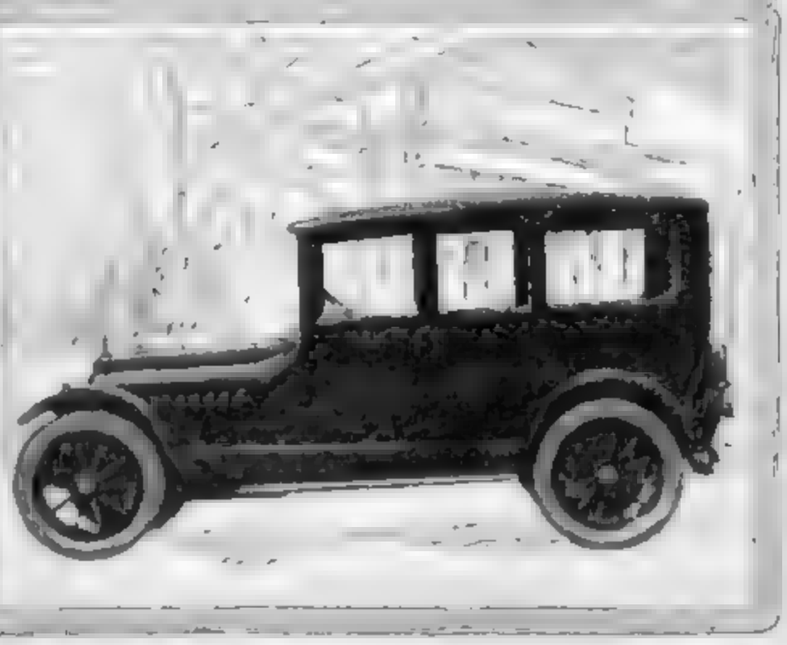


(Continued from Page 114)

passionate human feeling. It has been read by tens and hundreds of thousands of people the world over who would never open the covers of a book of detached economic theory. A great part of Marx's book is as detached and abstract as the work of his philosophical master, Hegel.

The first three chapters, comprising a hundred and twenty pages, are a summary of an earlier book published in 1859, whose title—A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy—would have frightened away most readers. These chapters treat of commodities, money and exchange. They are a technical discussion of abstract economic theory quite in the manner that earned for political economy the title of the dismal science. A great part of the remainder of the book is taken up with the elucidation and illustration of Marx's theory of what he calls surplus value. This theory of surplus value is commonly regarded by Marx's followers as one of his greatest achievements—probably his greatest achievement as an economist.

He is struck by the familiar fact that capital increases. A man throws a given value into production and exchange, and presently takes out a greater value. He wants to construct an elaborate, scientific explanation of that phenomenon. His first illustration runs thus: A merchant buys cotton for a hundred pounds and sells it for a hundred and ten pounds; so he has in hand not only his original hundred pounds but ten pounds more. "This increase or excess over the original value," he says, "I call surplus value." But in that simple form even Marx regards surplus value as comparatively harmless. Its deadly effect appears when applied to labor.

Misleading Illustrations

He illustrates it this way: The laborer comes to market, selling his labor power just as other commodities are sold. The value of this labor power is determined by the cost of rearing and sustaining the laborer. Say the value of a day's sustenance is three shillings, and that value can be reproduced by six hours' labor. The capitalist hires the laborer at three shillings a day; but, instead of requiring him to work only six hours—which is all the labor power his three shillings really paid for—he makes him work twelve hours. The second three shillings' worth of labor power—representing the unpaid six hours—creates surplus value accruing to the capitalist. The argument is that the capitalist gets twelve hours' labor power, but pays the laborer for only six—the unpaid six hours resolving itself into surplus value, which is the great motive and mainspring of all capitalistic exploitation and the cause of labor's manifold tribulations.

The theme thus baldly indicated is elaborated to a prodigious extent. Part three of the book, comprising a hundred and forty-five pages, is devoted to absolute surplus value. Part four, comprising two hundred and fifteen pages, is taken up with relative surplus value. Part five, comprising twenty-nine pages, deals with absolute and relative surplus value. Nominally, nearly the whole book is about surplus value.

Of course the man in the street would dispose of the whole matter by saying: "A capitalist hires workmen, puts them at work, and sells the product of their labor at a profit, getting back more than he paid out." What Marx is really talking about all this while is what common folk call profit—or, to use the finer technical definitions, interest, rent and profit, taken together. What he has in mind is just the familiar fact that capital accumulates, and that the capitalist or employer—if he remains solvent—gets back more for the product of his hired labor than he paid out for the labor and the other elements that enter into production.

His many illustrations are worked out on the basis of the capitalist paying for only half of the labor power he uses. Marx doesn't say expressly that, as an actual rule, the capitalist or employer pays for only half of the labor power he uses, but all his illustrations tend to create that impression; and his total effort is to implant the idea that underpaid or unpaid wage labor is the source of profit and the cause of the increase of capital.

It may be noted in passing that a very extensive school of socialistic writers dissents from Marx's statement of the theory of surplus value and an immense quantity of controversial socialistic writing has resulted from the schism; but the dissenters themselves stick pretty tightly to the main proposition—that capital thrives simply by robbing labor.

However, the real stuff of Socialism that Capital contains is something quite different from this long discussion of an abstract economic theory. The factory system of production, in which machinery is the outstanding feature, developed quite rapidly in the latter part of the eighteenth and fore part of the nineteenth century, coincidentally with a series of revolutionary mechanical inventions such as the power loom and, above all, the steam engine. These inventions took manufacturing out of the hand-and-home stage and brought great numbers of workmen into cities. As a manufacturer's investment in plant increased by the building of bigger factories and installation of expensive machinery, he wanted to keep the plant going as many hours a day as possible; for when it wasn't going it represented idle capital.

Machinery made it possible to employ the labor of children to a greater extent than before. Manufacturers were in hot competition with one another. If one of them cut down his labor cost by working his force longer hours and employing more women and children, others followed suit. Society, as usual, was slow in waking up to the evils of the new conditions. The result was a frightful exploitation of labor—especially child labor.

Marx quotes scores or perhaps hundreds of instances of it. In the lace trade at Nottingham "children of nine or ten years are dragged from their squalid beds at two, three or four o'clock in the morning and compelled to work until ten, eleven or twelve at night, their frames dwindling, their faces whitening, their humanity sinking into a stonelike torpor horrible to contemplate." In the potteries of Staffordshire "William Wood, nine years old when he began, came to work every morning at six A. M. and left off about nine P. M. He said: 'I worked all last night until six o'clock this morning. I have not been in bed since night before last. There were eight or nine other boys working last night.' In a certain tile field at Moseley a young woman was in the habit of making two thousand tiles a day with the assistance of two little girls who carried the clay for her and stacked the tiles. These girls carried daily ten tons up the slippery sides of the clay pit. It is impossible for a child to pass through the purgatory of a clay pit without great moral degradation."

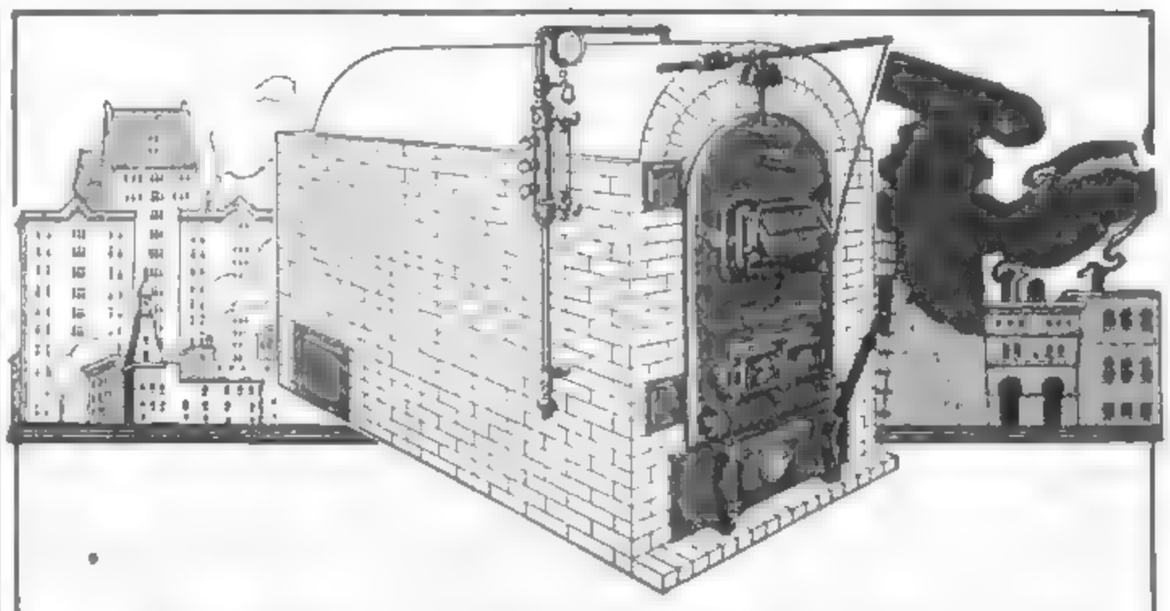
English Labor Laws

A great number of such quotations appear in the book—about child labor chiefly, but also about bad housing of the poor, ill health, and poverty generally.

All these quotations Marx took from official reports—generally the reports of parliamentary committees or commissions. So capitalist or bourgeois society was sufficiently concerned about these things to investigate them at great length. The expressions of horror and indignation that appear in Marx's quotations are from the lips of bourgeois doctors, legislators, and so on; and bourgeois society was constantly passing laws designed to better affairs. A factory act of 1833 prohibited the employment of children under nine in textile industries; provided that those between nine and thirteen should work no more than eight hours a day, those between thirteen and eighteen no more than twelve hours a day; and forbade night work for those under eighteen. An act of 1844 limited the working hours of women over eighteen, and the workday of children under thirteen was reduced to six and a half hours. Three years later the workday for all hands was fixed at ten hours.

It is true, as Marx points out at great length, that employers opposed these early child-labor laws and limitations of the working day, as a great many of them have opposed all like legislation ever since. But it is equally true that capitalist or bourgeois society carried these acts into effect in spite of the employers, whom Marx pictures as completely controlling society.

Marx himself recites the well-known fact that early British labor legislation, beginning with the famous medieval Statute of Laborers, was all for the purpose of coercing the laborer, forbidding him to ask or receive more than a certain fixed wage, restricting his freedom of movement, and so on; in short, all for the advantage of the employer and the disadvantage of the



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employee. That, according to Marx, was before the capitalistic or bourgeois régime had developed. Under the capitalistic régime labor legislation is all for the protection and advantage of the workman. Which seems to show that selfishness did not get into human nature through modern capitalism and that not even capitalism eradicates compassion from it.

The whole purpose of the book is to demonstrate that these horrible examples are a necessary consequence of capitalism or private ownership, and that under capitalism labor can never be very much better off than the horrible examples show. The whole argument may be summarized thus: Profit is the aim of capitalism; appropriation by the capitalist of unpaid labor power is the source of profit; consequently, in order to expand capital must prey upon labor, and the more capital flourishes, the worse off labor must be, because the advantage of the one arises precisely from the disadvantage of the other. "The rate of surplus value"—or profit—"depends, in the first place, on the degree of the exploitation of labor power." And "there is not a single atom of this value"—that is, surplus value—"that does not owe its existence to unpaid labor." So "property turns out to be the right on the part of the capitalist to appropriate the unpaid labor of others."

Marx nowhere, I believe, says that the particular kind of labor he is talking about—that is, wage labor—is the only source of wealth; but he everywhere does say that unpaid labor is the source of surplus value or the accumulation of wealth in private hands. What employers may contribute in the way of organization, leadership, management, invention or productive ability generally is treated as negligible.

Shortening the workday can do labor no real good because capital, bound to have its pound of flesh, will make up for a shorter day by requiring intenser application. "The tendency that urges capital, as soon as a prolongation of working hours is forbidden, to compensate itself by systematic heightening of the intensity of labor, and to convert every improvement in machinery into a more perfect means of exhausting the workman, must soon lead to a state of things in which a reduction of the working hours will again be inevitable."

Theories and Facts

The workman must be exhausted. If his working day, under capitalism, is reduced to eight or six hours, that will be only because machinery enables capital to accomplish the exhausting in a shorter period. If capital is to get its profit the workman must be ground up like so much raw material. The shorter the working day, the faster the grind. In Marx's time the process, according to his statement, was already so rapid that "the laborer, halfway through his life, has more or less completely lived himself out. He falls into the ranks of the supernumeraries or is thrust down from a higher to a lower step in the scale."

One great reason why labor, according to Marx, can never be better off under capitalism is that capitalism by its very nature inevitably produces a constantly growing quantity of surplus labor—that is, unemployed or half employed labor. Marx demonstrates this mathematically in the following manner: Capital takes two forms—fixed or constant capital, invested in buildings, machinery, railroads, and so on; and fluid or variable capital. Only the latter sort can be used for the employment of labor.

In other words, a man can't use his store building to hire labor. He must have cash or credit in hand. But as capital accumulates a relatively larger and larger part of it goes into fixed forms; so a relatively smaller portion is available for the employment of labor. And, as the working population increases all the while, it is clear that a relatively greater part of it must be unemployed. Hence, inevitably, the more capital and the richer the country, the greater the amount of idle or half-employed labor.

That may sound fantastic when you recall the labor situation in the United States during the last three years—remembering, also, that in addition to the natural increase of our working population we absorbed several hundred thousand immigrant workmen annually for a dozen years before the war. But by reading section three of chapter twenty-five of the first volume of Capital you will learn that the inexorable law I have referred to above makes it inevitable that the richer the country under a capitalist régime, the greater must be the quantity of idle labor. "The greater the social wealth and the functioning capital . . . the greater is the industrial reserve army"—that is, of the unemployed.

"The relative mass of the reserve army increases, therefore, with the potential energy of wealth. . . . This is the absolute general law of capitalist accumulation." And Marx adds: "Like all other general laws, it is modified in its workings by many circumstances, the analysis of which does not concern us here." So presumably, even though the circumstances quite contradict the absolute general law, we should stick to the law and ignore the circumstances.

Nor can a rise of wages do the workman any real good, "for it follows, therefore, that, in proportion as capital accumulates, the lot of the laborer, be his wages high or low, must grow worse." Under certain rather exceptional circumstances the capitalist may play the workman off a bit by handing back to him in the form of wages a somewhat greater part of his own surplus product; so wage-earners "can extend the circle of their own enjoyments, make some addition to their consumption fund of clothes, furniture, and so on, and lay by small reserves of money. But just as little as better clothing, food and treatment do away with the exploitation of slaves, so little do they set aside that of the wage-earner."

And any such apparent advantage must be short-lived. Since the accumulation of capital arises from the robbery of labor, the extent of a nation's wealth under a capitalistic régime is merely a sign of the extent to which that robbery has been carried. The richer the country, the worse off labor must be. The law of capitalist production "establishes an accumulation of misery corresponding with the accumulation of wealth. Accumulation of wealth at one pole is therefore accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality and mental degradation at the other pole." So says Marx.

No doubt American employers look upon the organization of workmen in labor unions as a circumstance that materially modifies the "absolute general law of capitalistic accumulation." Organized American labor itself regards that circumstance as far more important than the general law itself and stands aloof from Socialism. But, having demonstrated that as capital accumulates labor must be worse off, and there can be no real, lasting advantage either in shorter hours or higher pay, the first volume of Capital naturally leaves labor unions out of the account altogether. Their object is to secure shorter hours and higher pay, which it has shown to be futile. Logically a prosperous workman under a flourishing state of capitalism ought to be an object of detestation to Socialists, for Socialism demonstrates by an absolute law that capital and labor cannot prosper together.

An Interesting Admission

Incidentally, Marx admits, capitalists may thrive to some extent otherwise than by robbery of labor—namely, by robbery of small proprietors. He complains that "political economy confuses, on principle, two very different kinds of private property—one resting on the producer's own effort, the other on the employment of the labor of others. It forgets that the latter not only is the direct antithesis of the former but absolutely grows only on its tomb."

That is to say, where the land is divided among many small owners, as in the United States, and workmen, such as our carpenters and plumbers, own their own tools of production, a man may honestly earn a comparatively small amount of private property—become comparatively comfortably off—without robbing labor. But this state of things is "compatible only with a system of production and a society moving within narrow and more or less primitive bounds."

And it cannot last. "At a certain stage of development it brings forth the agencies for its own dissolution." Capitalism eats it up, bringing "the dissolution of private property based on the labor of its owner," and "the transformation of individualized means of production into concentrated ones, of the pygmy property of the many into the huge property of the few, the expropriation of the great mass of the people from the soil and the means of subsistence. . . . Self-earned private property

(Concluded on Page 121)

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(Concluded from Page 118)

is supplanted by capitalistic private property, which rests on the exploitation of the labor of others. . . . One capitalist kills many".

This obviously is particularly interesting for the United States, where there are six million owners of farm property and many other million owners of modest amounts of private property that could hardly have been accumulated by the robbery of wage-earners. These owners of more or less innocent private property have got to go, Marx says, for capitalistic private property absolutely grows only on the tomb of innocent private property.

Capitalistic private property—the only kind that can finally survive—arises from the exploitation of labor. When a farmer hires labor he is as much an exploiter as anybody else, his gains rising from the unpaid labor power he appropriates. At first glance, then, it might seem that farmers who hire any considerable amount of labor could survive, for in that case their property becomes capitalistic. But Marx shows in section two of chapter twenty-five how extremely precarious the state of small capitalists is. They are exploiters, with no good title to the property they hold, but their economic sinfulness does not save them. The larger capitalists eat them up. There occurs "the expropriation of many capitalists by the few," with "a constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital."

Capital grows by robbery of labor. The more it grows, the worse the lot of labor must be. Larger capitalists absorb smaller ones, farmers included. Society is divided into two classes, one the mortal enemy of the other. Finally wage-earners revolt, turn out the bourgeoisie or property owners, take control of society, and put all means of production under public ownership. Then there is no more private capital, no more wages, no more profit, and consequently none of those evils of overwork and poverty which Marx says are an inevitable result of the system of private ownership of productive property. Such is Karl Marx's message to the world.

The Bolshevik Experiment

He might have simplified it, leaving out the long, dry discussion of abstract economic theory and the algebraic formulas he is so fond of using—putting it this way: "If you are ill off and your neighbor is well off, his good fortune is the cause of your ill fortune; therefore, oust him." Reduced to an algebraic formula, that would be as scientific as anything else about Socialism. An ill-off, discontented man can readily grasp that proposition. Probably, in the main, that is just what discontent does grasp in Socialism.

Though Marx argues that shorter hours do labor no real good while industries are privately owned, Socialism generally teaches that when industries are publicly owned much shorter working hours will produce plenty of goods for everybody. Under private ownership shorter hours exhaust the workman and leave a great and growing mass of the population in want; while under public ownership shorter hours give the workman health, recreation and content, and at the same time provide reasonably comfortable subsistence for everybody.

Marx was trained in German philosophy, then dominated by Hegel. From Hegel's day to this other philosophers have disputed as to what he meant and whether whatever he did mean was true. Yet finally the great philosopher played safe, for finally it is quite impossible for any finite being either to prove or disprove his speculations concerning infinity. But Marx chose to spin a purely speculative theory about finite things. By a strange series of events his followers seized political power in a great nation and attempted to put his theories into actual practice here on earth; so we know how they actually worked at the only time they have ever been tried.

That the Russians are a singularly and even pathetically literal-minded people is a statement that has been worn threadbare. Tolstoy wanted to put the New Testament, as he understood it, literally and immediately into practice. Russian workmen were taught Marxian Socialism, took it at its face value and tried to follow it.

When the Bolsheviki excluded the bourgeoisie, or property owners, from any share in the government they were strictly following Das Kapital, which says that the socialistic state must be brought about and dominated by the proletariat, organized as the ruling class, and which teaches all through that the middle class, embracing practically all property owners and their professional satellites—such as nonsocialistic journalists, doctors, engineers, and so on—is the deadly enemy of the working class because it can prosper only on the exploitation and degradation of wage labor. "A government carried on by Soviets"—or councils—"of delegates from the working class and the poorer peasantry as the sole organs of the state" is the way a friendly observer describes the Bolshevik idea of government.

Bolshevik spokesmen themselves do not pretend that this is democracy. They say it is proletarian dictatorship. Democracy means everybody. Marxian Socialism, as literally applied in Russia, means only wage-earners and the poorer peasantry. Yet a good many American Socialists insist that it is very democratic, for all that. It sometimes seems as though you could never discourage a Socialist with a fact.

Naturally Marx says nothing about suppressing bourgeois newspapers — which means almost any opposition newspaper—and putting bourgeois objectors in jail. But, since he does teach that property owners are the inveterate enemies of wage-earners, and that the latter can achieve a tolerable state of existence only by overthrowing the former, probably those oppressive measures would be a logical consequence of his doctrine.

A Doctrine of Hate

Socialism says wage-earners must control industry and that, with public ownership of industries, plenty of goods for everybody can be produced with a shorter working day. The Bolsheviki put that into practice also. The hateful bourgeois management of factories was thrown out. Wage-earners took control and worked pretty much how and when they pleased. No abundance of goods resulted, however, but a woeful scarcity of all kinds of goods. The nation's transportation and manufacturing plants deteriorated and disintegrated to an alarming degree. In the cities food presently became scarce.

The Socialists had excluded the bourgeoisie from any share in the government. They had nationalized the land, the banks, the factories. They had followed the rules. If the result was destitution instead of plenty it wasn't because the rules were wrong, but because the devil of capitalism still somehow managed to cast its malign spell. Confronted with failure, they followed the example of the French Revolution and resorted to terror—that is, to proscription, imprisonment and execution of the bourgeoisie.

No rational person doubts President Wilson's sympathy with democracy and with the economic under dog generally. He said the attitude of other nations toward revolutionary Russia was the acid test of their democracy and good faith. When he protested against Bolshevik terror we may be sure he had good grounds. But the Bolshevik foreign secretary justifies the resort to terror—besides intimating plainly enough that it is no business of a capitalistic state anyway. The disorganization, want and blood in Russia are a product of Marxian Socialism. Essentially Marx's doctrine is a doctrine of hate and division.

Russian Socialists proclaim their ambition to bring about a revolution in every other nation in the world and the overthrow of every other government, but they are intensely indignant over any suggestion of interference with their sway in Russia on the part of any other government. The democratic governments of the United States and England are on bad terms with the Bolsheviki not because those governments are capitalistic, but because they find it impossible to deal with the Bolsheviki, who openly brand every other government as an enemy and treat it as such to the greatest extent they dare.

Russia presents, so far, the only attempt to put Marx's theories into practice. The result is not generally looked upon as encouraging.

Whatever people elsewhere may think about it, only a handful of people in this country are able to discover that private ownership is working so frightfully as Marx said it was bound to work, or to accept the Marxian conclusion that there is no chance of material improvement for the mass of the people under it.

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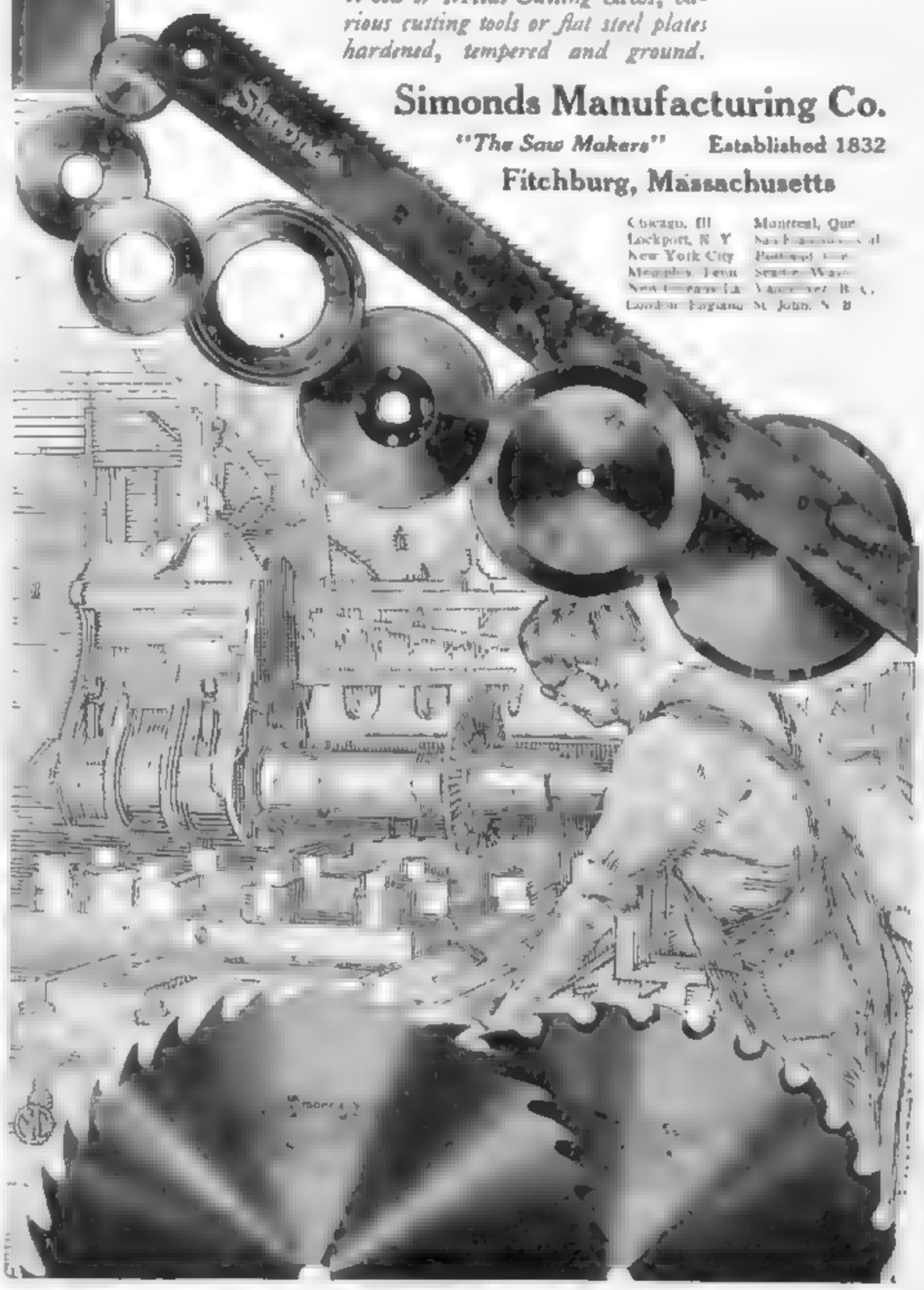

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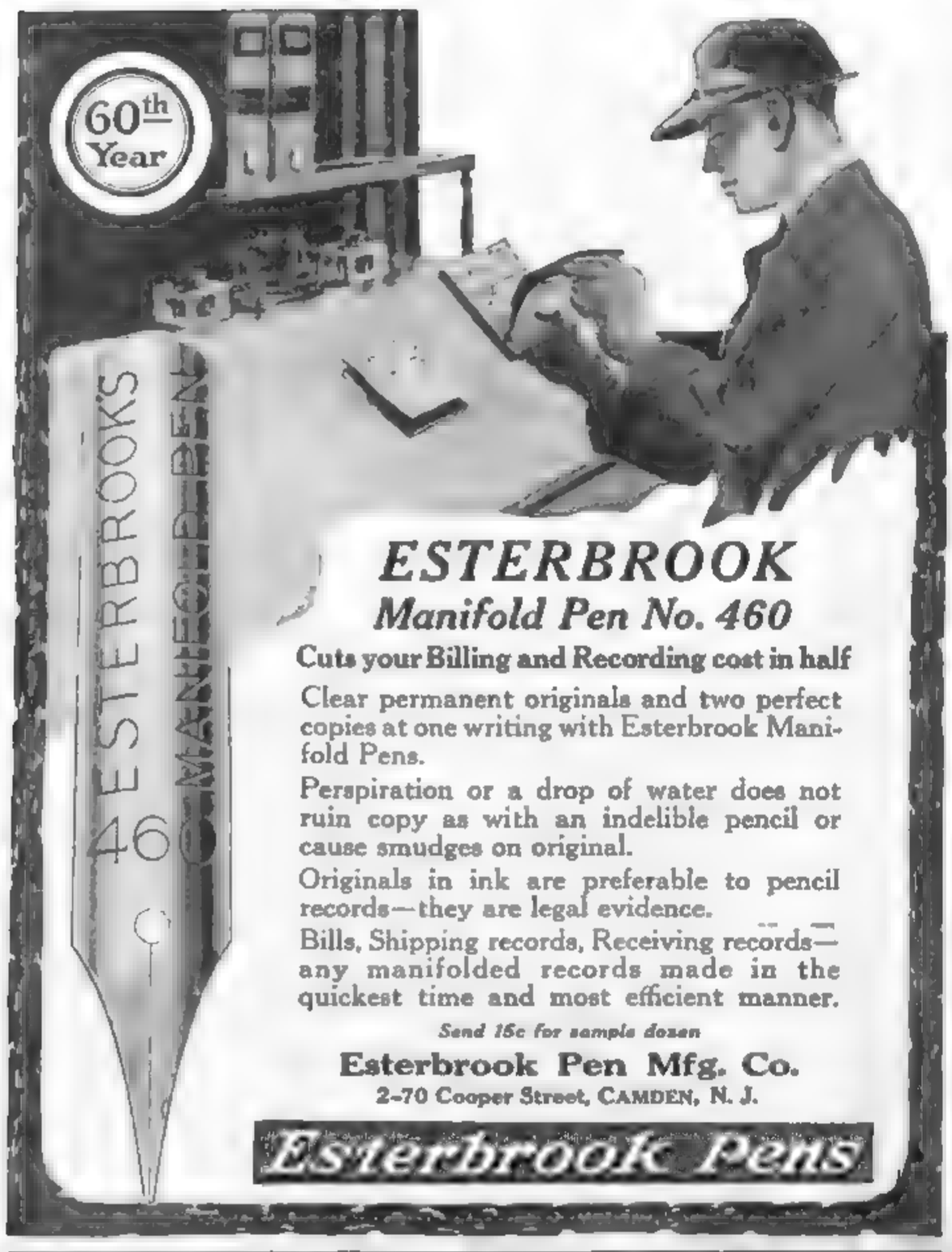
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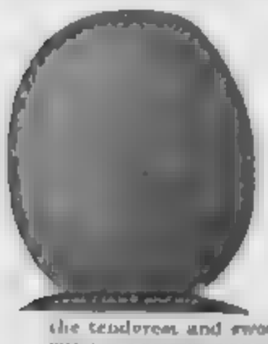

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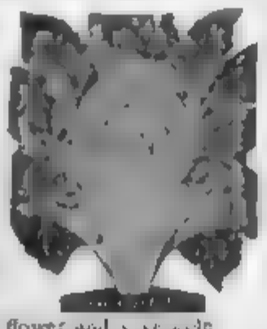

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A WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF FILMLAND

(Continued from Page 17)

dramatic failure thus: "Well, young feller, I guess they's a lotta horses you've never rode."

But undismayed I stuck by the flickering drama—and how she flickered in those days!—and even learned to ride, so that I should be equal to the dramatic heights demanded by those hyperbolic directors.

Though a beautiful front is no doubt pleasing to the gods the dollar-and-a-half audience goes to see artists rather than pretty valentines—in fact, many of the stage successes could never sign a beauty page—but I soon learned that a ten-cent audience cares not so much for acting as the actor. The Myrts and Berts who compose eighty-five per cent of the movie fans are shameless hero worshipers. They care not a whop if Harry Le Grande is but a chocolate soldier of film fortune, and Denver Dunc, The Booth of Badeye, has but one expression with which to register friendship, love, indifference and hate; these handsome heroes are the chicken standards of perfect roosterhood. They are worshiped—yes, worshiped—not for what they do but for what they are—or appear to be. "*My Dear Harry Le Grande:* I went to see you in The Bubble and the way you looked at Miss Flopit in the third reel convinces me you have a beautiful soul, and are a fine and noble man. I wish I could . . . Won't you send me your picture, not in make-up but just as you are?"

This love of the individual is largely due to the intense intimacy of the screen. Long distance and a wall of light separate theater folk from the performers, but the close-up of the film permits the ardent devotees to look into the very souls of their heroes. The mail of the he-dolls is eloquent proof that they are loved for themselves.

Thus it came about that directors chose their leads from among the birds of fine feather. If they could ride well and fall, all the better; but in case of push they could always be doubled in the rough stuff. Even to-day personal pulchritude is well-nigh essential, and if in addition Harry can act his weekly pay will be greater than Shakspere's lifetime earnings.

The Tragedies in Double Chins

Then why, it may be asked, did I not make up and simulate a candy kid? On the stage we find actors of fifty and over playing juvenile parts with great success. The reason is an optical one: the screen intimacy that permits Myrt to almost grasp her cutie's hand reveals the years beneath the most masterly of make-ups. A young face may add age by careful artistry, but not a day can be subtracted when one's eyes begin to lose their youth and a dewlap drapes below the chin. Red paint and surgical reefs have been tried by many old stage favorites who would fain compete with youth's supernal charm, but the mean old close-up reveals the counterfeit. Oh, the tragedies that lurk in double chins!

The futility of stage make-up is best evidenced by the fact that every character man coming from the stage brings with him a trunkload of wigs he may never use again. So fine and fragile are the things the screen demands that I have used up three—at twenty-five per—while making one picture. The truth is, if we have sufficient notice we try to grow the foliage necessary to the part. For months I may go about with a sacrilegious beard, followed by a clean jowl and the waxed mustache of the libertine. For six weeks past Robertson Rand has worn the patriarchal beard of a Mormon elder; to-day I saw him tonsured like a stockbroker, yet the change was achieved by the barber. We will even shave our heads to play a criminal or a Chink. The curse of our screen anonymity follows us into our private lives, for often our best friends fail to recognize us in our new facial decorations. When a hard-boiled gatekeeper stops us at the temple's entrance our disguise may be said to be complete.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Even an ability to characterize and interpret difficult rôles was of little value in my first years. "Actors? Hell, I've got cowboys who can do all the acting I need!" said one of the greatest directors of the day. And though the newer photoplays are more and more demanding artistry, yet it is true that stars can still be made from mental defectives if the director is a genius. When the curtain goes up in the theater the actor is on his own resources for the entire three acts, which necessitates at least enough literacy to commit the lines to memory, even though he understand not a word of what he is saying; but on the screen he need not think at all, and his every movement and gesture may result from the pulling of strings by the master of the show. There were directors who frankly said they preferred to work with beautiful half-wits.

As the domestic drama encroached upon the tumultuous life of the plains acting came into its own. Though a cowboy could high dive to his Maker from the back of a plunging steed he knew nothing of death in a forty-dollar flat.

An Expert in Violence

A murder scene that created tremendous critical interest last spring was enacted by Rand in a manner unique to unobservant cow waddies. Personating a rich roué discovered while entertaining another woman in his apartment, his mistress promptly shot him. Did he clutch his throat, roll his eyes, stomp about and then fall in a writhing heap? He did not. Apparently unaware that he had been struck he strolled over to the bed, sat on the edge, lighted a cigarette, and then noticed for the first time the blood coming through his shirt front. As his strength failed he simply lay down in utter weariness.

"Where did you get that technic, Bob?" I asked after witnessing the scene.

"Well, my boy," replied the old fellow, "I've seen eleven so-called violent deaths in my long and stormy life, and nearly all of them were quiet. And I have noticed this: When a man is shot in a fleshy part of the body he may not know it for some time, especially if he is intoxicated or excited. Fifteen years ago in a Portland hotel I saw a fellow shot in the abdomen, and turning completely round he blandly asked where the shooting was. When he learned the truth he walked quietly to his room, where he just crumpled up and died. After the excitement of the battle was over the boys at the Front were often surprised to learn they had been shot. Another thing most directors do not know is that while the tragedy is enacting there is absolutely no movement in the crowd. It is frozen stiff in fascinated horror."

As a director must use most of his steam in coaching stars—and this is heroic work when it is a beautiful but untrained child in her teens—it has been found wise to build up the rest of the cast with good actors, whose every gesture need not be coached. So the Filmart has in stock a group of well-known stage stars whose physical differences permit them to play nearly any part demanded.

On the stage great artists often surround themselves with incompetents and even go on the road with shabby sets, depending on their own art to put the show over. With us the reverse is often true; the star may have absolutely no merit but physical beauty—that is one essential factor—so we surround her with good actors, provide her gorgeous sets, employ an intelligent director, and then put behind her a great organization of publicity. I must hasten to add that we have some stars with both beauty and consummate artistry, but they are few and far between.

At some of the cheaper studios they still use types to play lesser rôles, but as a rule they are very bad performers. Furthermore it is stupid to expect anything else, for the hardest thing in acting is to play oneself.

Most studios now use types merely for their physical appearance and to create atmosphere for the story. Only last week I heard Rand coaching a red-headed blacksmith in the peculiarities of his own trade.

"Hey, Mister Man, laborers don't use their hands like brain workers. Men who work with their muscles always stand with their fingers bent, as though holding something."

Often when a type is given a bit to do he is turned over to one of us—professional

(Continued on Page 125)

Scrub up your smokedecks and cut for a new pipe deal!

SAY, you'll have a streak of smoke-luck that'll put pep-in-*your*-smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

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CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 122)

observers—to be coached in the eccentricities of his own craft. Policemen are quite unaware of their flat-footed walk and peculiar thrust of the head; nor are artists conscious of the comical way they use their thumbs when viewing a picture exhibition.

Undertakers are highly emotional actors when plying their trade, but their sad and lugubrious funeral etiquette is quite inharmonious with their pinochle manners. Motor cops squint, and actors strut, while school-teachers speak with a timidity that suggests fear of an eavesdropping member of the board of education. The blasé nonchalance of the police reporter is in a violent contrast to the meek and lowly faith healer, and the osteopath and chiropractor, with professional enthusiasm, seem always to be undressing one with their eyes.

I lived for a time in New York with two illustrators, and they were most alert in pictorial observations.

"Look, Sam, see the way that woman's gown hangs! Look! Look at the wrinkles. Aren't they great!" And then they would both make eloquent gestures of flowing and harmonious lines.

In a similar way character men go through life observing physical movements and attitudes. I could not sketch a prize fighter, yet I could imitate one perfectly, standing with feet apart and punctuating his quitely tense conversation with little gestures suggesting his aggressive calling.

Suppose I am cast for a politician. The script will—or ought to—give me his number. Is he one of these fellows of studied modesty and tremendous faith in his statesmanship; or is he a glad-handing "friend of the people"? Perhaps he is a flamboyant spellbinder, whose personation of the statesman leaves one wondering if he does not sleep in his frock coat with his hand tucked in between the first and second buttons.

The casting director of every studio has elaborate lists of men and women in every walk of life who may be called upon to type a certain part. Athletes, business, colored, dancers, foreigners, swimmers, society, sailors, police, underworld, sinister, Western and valets are a few of the titles on index cards that fill drawer upon drawer. As I have said, it is artistically impossible for these people to provide much more than atmosphere, because of the difficulty of playing oneself. A sailor may imitate a colored waiter with the elemental mimicry of a child, but he will fail at stage seamanship, for his self-consciousness will kill his natural reactions.

All for the Sake of Art

No studio could possibly keep a whole army of extras from which to choose an occasional type, yet the fellow may be tremendously necessary when the time comes, and this led to queer complications with the work-or-fight order of the Government. As none of these men carried cards stating permanent employment, officials several times raided the studios and arrested them in droves, greatly to the embarrassment of the productions.

The Government decided early in the war that the photoplay was an essential industry—since it entertained the soldiers and kept a war-weary world from brooding; and as a certain number of these men were essential to our work an arrangement was effected by which the various studios prepared a list of the men whom they most depended on, and these were given cards of exemption. It was perfectly amazing the number of men who were willing—yes, anxious—to sacrifice war and work upon the altar of art. Some four thousand sensitive souls heard the call of the elusive goddess, but only four hundred were chosen.

There is one type, however, entitled to be raised almost to the dignity of worms, for it often rouses at least a passing curiosity. This is the chap who is cast in the physical likeness of greater men. In any cosmopolis man reproduces himself in his infinite variety, and in this vineyard of the Golden West is to be found the physical replica of every superego since the world began.

The twelve apostles? We can produce any and all on a moment's notice, for a very modest wage. One barefoot ascetic who plys the highways of the city with handwrit exhortations to "Get Right with God" has starred in some of our grandest allegories. As Los Angeles is the spiritual center of many unique esoteric cults there is not a prophet of the past or present but may be shown in person or perfect counterfeit upon the silver screen.

Of Woodrow Wilson we have two. One, however, is convincing only in a sitting posture, for he lacks the altitude of our First Citizen. The other may address the House, but he must do so in profile, lest the shortness of his neck betray the substitution.

My native state has sent us Joe Cannon in the flesh, and T. R. is a bean farmer of Puente. J. P. Morgan has thus far refrained from cashing checks upon his remarkable likeness, and Henry Ford consistently accepts five dollars as his daily wage—that is, if there is a call for "Henry Ford"; at other times he attends his Red Minorcas.

The doubtful glory of simulating ex-Emperor William was claimed by several; and as for Von Hindenburg, every fat man in the village believes he could qualify in that robust rôle. Only this morning I heard the casting director turning down a great creature with a face like an anvil, very much as a housewife would dismiss a peddler. "No," said he, "I'm afraid we won't be using any Hindenburgs again. If I need him, however, I'll let you know."

Students of psychology will be interested to examine the curious promptings of our most perfervid patriots to play the Teutonic monsters of the war. In this oversubscribed bailiwick there are no less than twelve Crown Princes who claim the strange distinction of looking more effete and degenerate than does Frederick William himself. When it comes to the lesser great, like Bryan, Bernstorff or Bolo, their types are legion.

Of course these men can only attitudinize, for acting is not their forte. This brings to mind the question: Why is it harder to play straight than characterizations? It is best answered by an example. If ten men seated in a row were asked to be funny their self-consciousness would inhibit such an explosion—but black their faces and we have a minstrel show. It is easy to imitate a negro, and the make-up is a perfect screen behind which to hide one's ego. Nothing is simpler than to imitate the outward eccentricities of a yap, but it is difficult to interpret the soul of a saint with one's own sinful personality.

More Than Simple Mimicry

In one case it is simply mimicry—an accomplishment of every schoolboy—in the other it is a psychological interpretation, requiring a deep understanding of the human heart. Ordinary character work is physical and simple; straight playing is psychological and complex.

I said ordinary character work is simple and physical, but when added to the physical personation of the character the actor brings out the heart and soul—when the wrinkles are inside as well as out—we have a great artist. Warfield and Chaplin have thousands who imitate their externals—even children do that—but no one can imitate human understanding; that is the possession of only the sensitive artist.

We tried out a story last spring wherein the character man took the leading rôle, but as the actor was unbeautiful and the rôle unlovely the picture failed miserably. Artists, however, accorded it high praise as a profound exposition of the criminal mind—but it was not amusing. Once the drama was a religious ceremony enacted by priests and vestals; then it passed into art; but now it has become—at least upon the screen—a mere amusement in which Myrt may learn the newest way of making movie love and Bert receive a romantic shot in the arm or enjoy the cataclysmic chase of a custard comedian.

But let us see how much more than simple mimicry was necessary to play this classic failure. During the story's unfoldment the character grows. In the first part he is a miserable little bookkeeper, stealing because he was getting the worst of it; in the second he is refugee from justice, furtive and suspicious; at the end we find him in prison awaiting electrocution for the murder of himself!—consequence of his having changed clothes with a floater he found in a swamp. Not at all a jolly tale. No wonder Myrt and Bert, who always wish to fade out on Ye Clinche Sentimental, thought it was a horrid film.

Well, anyway, when Torrance read the script he realized he had a real problem on his hands.

"It's easy to imitate the outside of the fellow, but what's going on in his head? Do bookkeepers think while they are adding? What do they do with their leisure, and

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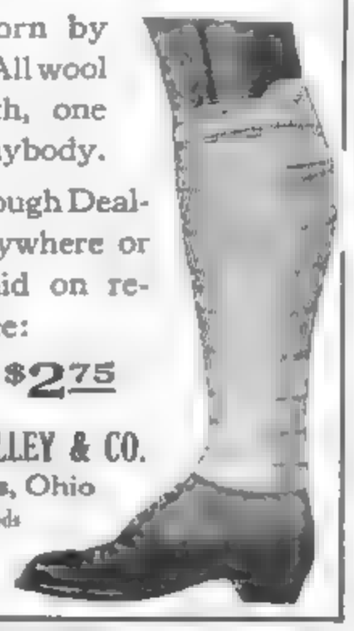

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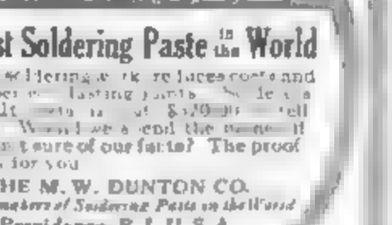

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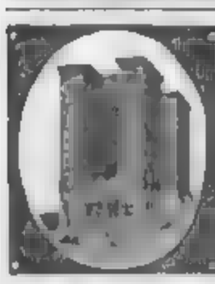

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what are their hopes and aspirations? I know the mind of a movie mummer, but a bookkeeper is new to me. Their salaries are a joke compared with wages, so they must have a secret grind; but what is it?"

With these questions in mind Torrance spent six weeks associating with clerks and bookkeepers; meeting them at cafeterias, joining them at picture shows, and occasionally roughing it up at the beaches. Some were bovinely contented, some resigned and others bitter. One of the most resentful, believing Torrance similarly disposed, opened up his heart in all its sordid misery and crookedness. Needless to say, the actor's interpretation of the part was a revelation.

In a similar way, by mixing with a few murderers under sentence of death, and reading voluminously the lives and records of famous criminals, he achieved an amazing understanding of the workings of their minds.

The critics said Torrance's character work was one of the finest things that had appeared on the screen; but alas, who are the critics? Myrtle and Bertram didn't care for it, for they are interested only in beautiful romance, thrilling adventure and elemental comedy. So strong is this human hunger for sheer beauty that homely women in real life suffer the same competition with the baby dolls that we character men do upon the screen, for be they ever so bright they know they haven't a look-in on the favor of the rooster's attentions.

So Torrance—like the rest of us—is almost reconciled to his fate, knowing perfectly well he will never draw one-tenth the salary of Bessie Flopit or Harry Le Grande. Bessie is a blond vacuum who would with difficulty fill the intellectual requirements of a cash girl, but she photographs like a million dollars, and can be directed in her attitudes; while Harry, whose head would split should he venture to think, can be made to prance through his part as though he had actual brains.

But I'll say this for the pictures: Though we never hope to crowd the candy kids for popular approval we draw a larger wage than the dear old stage ever offered us. From three to five hundred dollars a week—and for fifty-two weeks, with a permanent address!—is much better pay than in most professions. Our greatest quarrel is with the stinginess of the work. For weeks on end we are compelled to loaf, occasionally appearing in a small bit; and even when we are cast in important rôles the stars have all the work.

Forty Wonderful Feet

In two months of time Torrance made but forty feet of film, but what a forty feet it was! The heroine, in order to secure the freedom of her lover, exhibited to the lynchers some baby clothes, and they being human hadn't the heart to hang the prospective father; but when one of them discovered later the girl putting the clothes back on a doll a close-up of his face had to register a mixture of chagrin, indignation and amusement, and there was nobody in all filmland who could have done this with such consummate art as Torrance. That forty feet of film cost the studio about two thousand dollars in salary—and it was worth every cent of it.

This brings up the immemorial question whether an actor must feel the part he is playing. Sometimes these inquiries are embarrassing. I know a big he-husband of a poetess of passion who when asked if his wife felt her poems answered thus: "If she did I'd lock her in the ice house." The fact is, no audience is interested in what the actor feels; it is what he represents. And incidentally if he did actually suffer the emotions of his characters—whether they were alcoholic or sizzling love—he'd be a spiritual wreck in a month's time. No, an actor must not actually cry, but he must understand the emotion he represents and, for the time, be in sympathy with it.

They say the great Macready used to start a quarrel with a gas jet in his dressing room to work himself into a temporary state of excitement before entering on a violent action; but that is no more than warming up for a foot race—one cannot strike twelve instantly.

A while ago I was cast for the part of a weak French king, and all the time I was waiting to go on I tried to assume the imperialistic attitude of mind necessary to the character; and the effort cost me many friends among the extras, who thought my kingship had gone to my head.

"Say, Bill," I heard one of them say, "howdaya get this here mutt, Benton? He seems to think he's a real kink, the way he struts round the lot lordin' over us like we were imperial doormats. Look at him now, eatin' a hunk of pie as though it had been brung him by the royal pie taster. Hell, these actors make me sick—always thinkin' they're the hot sports they're actin'!"

Well, you ask, if we think we are so much better than the starfish and the jells, why aren't character men ever headlined? Why is it that we play third fiddle to Flopit and Le Grande? I have two answers: People like character work on the screen just as they like salad at a dinner, but they want it with the meat. True, they may go to the sweet shops and eat only dessert—which is comedy—but salad is rarely served alone. Then again, it is possible to capitalize only three things—beauty, sympathy and fine comedy.

Of the three, beauty—adorned or otherwise—has the greatest number of devotees.

Sympathy Capitalized

We have a few actors recognizing their fatal lack of beauty who have deliberately standardized characters for themselves that have elicited tremendous sympathies. This is particularly true of our galaxy of cowboy stars. I assure you there are lots of horses that many of them have never ridden, yet the fans believe they are the splendid and romantic figures they depict on the screen. One of the greatest hair-pants heroes—though in truth he is a fine man—was an old legitimate actor who adopted the cowboy rôle because of its heroic possibilities; and though he is physically as plain as an old shoe he has won a great army of devotees because of the sympathy he creates.

This same factor accounts for many of our greatest stage successes. Rip Van Winkle, The Music Master and the old man in Shore Acres for years held the hearts of the theatergoers. If one hasn't beauty he must have sympathy; but what chance has the character man of the movies, who has no opportunity to standardize a sympathetic rôle; whose work is ever new? One week he is a Chinaman, the next a male vamp, and then perchance a degenerate millionaire. Besides the fact that the rôles may lack both beauty and sympathy the chances are the fans will not even recognize him as the same actor. No, my fellow sufferers, Fate has marked the cards against us. The better we do, the more we lose ourselves in our characterizations, the worse off we are.

It's a crool, crool world, and we ought to thank our stars that we are allowed to play on the same lot with our betters.

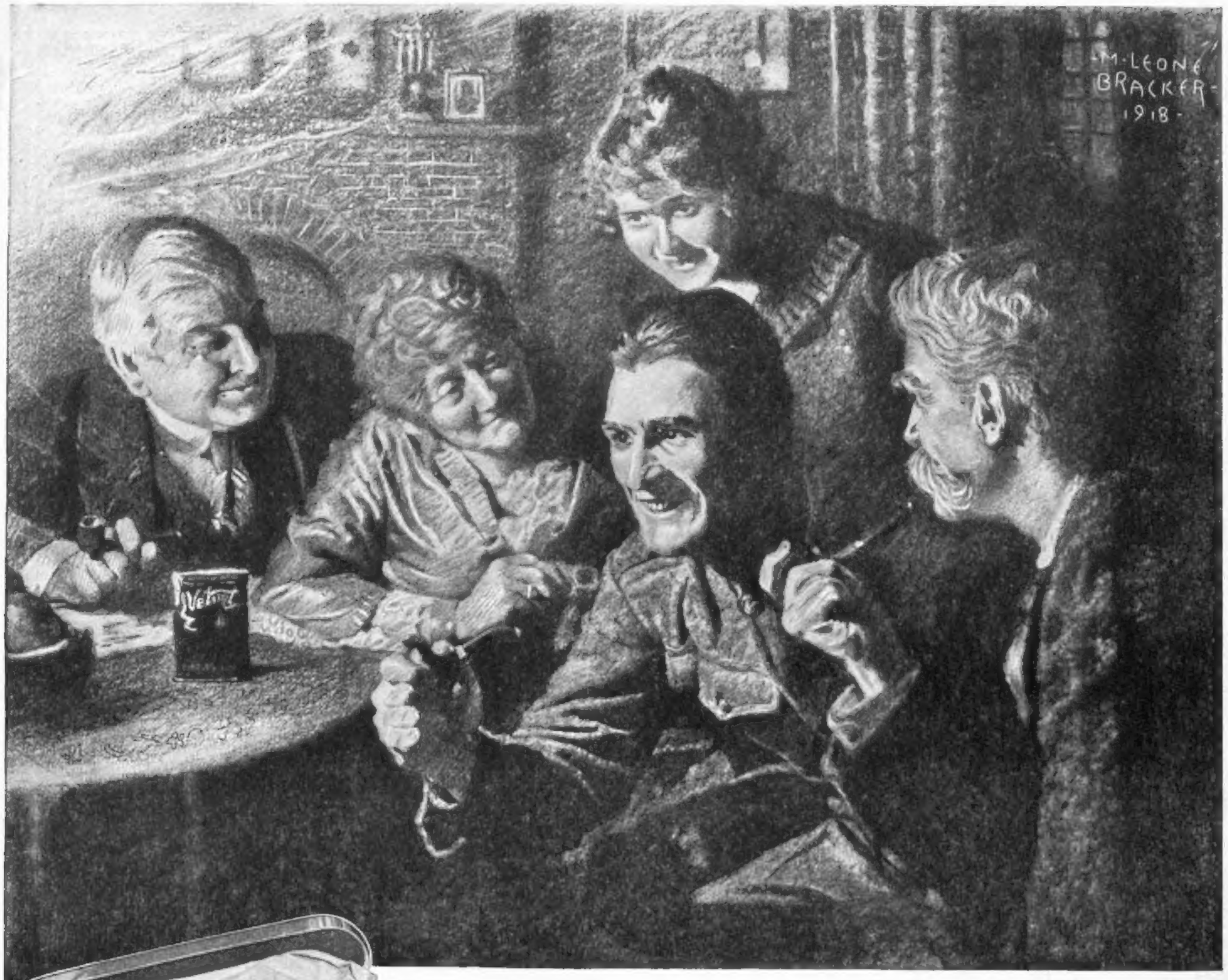
Do we get any mail? Oh, a little. Our colleagues of the stage write us for jobs and occasionally a fan who likes our work—and not our irresistible beauty—will buck up our æstheticism with a friendly boost; and once in a long, long while some neurotic soul will fall for one of our disreputable characters and will hand us the touch sentimental. Dear old Rand received a letter last week that was not unlike a star's. In it the lady said: "I have been a widow for twelve years and I feel my position keenly." Perhaps the ice is breaking and even now a letter is on the way asking for a spirit photograph of my egg-shaped aura.

After all I may seem to have justified the fellow whose estimate of an actor began this tale, for in the pictures at least there are tremendous successes by youngsters "upon whose intelligence slender demands have been made"—even presupposing they started with such an equipment. Yet in one respect this story will confuse the critic, for I have permitted other actors to occupy the stage for at least several paragraphs.

There is one personal touch, however, I must add. You recall the dramatic prejudice of my dear old Quaker parents? Well, these are things of the long ago. We are living together in Hollywood, and dad is the greatest fan in movieland. Besides which he has appeared several times when we wished to type a dear old parson. And most amazing of all, mother once rendered the part of an aged vampire that fairly took our breath away. Also, they have both developed opinions, one of which is that Stuart Benton—though classed with the worms—is the greatest and most neglected artist of the screen!

"Stars? Bah! Why, Stuart can . . ." etc.

How fine it would be if the world could only see us through the eyes of our parents.



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"Home, Sweet Home"

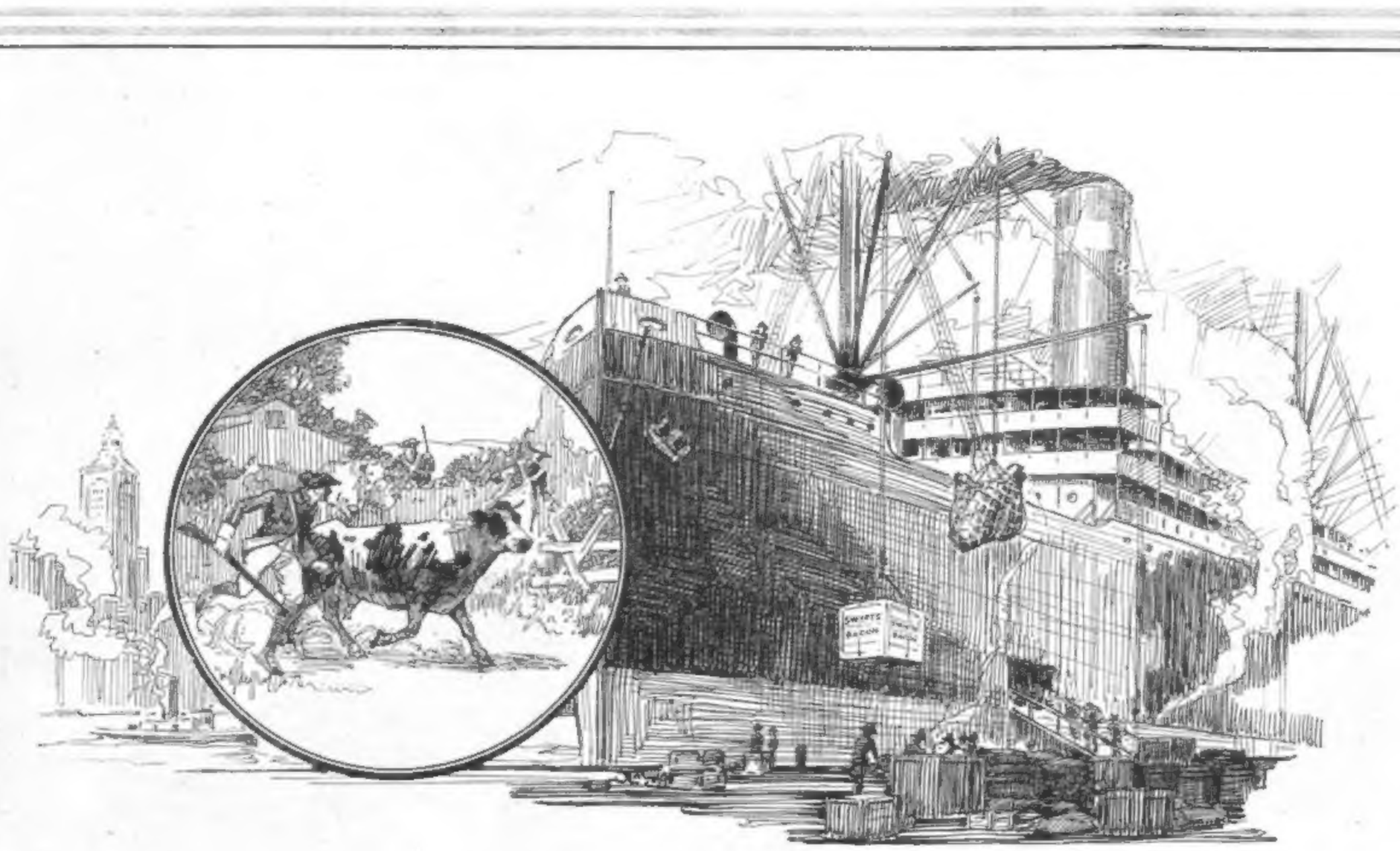
"Those boys didn't know what retreat meant. And, pep! Say, every mother's son charged as tho' he was the whole American Army. It was the proudest moment of my life."

Our home bound boys will have a "Welcome" echoed a hundred million times.

Bring out all the good things; the friendly, mellow Velvet—so rich in the flavor and mildness that only Nature's two years' ageing can give, and let their pipes whisper "HOME, SWEET HOME" to them.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac. He will send it FREE.



If the great war had been fought in George Washington's time

Of all the military problems that confronted George Washington there was none greater than that of feeding his armies.

Meat, the fighting man's most important ration then as now, was especially hard to obtain. Much of the time his soldiers had to depend for sustenance on what they could get by foraging.

* * *

America's job of meat supply, in the great war just ended, was a thousandfold bigger than Washington's. It was a job of feeding not only our own huge forces here and abroad, but the Allied armies as well.

America succeeded because she had at her command what Washington didn't have—thousands of prosperous farms, and *centralized large-scale organizations like that of Swift & Company for the production and distribution of meat.*

How well America succeeded, how well her meat machinery stood the test, is evidenced by a French military authority who not only said that France could not have held out without our support, but asserted that "the men over there in the French trenches are the best-fed men in Europe."

To give some idea of the immensity of the food problem—Swift & Company in one single month shipped 2,012 carloads of provisions overseas, valued at $21,268,000.

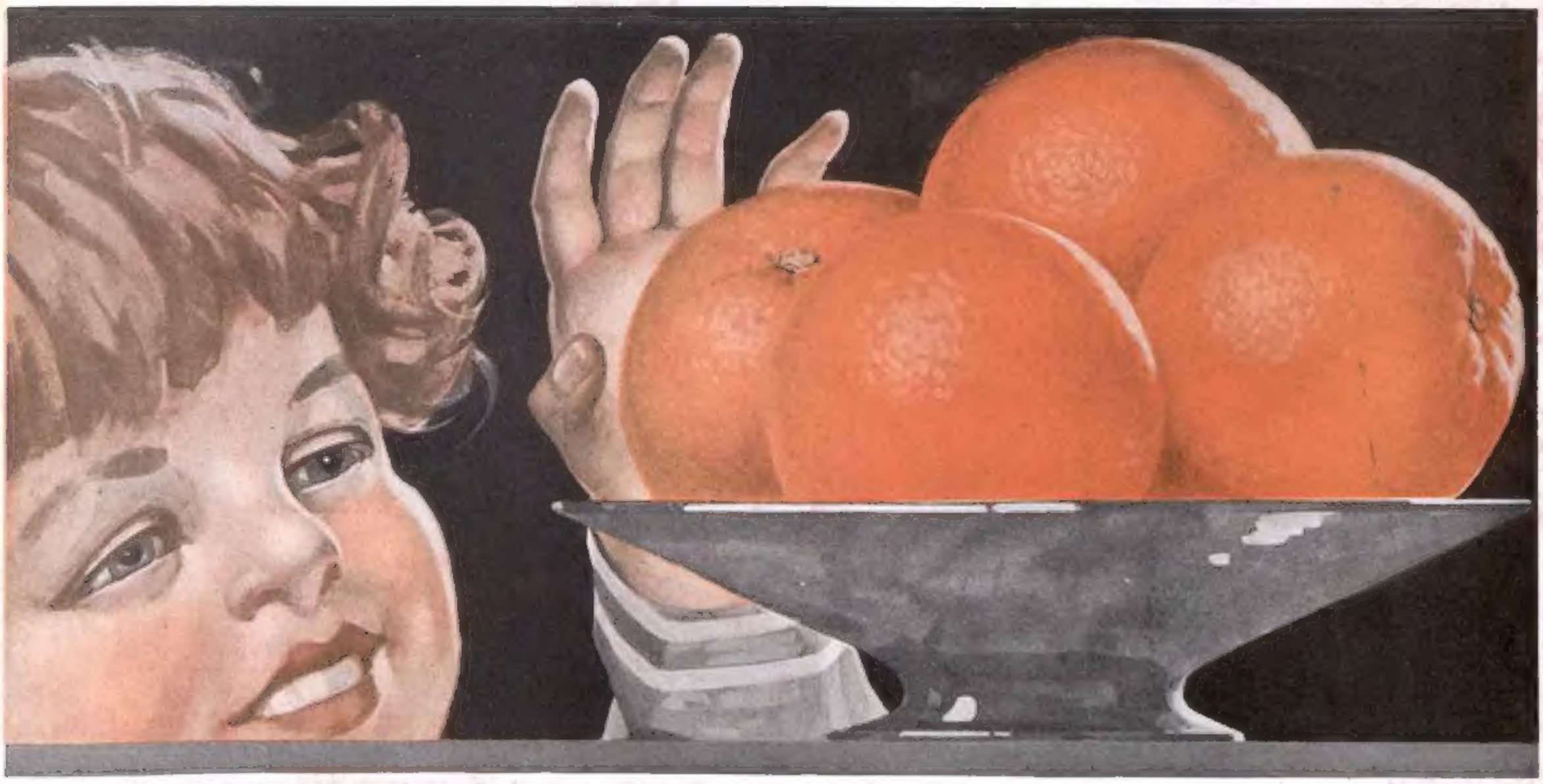
If America had been dependent on the meat supply methods of Washington's time, or even of Civil War time, it is not difficult to imagine what would have happened.

Speaking along this line, an American official said that it would have been a super-human task to gather and handle the meat necessary to feed the people during this great war if conditions had been the same as they were "during the Civil War, when the meat industry was scattered all over the country."

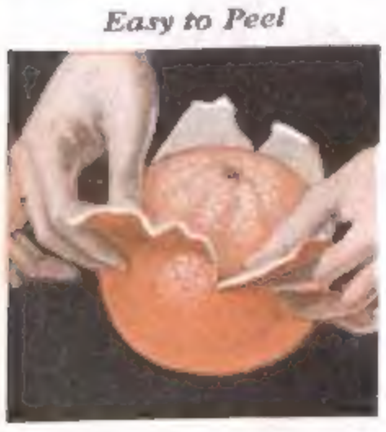
Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Established 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders



Easy to Peel



Easy to Separate

Juicy

Keep Them Within Reach

Note What 91 Doctors Say

Here are some facts with regard to the feeding of children that all mothers ought to know:

We lately asked 118 physicians to name the fruits they most often recommended for children.

91 named oranges as one of the best fruits for children from three to fifteen years of age. 50 of this number mentioned only oranges.

107 named oranges for children under 3 years of age, 93 of these physicians referring only to this fruit.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt's Opinion

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the famous child specialist, in his book, The Care and Feeding of Children, says, "Some fruit should be given to most healthy children every day. . . . Oranges, baked apples and stewed prunes are most to be depended upon. . . . The best fruit juice is that of the orange, which should be fresh and sweet." Such comments as these are important to remember when you purchase your family's daily food.

Oranges Plentiful Now

Now oranges are again plentiful—California having this year produced a crop of almost normal size. That means twice as many oranges as were shipped from California last year when a period of severe heat destroyed two-thirds of the crop. It is estimated that this year's California crop will total 14,000,000 boxes, so there will be enough for everyone everywhere—and at reasonable prices.

So keep a bowl full of oranges in your dining room—it adds to the room's cheeriness, and keeps this healthful fruit within easy reach. That's as it should be, because a fruit so good should be constantly suggested.

Best for Slicing Practically Seedless

Easy to Prepare—in Salads

Oranges and Coconut—Nothing Else

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist are California's uniformly good oranges. They are easiest to peel, easiest to segment, and easiest to slice because they are meaty, firm and practically seedless.

They are luscious, juicy, sweet; and easy to prepare in delicious desserts and zestful salads.

Oranges are just as good for grown-ups as for children, so use them often in these ways.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers

Dept. E-61, Los Angeles, Cal.

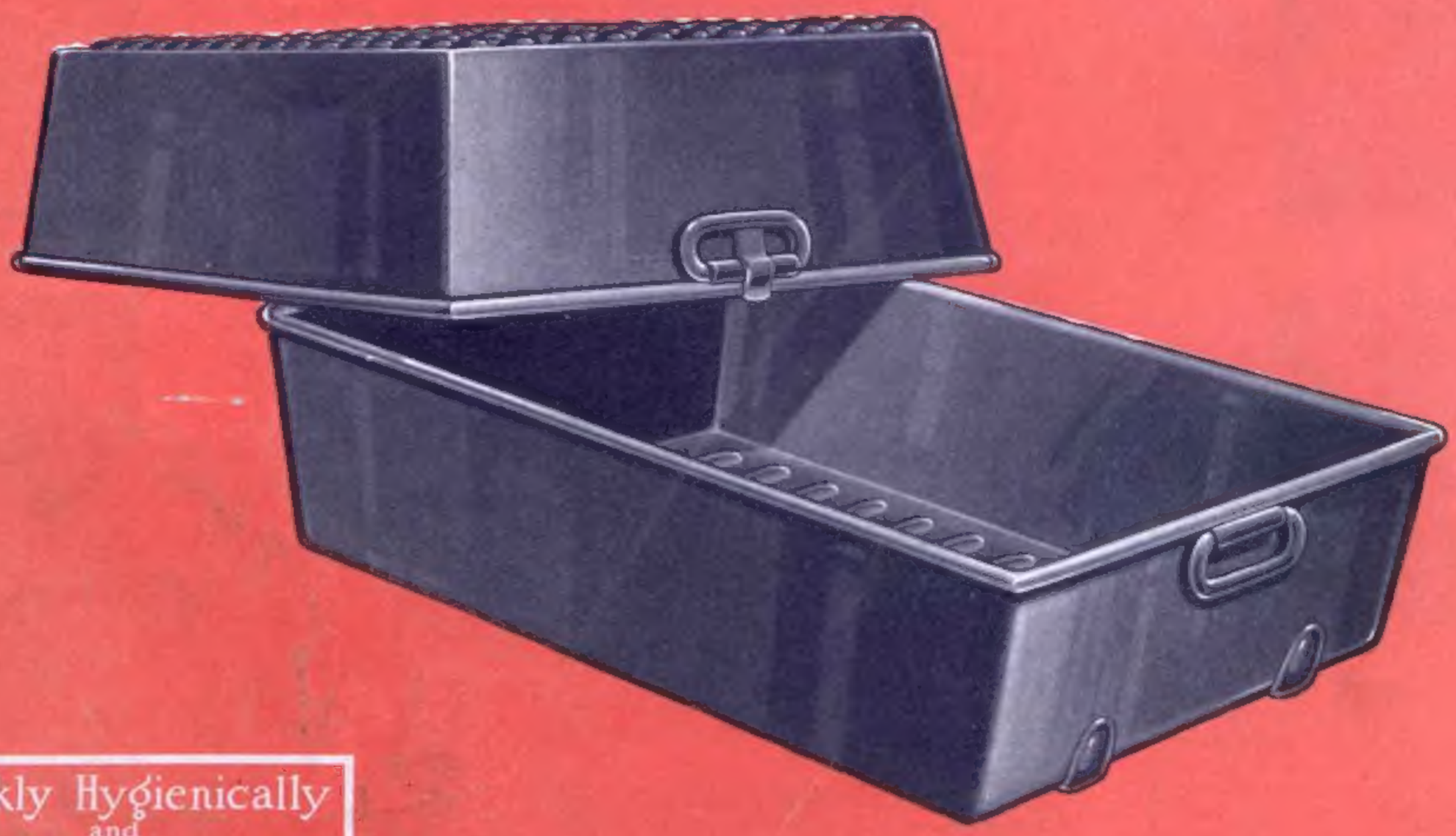
Alice Bradley's Book *Sent Free*

Send for our book "Sunkist Recipes" containing more than 200 recipes, tested and proved by Alice Bradley. Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and she tells in this book how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. A post card brings it to you free. Send for your copy now. Address Dept. E-61.

Roasters

and all

Metal
Cooking
Utensils



Quickly Hygienically
and
Easily Cleaned